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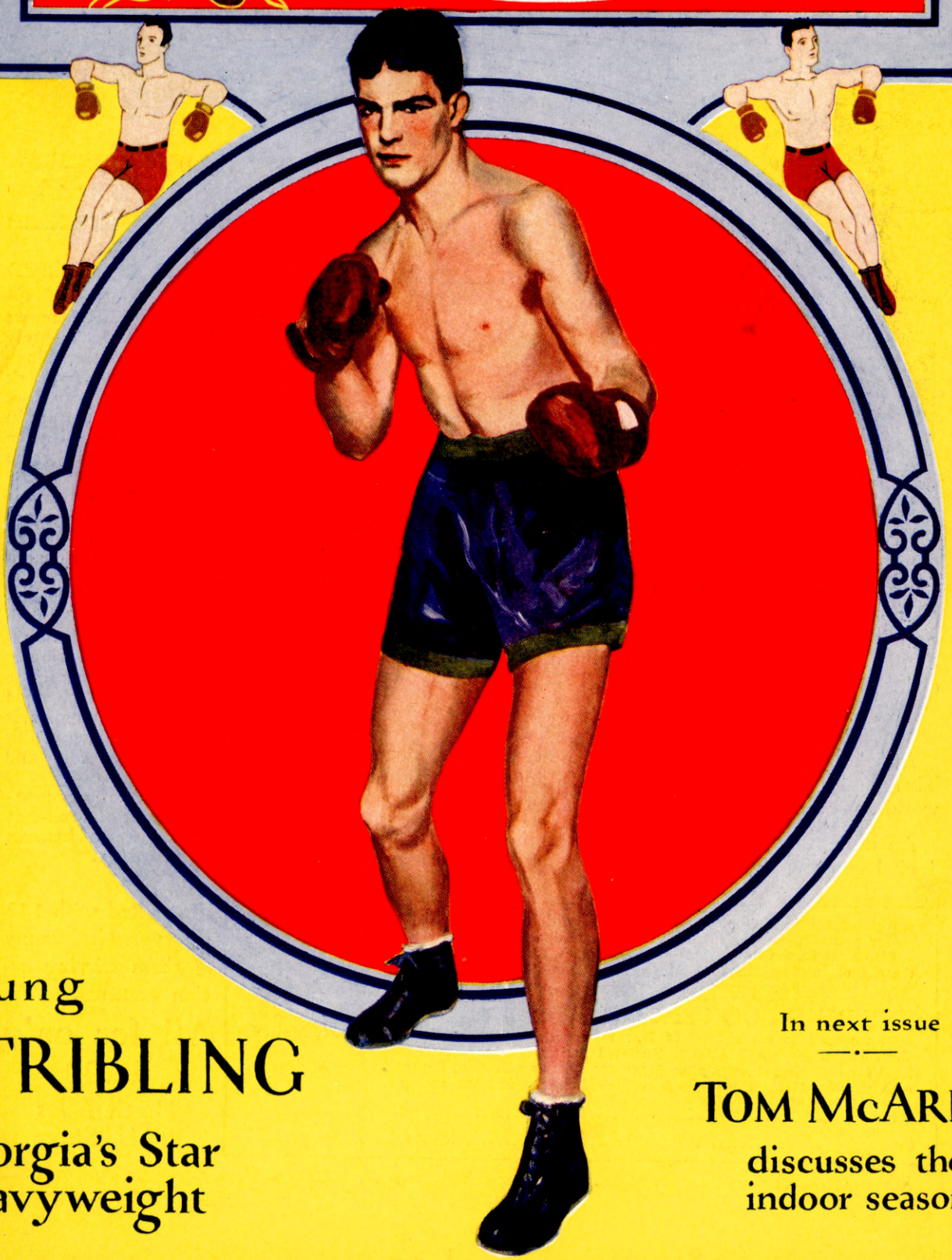

Young
STRIBLING
Georgia's Star
Heavyweight

In next issue

TOM McARDLE
discusses the
indoor season

The Classic of Fistiana

JACK DEMPSEY

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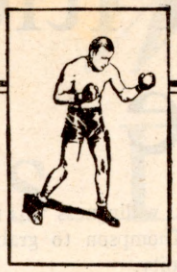

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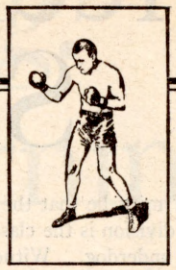

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Old "Mary Ann," a story of Frank Moran—By Ed W. Smith, famous referee of the old school

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Where Modern Fighters Excel—A critical analysis of the present and past crops of light-heavyweights—By Charles F. Mathison

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Gift Championships — The most painless method of gaining a world crown—By Jack Gillespie

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Jack Kofoed, New York's well-known sports writer, carries the reader through a day with a champion, from sunrise to sunset

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Daniel M. Daniel, Ed Sullivan, Hype Igoe, Wilbur Wood, Joe Humphreys, Nat Fleischer and A. D. Phillips also have interesting contributions

---

Don't fail to read their snappy, timely, well-written stories.

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Freeman's Rise to Title Stresses Courage

By
EDWARD MERRILL

IT must be that the welterweight division is the class of the fistic underdog. Witness the surprising victory of Tommy Freeman over Young Jack Thompson in Cleveland—the success which sent the championship to the Arkansas Traveller.

It will be remembered that Thompson took the title from Jackie Fields, and that the California fighter went into the ring a strong favorite. In fact, the Fields stable looked on the bout as a breeze for their man. But Fields got a terrific beating. He was far outclassed by young Thompson.

Witness also the bout in which Pete Latzo took the title from Mickey Walker. Mickey was a 6 to 1 favorite. There was no betting to speak of even at that long price. But Latzo went into the fight with confidence and determination, caught Walker down in a slough of form, and grabbed the title.

Latzo lost the championship to Joe Dundee, but that was an even money fight. Dundee, in turn, was beaten by Fields; but here there was nothing but the expected. Fields was a 4 to 1 favorite and won that way.

Dundee's tenure of the title was a rather hot one. Joe's career leading to the title chance was exciting enough, with that quick knockout by Roberts. Joe got some beatings after he won the title, but these came in overweight matches with Al Mello and Thompson, the Negro stopping Joe in short order.

It was, therefore, against a background of surprises that Thompson himself was the victim of another upset in that division of upsets—the class of the underdog.

* * *

NEW YORK followers of the ring received the Freeman victory over Thompson with more than surprise. Tommy was knocked out in New York in only four rounds, by Dundee. Joe gave Tommy a whale of a beating. And not only that. In his last previous appearance in Cleveland, Freeman was knocked out by Fields.

Apparently the welterweight division has lost some of the glamour and class which belonged to it in the days of McCoy. But we must not minimize the success of Freeman. It's quite a feat for a fighter to make the comeback staged by Tommy—to rise from his knockouts and win the championship.

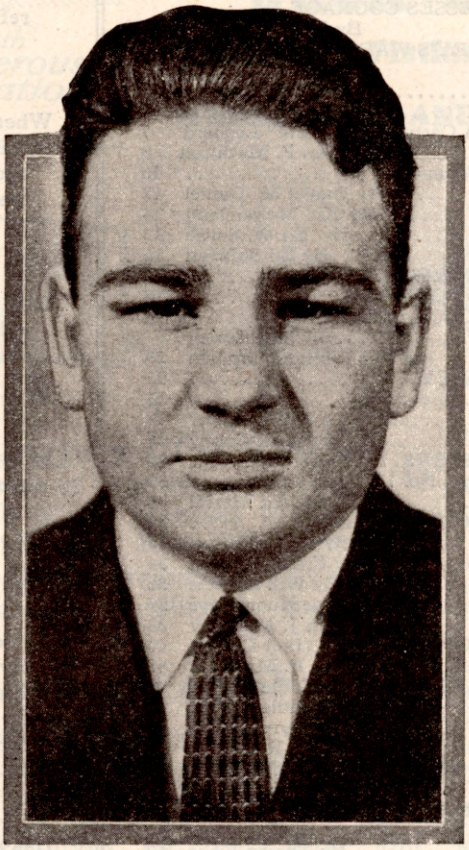
The rise of Freeman brings to the list of ring champions a second representative of the lumber camps. The first was Jack Delaney, who was a lumberjack in Canada. Tommy hails from down in Arkansas.

Freeman was born on January 22, 1904, making him just past twenty-six. He stands five feet, seven and a half inches in his socks and is at his best weight around 150 pounds. It was Freeman's willingness to make 147 that led Thompson to grab the match with avidity.

As a matter of fact, Freeman came in under 146. This was regarded as weakening weight for Tommy, but instead he proved as strong as a bull, and demonstrated that he could win as a welter at the welter limit.

Before Freeman lost to Dundee in New York he had not dropped a decision in five years. This setback was a stunner for the Arkansas Traveller, as he figured the title was easy for him. Joe found he was mistaken.

* * *



Tommy Freeman

FREEMAN'S main asset is a corking left hook. He has scored over thirty knockouts.

New York followers of the game cannot forget the dramatic debut of Freeman in the Big City. It was on New Year's night in 1926 that Freeman appeared in the Garden and stopped Sergeant Baker in seven rounds. The following month Tom walloped Joe Simonich.

Then came the chance to fight Dundee. Freeman had that fight well in hand, but in the fourth Dundee landed his first real punch. He struck a terrific wallop to the mouth which severed an artery.

Freeman became a sorry sight, but he insisted on being allowed to continue. However, the referee had no option but to stop the bout, and Freeman got a knockout against his record.

At that time Freeman was managed by Bob Sangster, his uncle. Since then Bob has turned Freeman over Tommy Ginty of Cleveland.

Freeman was born and reared on a farm in the woods about twenty miles back of Hot Springs, out there in the mountain country. He was sent to school, but got the biggest kick out of working at the lumber camp on his father's place. They said he was the best saw-man for his age and weight in that part of the country. He attributes his fine physique and strength to the excellent physical foundation that was laid in the woods.

There were five boys and two girls in the family which Hunter Freeman and his wife Flora raised out on the backwoods farm, but Tom was the only one who decided to quit the woods for more lucrative effort among boxing opportunities.

That Tom went in for fighting was due largely to the influence of his grandfather, Tom Sangster. Old Tom had seen Sullivan, Ryan, Corbett and the rest of that Homeric galaxy of old and he wanted to see one of the Freeman boys fight.

Tom took Freeman to see a fight in Hot Springs and that settled it.

Freeman weighed just 112½ pounds when he went into his first bout. He lost it, but he would not become discouraged. He went back for more and now he is a world champion.

"Watch Stribling!" Is Dempsey's Warning

By Jack Dempsey

NOT so long ago, I spent considerable time with my friend Young Stribling. In fact, Billy gave me an air ride and a few flying thrills, and made me realize that aviation held quite a lot of kick that you can't get even in a fight—say, with Firpo.

I always have been impressed with the great possibilities of Stribling, and after having been with him, and having gone over the heavyweight situation, I don't see why this young Georgian should not be thrown right into the foreground of the small group of serious contenders.

First let me tell about the things Stribling said regarding Primo Carnera. You know, Stribling has met the giant Italian twice, in London and in Paris. There is one thing about Stribling that stands out and that is his willingness to give the other fellow his due.

"Say, keep an eye on this Carnera," laughed Stribling. "I know all about that bird. Right now he is no Sharkey for cleverness, and he doesn't know how to hit like this Dempsey"—just a little salve, you know—"but any man as big as Carnera is, with his natural speed, should be watched closely. Imagine—270 pounds, a real giant—moving around pretty fast, and hurting with every punch even though he knows little about the technique of hitting.

"Why, every time he landed he hurt me. If he hit you across the leg, he'd break it. My arms got sore and swollen from stopping his swings. He pushes, but he hurts and if he ever learns how to hit, well, keep an eye on this big circus man."

Which is exactly what I have been thinking about Carnera. But the Italian seems to have been handled none too well, and it is a question now where he will land in so far as the heavyweight situation is concerned.

Stribling and Corbett, the man he wants to emulate

* * *

AS for Stribling, he is young and he is fast and he has had more actual ring experience than all the other contenders. He has ambition and determination and is game to the core.

Stribling would like to quit the fight game, I know. But before he hangs up his shoes he would like to win the title. He thinks there is no one in the arena to-day who really should stop him in his eagerness toward that goal. Right now he is nursing that hand he hurt in England, but he'll be ready in a short while and when he starts again, keep tabs on Young Billy from Georgia.

Stribling has had a strange career. Examination of his record shows a great fight, then a poor one, then another corker. I think that was due largely to overwork—too much campaigning. You can't engage in boxing as you would in a trapeze act in a circus. You've got to exert a certain amount of hard effort even if you know your opponent cannot beat you. You must guard against a slip-up, and continual fighting wears you down.

I think Stribling has learned the value of that lesson. At least, that's what he indicated to me.

From now on Stribling may be expected to confine himself to serious effort toward the championship rather than the piling up of a record that means nothing, for purses that do not come within one fiftieth of what Young Stribling rates in a real fight.

That's one thing I never could see—circussing around the country, socking palookas here and there—and for what? After you have paid your expenses and taken out for time wasted from serious work, you find you are in a financial hole.

Anyway, Stribling knows all about that now. I think he will fight at Miami this winter and get going all over again. And the man whom he meets will have to keep a weather eye on that Georgian.

* * *

MY friends who are close to the boxing situation tell me that this Suarez from the Argentine is a lightweight edition of Firpo. He rushes and comes in looking for trouble all the time and is as tough as nails and hard to hurt.

Suarez has fired the imagination of Argentinian followers of boxing just as it was fired by Firpo, who was plenty tough. In fact, this bull of the Pampas was too tough— But that's an old story.

You know, it's great to see those foreign fighters come along in the smaller divisions. For a long time the fighting interest of other countries was concentrated too strongly on the heavies. They figured that there was no money in the lighter divisions.

But now they appreciate that they had the wrong slant. They realize that there is plenty of money and plenty of glory in, let us say, the lightweight class.

They say that Suarez has plenty to learn, but at that he is coming fast and in another year will have to be considered by Singer.

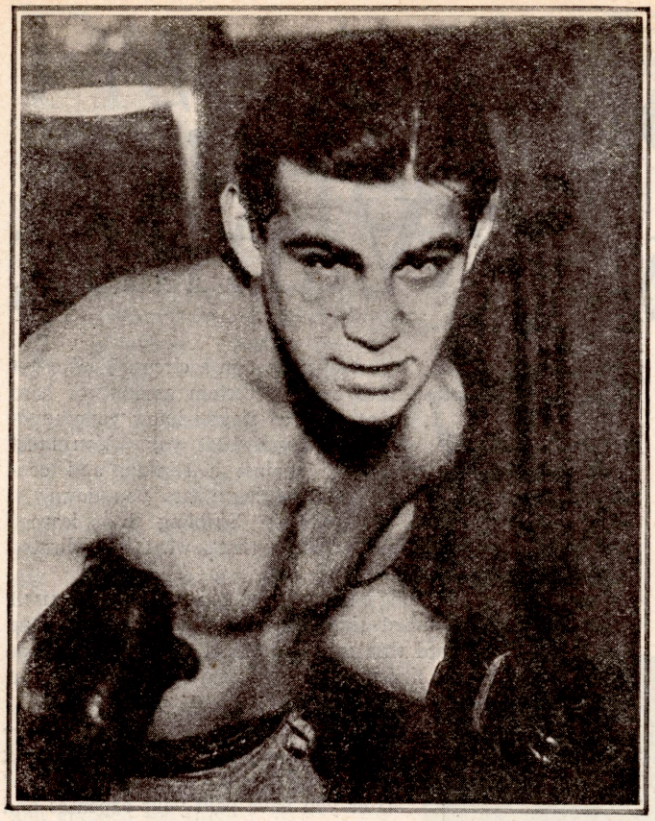
I hope Suarez isn't burned out in small, inconsequential fights. While waiting for the big chance there is strong temptation to pick up a little here and a little there.

I have seen too many boxers killed off by this sort of thing, and it is up to the men who handle Suarez to protect him against such a mistake.

The lightweights are all primed for a man like Suarez. Firpo made the heavyweight situation for a while. Suarez may perform a similar service for the lighter divisions which seem to be in the spotlight at this writing.

Boxing Slump Is Over

By TOM McARDLE



Al Singer, newly crowned lightweight champion

THE indoor boxing season is now in full swing. Important matches have been made. Some already have been fought and others are in the making, only minor details awaiting their consummation. As the matchmaker for the greatest sports club in the world, Madison Square Garden, naturally I am very much interested in the fistic talent, for my job is the task of pairing the promising lads and the pugilistic stars in such a way that the fight fans will get the most for their money and the Garden stockholders a fair return on their investment.

To carry out such a plan, I must follow with an eagle eye the performances of the boys throughout the world and, as such a task is mighty difficult for one individual, I have my staff of scouts who report with regularity the promising boys in each section and from these reports I work out my pairings. The Garden has always been recognized as the barometer of boxing and this indoor season will be no exception. New York is the center of the sport and other big boxing localities are usually guided by what is being done in the metropolitan section.

Despite the business depression, I look for an unusually big fall and winter because of the good talent available for the indoor season. Although the reserve strength is rather weak, there are a number of fine attractions among the top notchers in almost all divisions, especially in the smaller classes. Where there used to be a dozen or more likely looking prospects in each division, now there is scarcely a handful, yet so well matched are these few boys, that exceptional pairings may be made.

Some of the best box office attractions have come forth in the last few months, several only since the outdoor season began. There seems to be an extremely magnetic quality attached to the boys who have come up from nowhere, and that is why they pack 'em in.

* * *

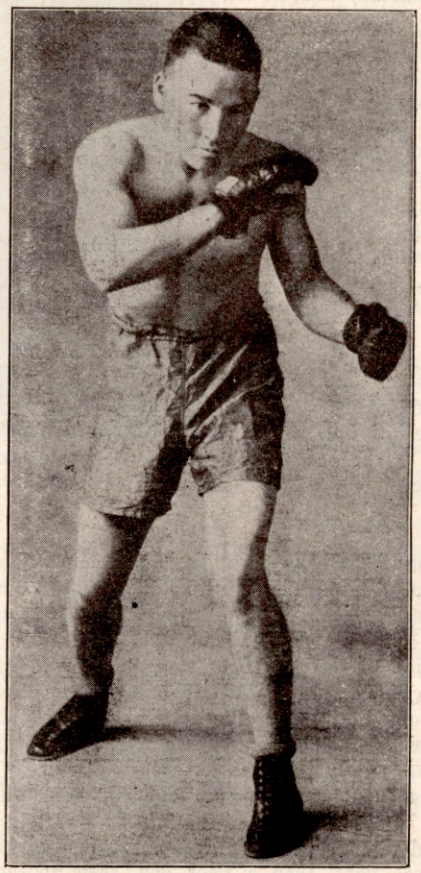
JUSTO SUAREZ, Ralph Ficucello, Marty Fox, Al Gainer of New Haven, and others have come to the front with a rush and look like fine prospects for indoor cards. Suarez and Koli Kolo, a young Porto Rican, are two of the best club talent of the year.

Every year brings its crop of new sensations. Sometimes, the harvest is plenty, other times just a handful appear on the fistic horizon but, big or small, it is these fellows who cause a revival when the sport is at its lowest ebb. Then there are the veterans who suddenly come to life. This year Carnera, despite his many set-up contests, Kid Chocolate, Al Singer, Koli Kolo, Suarez, Campolo, Kid Berg, McLarnin and Stribling have done most to keep boxing in the limelight.

* * *

AMONG the foreigners who may reap a harvest in indoor contests besides those mentioned above, are Stanley Porada, the big Portuguese, Jose Santa, another Portuguese, Ernest Guehring and Armando Aguilar of Chile.

It is my opinion that the good preliminary youngsters are being pushed along too rapidly and are not given ample opportunity to ripen and attain that experience that is absolutely necessary and essential for their future success. Note the unprecedented rise of Al Singer as an illustration. Out of the amateur ranks into the world's lightweight championship inside of three years!



Jimmy McLarnin, uncrowned welterweight champion

Benny Leonard and Johnny Dundee required six and seven years of experience before they could cope with the headliners of their day. But times have changed and we must keep up with them if we intend to make any progress.

* * *

THE heavyweights always command the major importance in the eyes of the public. I prefer the smaller boys because they are always fighting desperately and in-

Madison Square Garden Matchmaker Gives His Views on Indoor Season

variably supply the fans with more sustained action than is provided by the heavier boys, but I suppose it's the thrill of the old wallop that gathers them in.

Stribling has advanced tremendously through his knockouts over Scott and Von Porat. I doubt very much if he will show at the Garden this winter, but we intend having him meet the winner of the Sharkey-Campolo match at Miami and that should attract some attention. If Carnera were on friendly terms with the New York Commission, he and Campolo would attract one of the largest heavyweight crowds in the history of the game, but the match cannot be discussed while Primo is under ban.

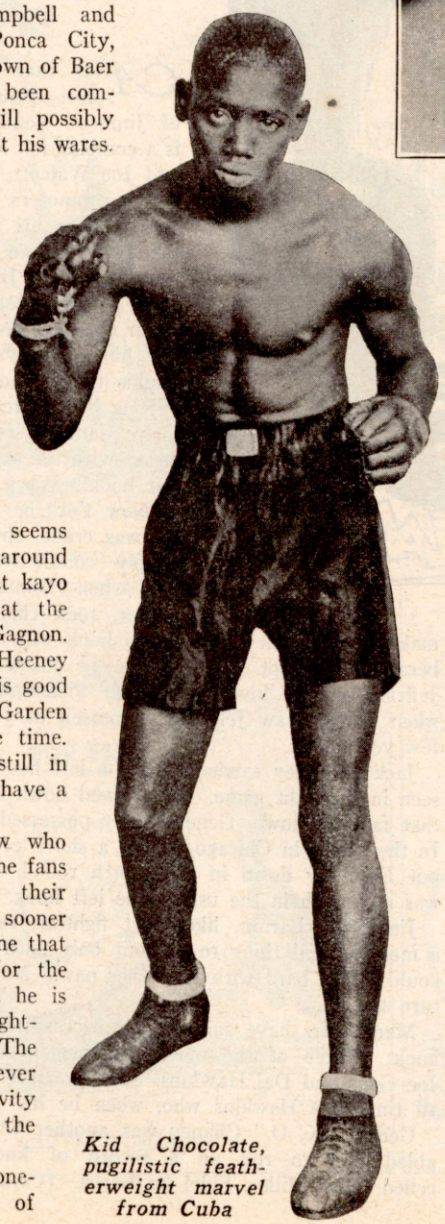
* * *

OF the younger talent in the heavyweight group there is Max Baer, the Butcher Boy from Oakland, who sprang into prominence when he knocked out K. O. Christner, Frankie Campbell and Babe Hunt of Ponca City, Okla. Little is known of Baer but reports have been coming in that he will possibly come here to exhibit his wares. Hunt is a likely looking youngster who recently whipped Ernie Schaaf, Jimmy Braddock and defeated Young Stribling on a foul when he was just coming up, so it would appear that Hunt will most likely get somewhere.

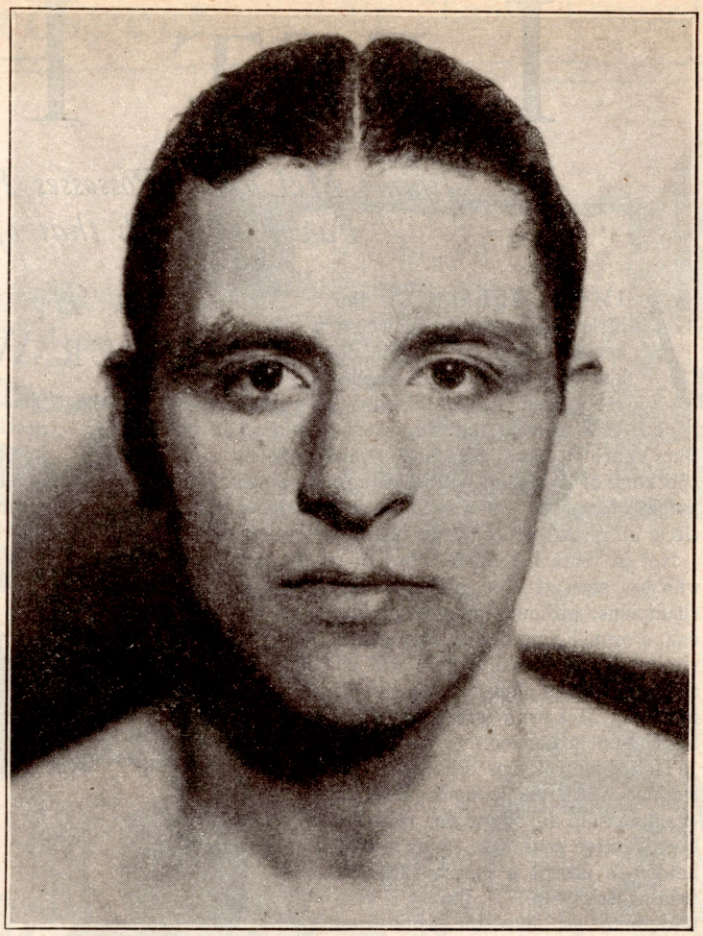
Tuffy Griffiths seems to be rounding around again following that kayo that he suffered at the hands of Jack Gagnon. He stopped Tom Heeney in New York and is good enough for a Garden showing all the time. Johnny Risko is still in the running and I have a soft spot for him.

Here is a fellow who believes in giving the fans some action for their money and I would sooner use him than anyone that I can think of for the simple reason that he is always out there fighting, win or lose. The customers can never complain of inactivity when Risko is in the ring.

The surprising one-round knockout of George Hoffman by Ralph Ficucello of New York City and the rise of Marty Fox, the New York heavyweight, who has been bowling 'em over with regularity, makes these two promising fellows good club fighters. If properly handled, they should go a long way in their division.



Kid Chocolate, pugilistic featherweight marvel from Cuba



Jack "Kid" Berg, England's hope for the lightweight crown

* * *

IN the light-heavyweight class we have an able champion with no one to stack up against him. Maxey Rosenbloom may be a freak and a clown, but he will fight anyone, only there are no outstanding contenders for him to defend his title against and he is forced to remain in idleness.

I would like to stage a Rosenbloom and Mickey Walker bout for the 175-pound title but Walker is still under ban in this state and the match is out of the question.

Walker is a great fighter but has hurt the middleweight class because of his hesitancy in defending his title. Two good prospects in the class are King Levinsky of Chicago and Tait Littman of Milwaukee.

Harry Smith, New York Negro middleweight, has made rapid strides and is deserving of a chance at the middleweight throne. My Sullivan of St. Paul is an attractive name that I have tried to bring into New York on several occasions, but his manager is not keen on bringing him East. Sullivan has a most effective style and might register highly.

Young Jack Thompson, welterweight titleholder, is good for a match with Jimmy McLarnin here that would attract a huge gate. Thompson fought McLarnin in New York before he won the title and made a great impression, and he would be welcomed here again.

Young Corbett could be termed the uncrowned welterweight champion because of his overweight victories over Thompson and Fields. He would make a good card for any club, especially the Garden, but the opponents are scarce and it is difficult for me to get a match for him. Jackie Fields is planning to make a comeback and I could use him with McLarnin but Jimmy has no use for Jackie now that he has lost the welterweight title and refuses (*Continued on page* 41)

LEFT HOOKS

Jimmy McLarnin Possesses Punch that Compares Favorably with that of Past Masters

By WILBUR WOOD

JIMMY McLARNIN, the little socking Irishman whose knockout punch has made him one of the world's highest priced fighters, is the nearest approach to the famous gladiators of the old school developed in many years. The Vancouver boy who took New York by storm by the knockout of Pop Knick's fistic idol, Al Singer, world's lightweight champion, is now a full-fledged member of the charmed circle of record wrecking pugilistic performers.

Not in years has there appeared on the fistic map a fighter who has equaled little Jimmy's mark—that of defeating eight champions without himself gaining one crown. Singer was his eighth victim and how many more will go the same route depends wholly on how long McLarnin will continue in his chosen profession.

That Jimmy seems destined to go through his career without gaining a championship is likely, for it takes a prohibitive guarantee to get a title holder to accept a match with the fighting Irishman. If Jimmy is permitted to get into the same ring with the newly crowned welter king, Tommy Freeman, it is dollars to doughnuts that the hoodoo spell will be shattered and the Celtic race will have a standard bearer in McLarnin.

* * *

A STICK of dynamite is what the fighters call Jimmy's fists, for when they land on a vulnerable spot, the fans are certain to be treated to Jimmy's famous handspring, significance of victory. They call him "Baby Face," but his looks are deceiving. That short right hand jolt and his newly perfected left hook contain sufficient T.N.T. to rock the best of the lightweights and welters to sleep, and the boys in those classes know it.

That is why Jimmy McLarnin is one of the highest paid boxers in fistiana. He rarely considers a bout unless he is assured at least $20,000 for his end because Pop Foster, his manager, realizes that Jimmy is the greatest attraction the ring has had since Jack Dempsey and Benny Leonard retired. Promoters all over the country practically grovel at McLarnin's feet.

Champions find the easiest way out of a mix-up with the Irish lad is to demand such a huge fee to risk their title against the devastating punch of Jimmy, that promoters find there would be nothing left for themselves or for McLarnin. That is why Jimmy prefers to pass up the crown wearers. There is more in it for him when he tackles contenders. Furthermore, McLarnin feels, and justly so, that he is the bigger drawing card, hence he expects as much for his services as does the title holder.

When McLarnin first came East and was heralded as a pocket edition of Jack Dempsey, he discovered that he carried dynamite in his right hand and he kept relying on that punch to gain his victories. Then he began to practice a left hook, with the result that to-day he has one of the most perfect short right jolts and left hooks in the business.

When Jimmy fought Sammy Mandell in New York he was outclassed. The champion kept pecking away while Jimmy tried to connect with his right, but without avail. In their second battle in the West, McLarnin had the beginning of a left hook and he showed to greater advantage than in the first joust. Then came the third and deciding tilt in which Pop Foster's boy all but annihilated the title holder.

When Mandell was asked to explain, he replied:

"He has a perfect left hook now, something he didn't have when I first beat him. That left is so good that he hurt me far more that he did with that dynamite right of his. It's no great trick to get away from a right hand, but if a fellow possesses a corking left hook, he's bound to nick you."

* * *

AND that seems to be the most plausable explanation of Jimmy's wonderful success. He is a combination of Terry McGovern and Joe Walcott, a combination for which promoters are willing to pay dearly. For his height and weight, there isn't a man in boxing who can sock as hard as Jimmy. A good left hook is the most valuable asset a boxer can have and with the right to aid him, Jimmy has the greatest double threat known to boxing.

Ring history records the deeds of many famous fighters whose rise began with the acquisition of a good left hook. When Jim Jeffries came to New York he looked like a ham. He was crude, shuffled his feet and simply couldn't get set properly. But when Tommy Ryan, a great fighter, took charge of the Boilermaker and taught him how to hook with the portsider, Jim became an adept pupil. Once he mastered that delivery, Jeffries became invincible. Bob Fitzsimmons, who laughed when he first saw Jeff, found himself at Jim's mercy only a few years later.

Jack Dempsey carried as fine a left hook as has ever been seen in the fight game. He mowed down his opponents with that famous blow. Gene Tunney possessed a good left hook. In their fight in Chicago, it was a short left hook that almost put Dempsey down in the fourth round. Bob Fitzsimmons was no slouch in the use of the left hook.

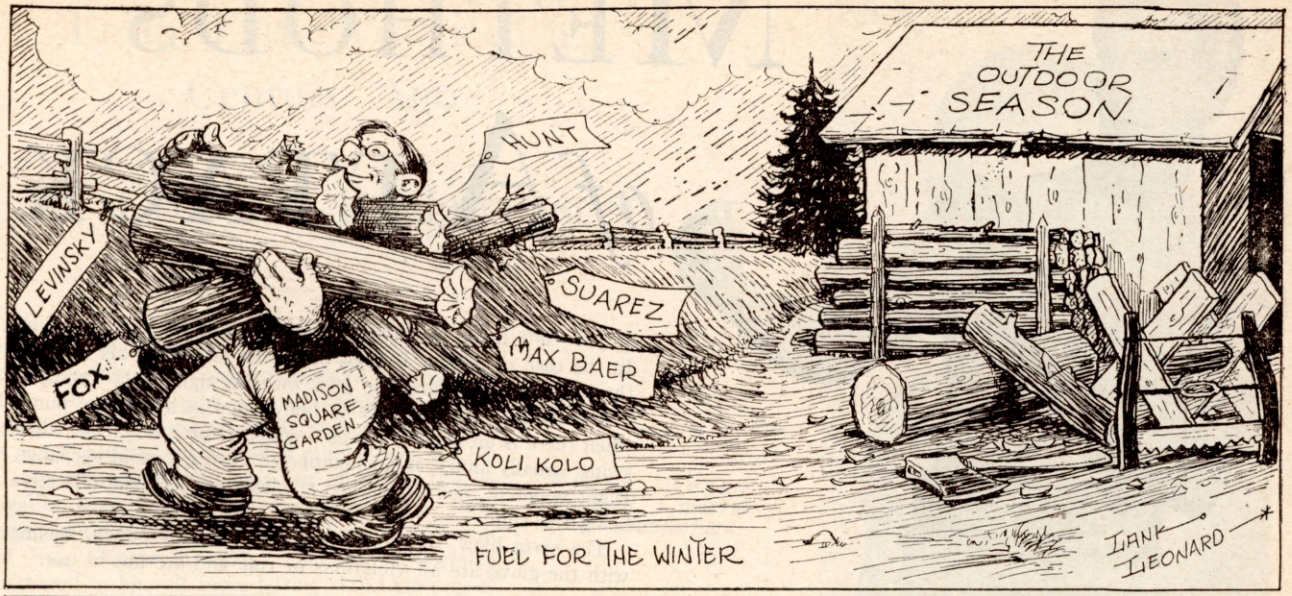
Jimmy McLarnin, like most fighters, relied on his right, a most natural thing to do, but only until he found that he could hit as hard with the other paw. Now either hand can turn the trick.

Many stars have gained their success through a hefty left hook. Three of the most prominent were Charley White, Joe Gans and Dal Hawkins. The greatest left hook artist of all time was Hawkins who, when he hit 'em, laid 'em low.

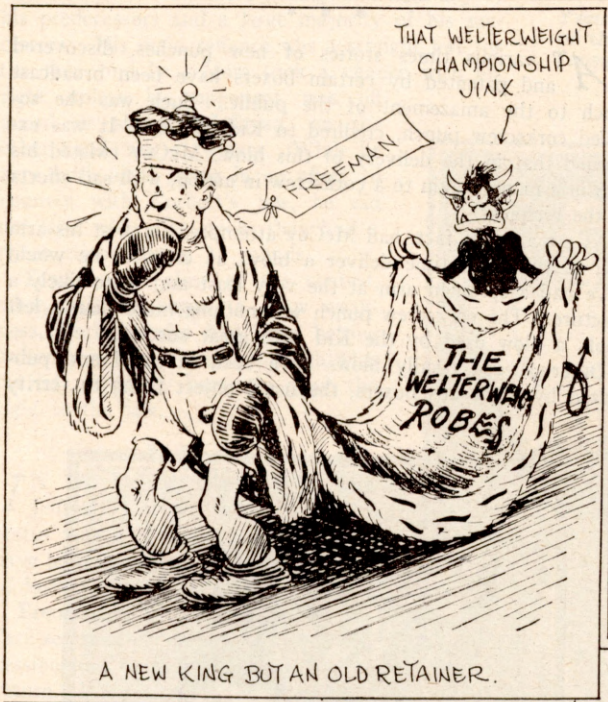
George "K. O." Chaney was another whose left hook enabled him to roll up a record of knockouts never excelled. Ray Miller, Fidel La Barba, (*Continued on page* 41)

The Month in Retrospect

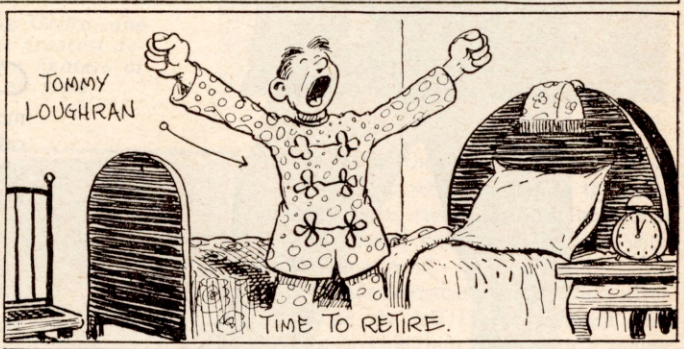
By "Lank" Leonard



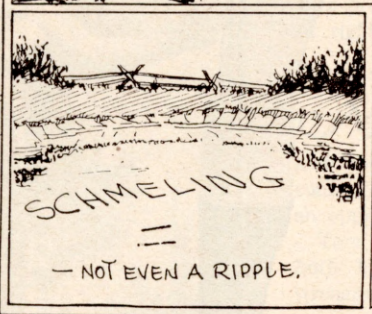
FUEL FOR THE WINTER



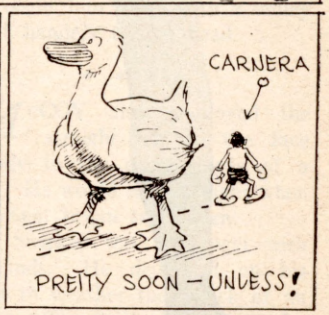
A NEW KING BUT AN OLD RETAINER.



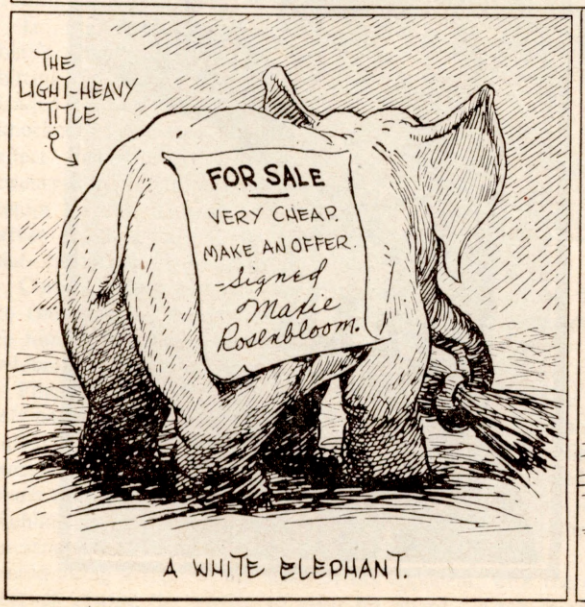
TIME TO RETIRE.



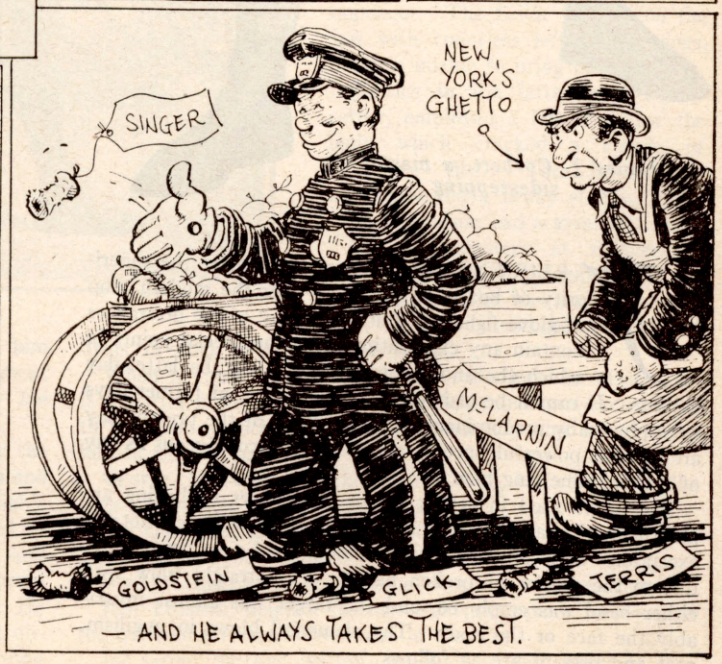
— NOT EVEN A RIPPLE.



PRETTY SOON — UNLESS!

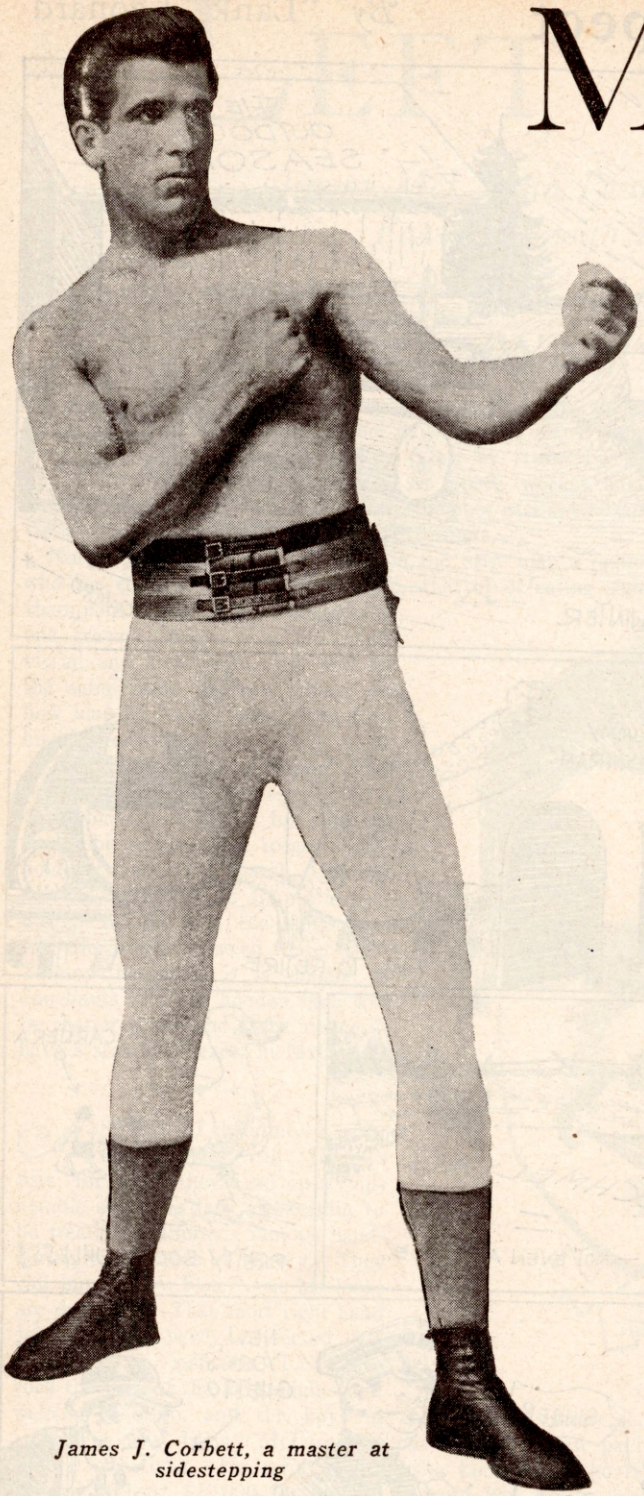


A WHITE ELEPHANT.



— AND HE ALWAYS TAKES THE BEST.

METHODS of ATTACK



James J. Corbett, a master at sidestepping

FREQUENT assertions are heard as to the superiority of boxers of past ages over the modern crop of glove fighters. But few if any of the utterances contain any explanation as to the special points in which the ancient warriors excelled the latter-day battlers. It cannot be claimed that the fighters of former days were physically predominant, for the boxers of the present day are quite as powerful, speedy, aggressive and courageous as any of the old time ring men.

The blows used in attack in the early days of boxing are practically the same as those employed to-day, with one notable exception—bare knuckle fighters seldom used a swinging blow, due to the danger of broken hands. The straight blow with either hand was employed, and the target was almost invariably the face or the body. The elemental blows in pugilism, past and present are as follows:

1—Straight left for body or head; left swing, usually aimed at jaw; left hook, directed at jaw or body; left jab, for face. In the case of a right handed boxer, he jabs with his left. If the boxer is a southpaw he jabs with his right, a la Tendler.

2—Straight right for face or body, used as a decisive punch when there is an opening, or as a counter for a left lead. Right swing, usually aimed at jaw, employed during a rapid exchange. Right uppercut, delivered when at close quarters, the objective being the chin.

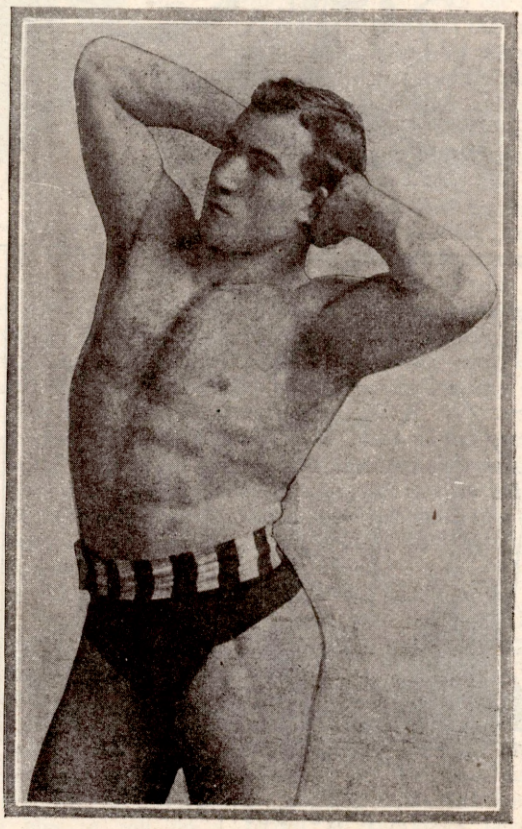
The pivot blow, the rabbit punch, the kidney punch, heeling with the glove are all violations of rule and are not in use.

* * *

AT various times stories of new punches, discovered and patented by certain boxers have been broadcast much to the amazement of the public. Such was the so-called corkscrew punch, credited to Kid McCoy. It was explained that in the delivery of this blow, McCoy twisted his arm in a manner akin to a corkscrew in action, with sad effects to the recipient.

As a matter of fact, had McCoy attempted to twist his arm and at the same time deliver a blow, as claimed, he would have had a sprained arm at the very least and quite likely a fracture. The corkscrew punch was nothing more than a left hook, a blow used by the Kid with great success.

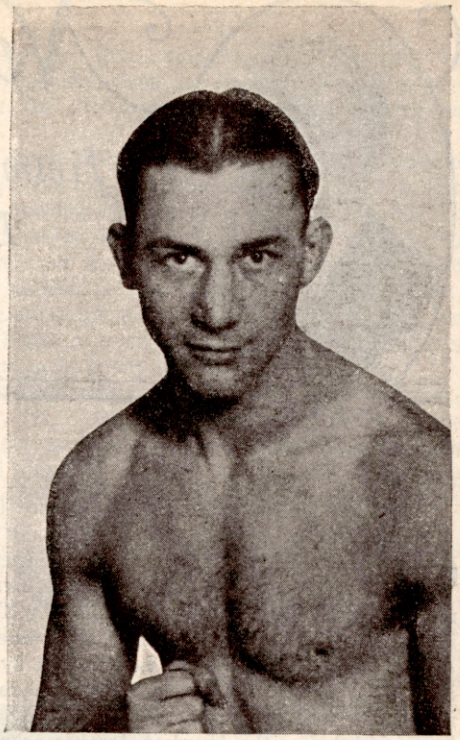
Other alleged deadly blows have been invented and publicized by numerous boxers, the usual object being to terrify



Tom Sharkey, the swinger type of fighter

Blows Used Today Vary Little From Those Practiced a Century Ago

By CHARLES F. MATHISON



Right: Benny Leonard, a marvel at countering

Young Griffo, one of the greatest defensive fighters of all time

a prospective opponent. In a nutshell, the manner of delivery is not so important as the point of contact. A straight right, or a left hook, which land on the jaw or in the pit of the stomach, are worth a dozen so-called corkscrews or other alleged K. O.'s.

Beyond doubt, the truest test of boxing skill as against heavy hitting and strength was that furnished in the contest between Sullivan and Corbett at New Orleans in 1892. The lithe Californian harbored in himself more boxing skill than any of his predecessors and a large majority of his successors. His main reliance was a straight left for the face, and he seldom took a chance with his right unless his opponent was off guard or shaky. Sullivan, on the other hand, was a swinger. While he kept both arms flying in an effort to connect with Corbett's jaw, he did not land with effect more than half a dozen times during 21 rounds.

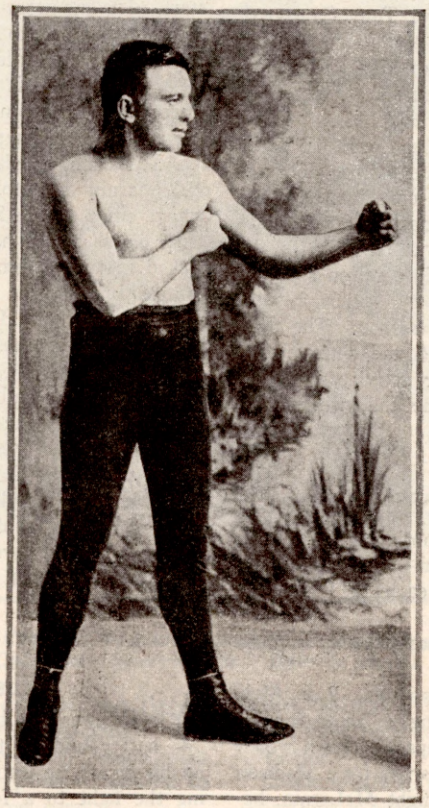
Towards the close of the contest, when Sullivan began to show weakness, Corbett, who had been belting Sullivan on the jaw and stomach with his left, suddenly began to drive the right to the jaw.

* * *

IN his Coney Island fight with Jeffries, Corbett, whose physical status was not so good as it should have been, gave a marvelous exhibition of boxing.

Frequently he jabbed Jeff in the face seven or eight times in quick succession and then got away without a return.

In the twenty-third round Corbett's vitality deserted him and Jeff, hitting the only hard punches he had landed during the fight scored a knockout. An absurd story to the effect that Corbett's defeat in the twenty-third round was due to his attempt to mix it with Jeff has been given much publicity, but this was not concurred in by reliable critics.



Corbett's cleverness and speed unquestionably enabled him to come through many terrific struggles with less punishment to himself than any pugilist of ancient or modern times. He seldom mixed it with anybody.

Fitzsimmons' chief asset in the matter of attack was the left hook. When it landed, the recipient usually curled up and called it a day's work. Yet Fitz's left was his most reliable weapon. He shot it hard to body or jaw. Fitz preferred to reach the body, as was the case in his fights with Corbett and Ruhlin. In order to get an opening for the body, Fitz resorted to strategy. He was the leading strategist of the ring. He would swing a right at the head of his opponent, with the object of getting the victim to raise his guard. Then feinting with his right, he would suddenly shift and drive the right to the pit of the stomach. In the case of Corbett, when the left to the body landed, he came forward, and then Fitz hooked him under the chin with the same hand.

Ruhlin remained on his feet after getting the left in the stomach, and Fitz brought him down with a volley of right handers to the head.

* * *

McCOY also employed the straight left to the face and body in the early stages of a contest. He would use the right when an opponent began to weaken.

Tom Sharkey was a swinger with both hands. He depended on his strength to weather the attack of an opponent. The Sailor hit Jeff on the jaw with countless left hand swings, but was unable to bring him down.

Jeffries in the latter part of his career, employed a left hook for the body which cracked a couple of Sharkey's ribs. The Boilermaker also employed a heavy straight right.

Jack Johnson had a great left hand.

Corbett's mastery at sidestepping was mystifying to his opponents. In the event that he was unable to sidestep, Corbett would block with his arms, or duck or slip with his head.

When it came to slipping blows, Griffo was the master. It is a matter of record that the great Australian was accustomed to stand on a pocket handkerchief and defy any boxer to hit him in three rounds.

George McFadden blocked blows with his elbows to the pain and sorrow of his opponents.

Joe Gans and George Dixon both had great left hands, and were quick on countering.

Benny Leonard was in the same class as a hitter as Gans.

Jem Driscoll, English featherweight champion, had one of the quickest left hands ever seen in the ring.

Joe Grim, Battling Nelson, Ad Wolgast and others of that class, used to block with their faces until ready to strike.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Jimmy McLarnin is a Second Joe Walcott
Lightweight Champion Proves Gameness
Carnera is Losing Big Opportunity

SEPTEMBER was more prolific in important fistic encounters than any month since the start of the outdoor season. It was a month in which were recorded the knockout of Al Singer, world's lightweight champion by Jimmy McLarnin in the third round; the defeat of Young Thompson by Tommy Freeman in a fifteen round mill in which the welter championship changed hands; the upset of Leo Lomski by King Levinsky in Chicago in a contest that saw Lomski down seven times in the first round, twice more in the second and three times in the fifth before the Aberdeen Assassin acknowledged defeat by failure to come out for the sixth session and the surprise victory of the resurrected Billy Petrolle over Tony Canzoneri, contender for the lightweight title.

September also saw the rise of the stock of Max Baer, Coast heavyweight, Marty Fox and Ralph Ficucello, New York heavies.

Although the outdoor season came to an end with the Campolo-Sharkey bout, on the whole the summer session was far better than a year ago. And when one considers the business depression, the outdoor shows drew financial returns that were simply astounding. At least that was the case in the East, where the Madison Square Garden Corporation reported a fine profit on its ventures.

All of which augurs well for the indoor season. The peak of the business depression has been passed and since boxing was injured probably less than any other activity, it seems reasonable to predict an exceptionally fine fall, winter and spring.

* * *

The Fall of a Champion

AS for the leading bouts of the month, the ones that attracted most attention were the Singer-McLarnin and the Freeman-Thompson mills, and each held forth a lesson.

In the case of Thompson, he lost the championship because of the greed of his manager.

Like many others in the field of fisticuffs, Ray Alvis figured on holding onto the title by arranging bouts for his charge over the weight limit so that Thompson's crown would not be in danger. He refused a $60,000 guarantee from Madison Square Garden officials for Thompson to fight McLarnin, because he knows that Jimmy is the master of any welterweight in the world.

He preferred $3000 in a hick town to meet a set-up or a weakling in an overweight match rather than have Thompson risk the title against a legitimate contender for a huge purse. When Alvis consented to the Freeman match, he did so only because he figured that when Freeman beat Thompson recently he fought at 152 pounds and by getting Freeman in at championship weight, Tommy would be weakened to such extent that he would be a mark for the champion.

That is where Alvis was mistaken. Alvis now sees the light. Striking at the purse strings is usually the most effective way to knock sense into a manager's head.

To Freeman we extend our congratulations. We feel he will give legitimate contenders a chance.

Al Singer's Mistake

IN the case of McLarnin and Singer, money was not the only object behind that match. Ugly reports were broadcast that Singer had not won the championship from Mandell on the level. Tommyrot talk of "poisoned tea" and other wild, unfounded rumors were broadcast and these were taken to heart by Singer. To prove that he possessed a fighting heart and a hefty wallop, Al requested the match with the greatest fighter, pound for pound, in the ring to-day and his request was granted.

That he overestimated his ability was evident from the start. His admirers felt sorry that the match was made, for McLarnin figured to win by a knockout and had Singer lasted ten rounds, it would have been a miracle. McLarnin is a super-fighter. He is the Joe Walcott of the present era. Not since the days when Jack Dempsey was in his heyday, has the ring seen a scrapper with such an annihilating wallop as has McLarnin, weight considered.

McLarnin has fought against seven champions, two of whom, prior to the Singer bout, were knocked out. His only reverse was at the hands of Sammy Mandell, whom he shellacked in two return bouts. He whipped Pancho Villa, that contest bringing on the death of the flyweight king from blood poisoning. He triumphed over Fidel La Barba and Young Jack Thompson and knocked out Jackie Fields and Kid Kaplan.

That record, combined with his numerous other victories, most of them by the K. O. route, should have been convincing proof that Singer was playing with fire, but Al was determined to halt the talk of the scandal mongers and he figured a victory over McLarnin would be the best means to do so. He had the fiery ambition of youth, cleverness, a good punch and a knockout victory over a champion to bolster his spirit, and with this confidence he rushed in where sturdier foes feared to tread.

* * *

Has Learned a Lesson

THAT was his big mistake. He gave away four and a half pounds to the premier socker of the day and to top off his errors, he leaped at his foe in whirlwind fashion, carrying the fight to a fellow who just loves that style. Singer wound up on the canvas, holding his neck and his title, a sadder but a wiser young man.

Al still is the lightweight king, but he has learned that it is healthier to keep out of range of a stick of dynamite. It is safer to remain in one's division, especially when the talent therein is mediocre compared to the devastator of champions —Jimmy McLarnin.

Singer was defeated but he was not disgraced. He was simply beaten by a bigger, better, clouting demon. A brave fellow was Singer even to undertake to tackle the Mighty Jimmy and for his courage, he should be given the credit due him.

Singer acquitted himself creditably even though he was knocked out.

The battle, while it lasted, was a real fight. Al lost no

prestige and gained the esteem of those who kept "riding him" and questioning his gameness.

He need make no apology for his heart, for he demonstrated in the McLarnin battle that he possesses one.

Singer need not be discouraged. He came back with bells on after the Ignacio Fernandez knockout and he will do so again now.

The former champion is not the type to lose heart and for the sake of the sport, I hope his most recent K. O. will not affect his fighting.

* * *

Unrest on the Coast

OUT in California, where boxing was killed not so many years ago, the sport is in a rather precarious condition. The death in ring encounters of Frankie Campbell, heavyweight, and Jean Anderson, a preliminary boy, started the turmoil with its subsequent demand for the repeal of the boxing law. Coming close is the charge by Charles F. Traung, chairman of the Boxing Commission, that "racketeers" are ruling the game on the Coast. Two of California's leading referees, Toby Irwin and Benny Wagner, charged that they had been approached by men who deliberately sought to influence their decisions.

The charges are too grave to be passed over unnoticed, yet they should arouse no apprehension that such discovery will bring back the ban on the sport. The fact that the officials in charge of boxing are willing to take the risk to expose such crookedness, is sufficient indication that the right type of men are in control. Just so long as they continue to be at the helm, the gamblers, the crooks and the gangsters will never be able to get a foothold.

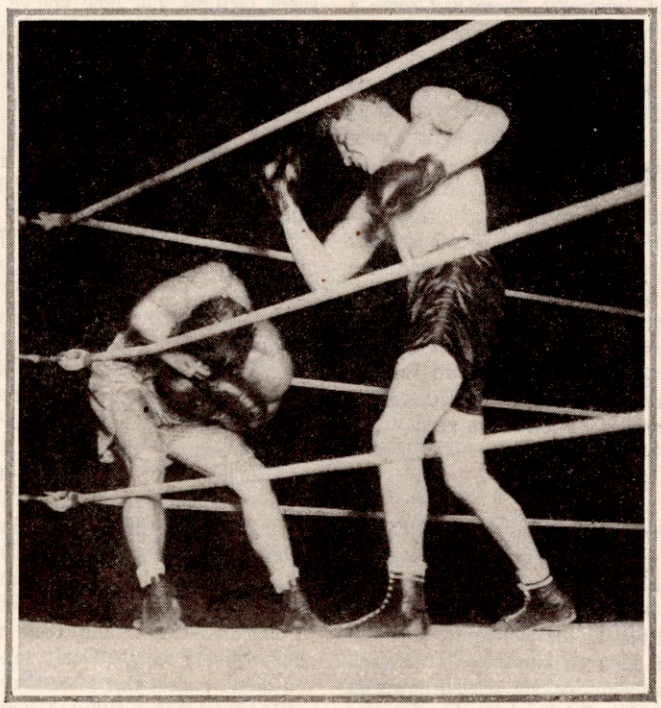
While it is true that the "racketeers" do manage to get some of the leading boxers, they are finding the commissions of the country discouraging obstacles. Messrs. Traung and Woods in California; James A. Farley, William Muldoon and General Phelan in New York; Stanley M. Isaacs of Ohio; General McClinnin and George F. Getz of Illinois, Eugene Buckley of Massachusetts and others have done well in guarding the gates of boxing from the manipulators, and the safety of the game is assured so long as they continue to deal with an iron hand.

After all, one must remember that boxing is not the only field in which racketeers are found. Recent legislative investigations prove that things are far more serious in the milk, fish, flour, laundry and fruit trades. Let's be thankful that these unscrupulous figures have not gained the firm grip on boxing that they have in other fields.

* * *

In re Ring Fatalities

INCIDENTALLY, while on the subject of ring fatalities, it seems to me that proper precautions taken by the referee would prevent such an affair as the recent Campbell-Baer contest.



The collapse of Frankie Campbell in his bout with Max Baer, California heavyweight. Baer is shown on right

Neither tongue nor pencil could so eloquently describe the final round of that bout as does the realistic photograph taken at the crucial moment. It is reproduced on this page.

Campbell is shown sitting against the middle ring rope in a neutral corner. His feet are on the ring floor, but his weight is on his heels, proving conclusively that he is very tired or very weak and unable to protect himself. His head and upper body are bent forward and both gloved hands are wrapped about the head to shield it from further punishment. He is a pitiable object yet his opponent was permitted by the referee, Toby Irwin, a competent official, to stand directly over the helpless creature and batter away.

The referee is not in the ring only for the purpose of judging the points. He is there to observe every move of the opponents, to see that the rules are obeyed, that the men fight fairly and above all, to offer his protection to the man who is so helplessly beaten that a continuation of the contest might prove fatal.

A referee who sees a fighter in the condition that Campbell was, should halt proceedings then and there.

The trouble is that too many ring officials are anxious to please the crowd. They like to play into the hands of those who take a keen delight in seeing a fellow punished to the Nth degree.

There are some spectators who are not satisfied unless both fighters are nearly battered to a pulp. The greater the punishment, the better they enjoy it.

That is not boxing and it is not sport. As soon as a bout reaches the stage where it no longer is a sporting exhibition, the referee should take a hand and stop it.

* * *

The Carnera Blight

THE Carnera farce has become a blight on the sport of boxing. If properly handled, the Venetian Goldolier has it in him to win the world's heavyweight championship within the next year, but so long as his corps of managers put him against weaklings and resurrect as opponents, men whose fistic graves have been dug long ago, he will be nothing but a circus attraction.

Carnera, as I've remarked in other issues of THE RING, has everything a champion requires as an asset.

The giant Italian should either be compelled to fight legitimately or the authorities should take proper action and banish him from these shores. Carnera is too good a fighter and too fine a prospect to be carrying on under the cloak of protection.

Primo's recent one night stand in Newark where Pat McCarthy was resurrected especially for the occasion and lasted a minute over one round was the last straw.

McCarthy, it will be remembered, was not good enough as a training partner for Jack Sharkey at Miami, yet he was given the part of a headliner in Newark against the Italian giant.

Ordinarily such a bout would be regarded as a fraud yet 15,000 Carnera gullibles hailed him as a hero.

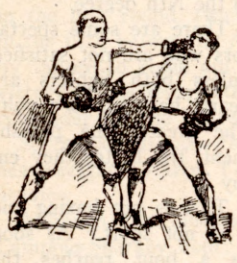
The Lost Chord

Tainey Finally Goes Talkie

"SORRY, Tilt—but you know how it is. This talkie business has changed the movie industry—revolutionized it. Your voice simply will not register right. Sounds like Niagara Falls. Can't you have it fixed somehow? That voice box of yours might be tinkered up as good as new."

Tilt Tainey, motion picture star, laughed as he got the "bad news" from Mort Dahlet, chief of the Humanavox Films. It had been coming for some time. Tilt had expected it.

In the silent movies Tainey was the best of the "he-man" stars—a natural athlete, with three years of football at Yale behind him. About 185 pounds in shape—and always in shape. Quick, good looking, with an infectious smile, a hard rider and a corking love maker. A good actor as motion picture actors went. Tainey had established himself as one of the outstanding drawing cards of the silver screen.



Tainey came back and in the seventh caught Gittren flush on the jaw with a left

But, overnight, there had come a startling change. The silent movies had given way to the talkies. Men and women who, through years of striving and superlative performance, had become the leaders of their profession found themselves shunted into the background, or removed from the scene entirely.

For their voices failed to register well. In the silent days, a screen test was the thing that decided eligibility. Now the voice had to please. It had to possess the proper volume, the right kind of timbre, and Tainey's voice, tried out in a picture that had proved a big failure, came to the audience in gruff waves that drowned each other out.

* * *

"DON'T waste any sympathy on me, Mort," Tainey chuckled. But there was a catch in his voice. This had been looked for, and yet when it came, it hit Tainey with the force of a knockout.

"You'll never have to run a benefit for me, Mort," he continued after he had got a new hold on himself. "I am well fixed, as you know. I'll probably marry, get settled down on a little estate on Long Island that I have been keeping my eye on for some time, and go in for—well, maybe writing detective stories. Or social uplift. *Quien sabe?*"

"I'm glad you take it that way, Tilt," Dahlet said, soberly. "Some of the boys and girls haven't been such good sports. I had to slip the news to Rana Rascha, that German actress, yesterday. Her accent simply kills her for us. She put on one of the finest little weeping acts I have seen in my time. Sorry we had no camera and mike.

"Seriously, Tilt, this is hell. A lot of men and women in this profession, making lots of money week after week, thought that Christmas would last forever. Now they're out looking for vaudeville bookings. Nearly busted. Plenty of jewelry on the market, my boy."

"The funny part of this whole mess, Mort, is that the films, themselves, are responsible for my present position." Tainey went on.

"I had a peach of a voice. Well, I was in Yale dramatics for four years, then in stock for a year and believe me the girls hung on to every note," and Tainey laughed.

"I was a bit of a boxer in college, and when I got into the films the Featured Artists put me in a series they called the Beak Busters. Every reel had a fight in it—and no fooling. Real, honest to goodness boxing it was, with plenty of belts that hurt.

"In the second stunt I put on for them they hired Tommy Gittren, the former light-heavyweight champion, to be my opponent. I was supposed to knock him out for The Girl—and boy, I was delighted to do that little thing in no uncertain manner. I let him have it, and he went out for fair. None of that phoney stuff. They carried him to the smelling salts.

"You see, with a lot of pretty faces around, this Gittren got sort of swell-headed and decided to show me up. He plastered me plenty, and hit me a terrific right to the Adam's apple.

"My voice dropped out of being for two days. Doctor said the vocal chords had become paralyzed. I said nothing at the time, but when the script called for a knockout, did I give it to him? Ask Gittren!

"But that shot ruined my voice. I didn't miss it in the silent pictures, but now you've got to have a clear delivery, and Mort, I haven't got it, and don't hope to have it. So good-bye and good luck—and don't forget to come to the wedding."

* * *

TILTON JOHN TAINEY, Yale 1925, twenty-nine, with a fair bankroll, went out of the Humanavox Films with a smile. Spring was in the air, a long period of leisure called.

And then there was Molly Jolie, the girl he intended to marry. Molly also was in pictures—blond, petite, ambitious not so much for herself as for Tilt—a golden-haired girl who was not what you would call dumb.

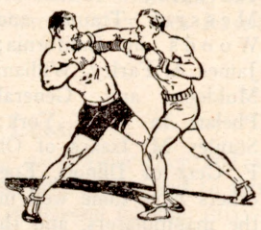
Tilt went straight to the lady of his choice. Across the Queensboro Bridge, out on the North Shore of Long Island, he found her in a little vine-covered cottage near Syosset, where she lived with her mother, who raised wire-haired fox terriers for diversion.

"Spring is here, Molly dear—and your darling boy has been fired," Tilt announced, after the ancient preliminary of a rousing kiss and the quaint prelude of a breath-taking hug.

"Fired!" Molly recoiled. "You don't mean——?"

"Yes, fired, and I mean it," said Tilt, as he led Molly down the path to the little vine-covered Summer house in the garden.

"Voice is punk, and they want clear delivery now. Don't tell me you didn't expect this after that flop in 'Red Racketeer?' Why, they would have been nutty to make another picture with me in it. I sounded like an elephant with a cold."



In the ninth Gittren swung with his right and got Tainey on the Adam's apple

"Frankly, Tilt, I had given this thing no thought," Molly replied. "Is it final?"

"As final as yesterday," Tainey said. "Now we have time on our hands. You won't have another picture until August. That means three months with nothing to do but get married, and then France, England—yes, I'd like to see the north of Norway, I think.

"I don't want to be stumped when my children ask me what a fjord is. I want to be in the land of fjords," and Tilt broke into song—a bit raspy, if the truth be known.

"Tilton John Tainey! If you're ready to call this a career and give up without a fight . . . If, at twenty-nine, you think you can imitate John D. Rockefeller and live on your income, you're crazy!" the girl flared.

"I am not going to marry you and keep on making pictures. I have strange ideas of a home out here somewhere—yes, and

A Story of the Movies and a Star Who Turned Fighter

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

kids who might ask you tougher questions than things about fjords.

"You're too young to take this punch without hitting back, without doing something. Traveling sounds alluring. But retirement—well I think altogether too much of you to give my approval, if that means anything to you."

* * *

"TAINEY, you're crazy! Getting fired has gone to your head," said Bill Cleary, impresario at the big Garden home of fights in New York.

Tilt threw caution to the winds and fought like a maniac

"Why, you're too soft, too old. Twenty-nine is no time for starting a fistic career. Yes, you may be in shape. But that sort of condition is no good in the ring. It's a tough game of give and take. Those beak busters will fix your nose so that your own girl won't know you from Bull Montana."

"Bill, you have been a friend of mine for seven—or is it eight—years," Tilt pleaded.

"You knew my father—built railroads with him. Now, come through for me. This is really important.

"I have seen a lot of the ham-and-eggers they call star fighters, and I think I can beat three-quarters of them with about one month of training.

"I have a hunch—just a hunch. My girl is sore at me. Won't marry me because I want to sit back for a while and get things straightened out. I have two hundred grand in government bonds, but she says only bums retire at twenty-nine. I guess she's right.

"I want about $100,000 more in the next year, and the ring—this Garden of yours—is going to give it to me. Tilt Tainey turns fighter! Why the advertising would be tremendous!"

"Well, don't come around here crying that your phizz has been spoiled," said Cleary, soberly. "I promised to do you a favor any time you wanted it, but this is no favor, hombre. Don't kid yourself!"

* * *

CLEARY sent Tainey to Billy De Frest, trainer, teacher, conditioner and crafty campaigner.

"You're tackling a tough job, Mr. Tainey," said little Billy. "I have had some funny assignments in my time, but this one is a corker. You're not kidding, are you? Or putting on a publicity stunt? Come clean. I'm your man."

"Billy, I never was more earnest in my life. I have been challenged by a young lady," Tilt divulged. "You know how it is when you are put on the pan by the fair and unfair sex. I can fight, and I will prove it to you."

For three months they worked in secret. Not a word about Tilt Tainey going into boxing—Tilt of the Movies, the star of the He Men.

Finally Cleary sprang the sensation. The sports pages were full of it. The more canny seemed to scent a publicity stunt, but Tainey called them all together, those boxing experts, at a luncheon and made a clean breast of it. He was out to win the title, if he could. And nothing would suit him better than to wallop Gittren, the former light heavyweight champion, who still was rated a good boxer.

The sports columnists went to this yarn strong. In twenty-four hours Tainey found himself the most wanted boxer in America.

From Memphis, Little Rock, New Orleans, Boston, Winnipeg, Minneapolis, San Francisco—from Los Angeles, capital of Filmania—came flattering offers to exhibit his fistic wares.

"Come at once. To hell with training. Folks want to see you. Can guarantee $10,000 here," wired Jim Blant from Hollywood.

"Nothing doing," Tainey wired to them all. He wasn't going to rush his campaign. And the next day he hired Jack Burns as his manager—astute, knowing Jack, who had piloted men to titles.

* * *

IN November, Cleary put Tainey on the Garden card for his trial in an eight-rounder with Mike Montebello, a plug-horse whose destiny in life was the role of canvas tester.

The big arena was jammed to the rafters. And there were more women than the Garden ever had seen before at a fight. Tilt Tainey of the Movies—the he-man gone fistic.

Tainey was in the semi-final, but he headed the card in so far as popular interest was concerned. In the second round he feinted with his left, hit for the heart with his right, and Montebello again was carried to his dressing room for the customary resuscitation.

Cleary gave him another trial horse, and that one went out in the first. In his third fight, Tilt knocked out Mort Blaner, a really fair light heavyweight who had scored a couple of knockouts.

This roused The Fancy. Up to this time Tainey had been something of a popular curosity who was viewed with scepticism by the experts. They still were looking for the nigger in the woodpile, still scenting a publicity plot.

But when Tilt stopped Blaner, the experts sat up and began to ask themselves whether, after all, the man from the movies didn't have something.

Tainey had four fights during the indoor season, and collected $50,000 as his share of the proceeds.

"Well, are you ready?" he asked Molly.

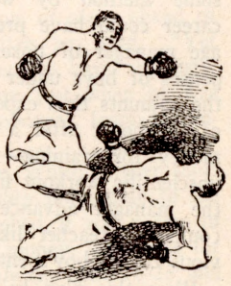
"Why, Tilt, you must be getting cold feet," she smiled.

* * *

CAME the Spring again, and Cleary sat with Tainey in the Garden offices.

"Got enough of the ring game, Tilt?" Bill laughed.

"Hell, no! I've just started," the movie man chuckled. "I wish I had known about all this soft money in those days when I was working and sweating from morning till night to make those he-man films. The ring is a joy, a recreation. Now give me Gittren!"



In the tenth Gittren stopped a left with his jaw, and they carried him out

"Gittren? Why, you must be nuts," Cleary ejaculated. "You may have hit him in that movie act, but that man still is a good fighter. Yes, he's thirty-one. But he knows a lot. He would cut you to ribbons."

"Bill, I must pay that bum a debt. I owe it to him and I owe it to myself. Get me Gittren and $50,000 for my end. Then I may quit. I say 'may.' If this continues soft, I may stick and go on for a try with the German. I might lick him. But in the meantime, Gittren."

Cleary called Gittren and Tom Scozer, his manager. "This beauty parlor boxer?" Gittren roared. "Say, Bill, you must be kidding me, or getting soft in the brain. You don't mean that seriously?"

"Gentlemen, Tainey wants to fight you, and this organization stands ready to put on the match at the Polo Grounds on September 16th. Take it or leave (*Continued on page* 44)

English Boxers Excel

By KID MCPARTLAND

DESPITE the unorthodox performances of Kid Berg, evidence is not lacking that young English fighters are taught to box before being tossed into the ring. And this fact accentuates the unfortunate truth of the assertion that at least 40 per cent of American-born boxers have hazy ideas on their debuts as to what constitutes scientific boxing.

The terms "ducking," "sidestepping," "slipping," "blocking," "feinting," "crossing," and the rest of the vocabulary of the expert ring man, is Greek to the youngster in this country who is launched on a pugilistic career. He has but one idea in his untutored mind and that is to swing with both hands as soon as the bell starts a round.

While he is swinging, his opponent, if experienced, is peppering him with all kinds of shots to the head, face and body. If the recipient is a hard, vigorous chap with a fighting heart that never knows when to say die, he takes enough punishment in his first half-dozen bouts to discourage the average boy. But, on the other hand, if he is of the stubborn type of youth, he sticks to his guns until he is in the class typified by the term "punch drunk" and eventually finds himself cutting "paper dolls."

* * *

THERE are in the immediate vicinity of New York, dozens of youngsters who continue to take successive beatings in the belief that they may eventually become champions, but who have absolutely no chance of emerging from mediocrity because their training and instruction has been faulty.

There should be some method by which the youngsters starting a ring career could have proper and expert instruction. The average manager of boxers is required to pay the training expenses of boys under his management, with the proviso that the amounts thus expended shall be deducted from the purse of the boxer after a contest. If the manager can advance money for training—which consists, for the most part, of unscientific workout fights in a private room—why could not the manager advance money to pay for instruction by a competent teacher like Jerry Deforest or Billy Grupp previous to the boy's entering the ring?

Were this plan to be put into effect, there would be an immediate improvement in the performances in the ring and a decided lessening of the danger of serious injury to contestants. Two fatalities in the West of recent date, indicate the seriousness of the situation. You don't hear of men killed in British matches as you do in this country.

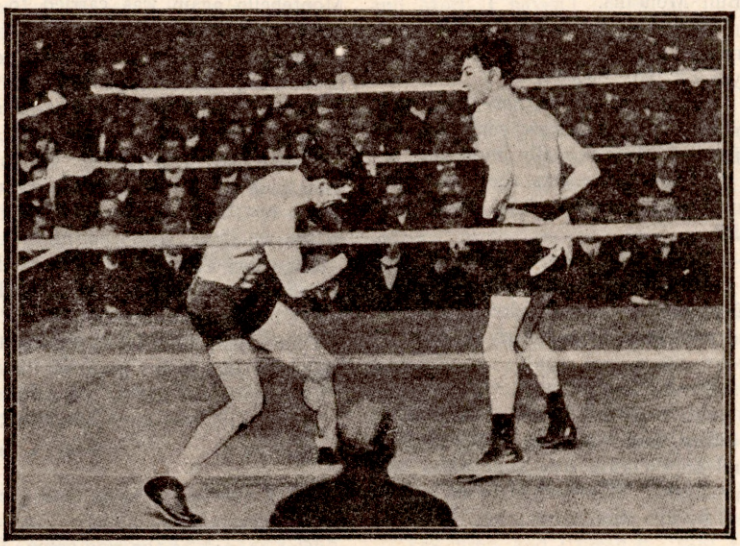
A certain element in attendance at most boxing contests is never pleased except by knock-down-and-drag-out tactics in the ring. For them, the fact that a novice is being slaughtered by a more experienced fighter is regarded as the height of pugilistic entertainment.

However, the great majority of boxing enthusiasts admire real science, which fact was demonstrated by the appearance recently in Henderson's Bowl of an English welter named Solly Schwartz. His opponent was a Spaniard of the vigorous type, who knew nothing at all about boxing, but had progressive ideas as to continuous fighting. He took everything that Schwartz had to offer—which included nearly every punch known to pugilistic science—and was still on his feet at the end of the tenth and last round.

* * *

THE Latin received nearly as much commendation from the onlookers at the close of the bout as did Schwartz, who had been untouched by his swings, and who had given one of the most scientific exhibitions seen in this vicinity in many a month. Schwartz was speedy as a whippet. He ducked the blows launched by the Spaniard, sidestepped just as his opponent set himself in preparation to strike, and then, with whirlwind speed, countered him before he had time to protect himself.

In his attack, Schwartz gave a remarkable enlightening exhibition of straight hitting with either hand, the result being that his opponent's face was a sorry sight at the close. Schwartz's exhibition was a rare treat for those who like clever boxing instead of rough and tumble fighting.



Freddy Welsh (left), and Jem Driscoll, England's most scientific modern boxers. Note Welsh's crouch and Driscoll's stand-up style

Benny Leonard, who outboxed and out-hit Freddie Welsh, one of the most proficient boxers ever developed in England, deserves all possible credit for his achievement.

Considered as a whole, England has had many more scientific boxers, in proportion to her total number so engaged, than America, with her overwhelming number of pugilists.

William Muldoon, who saw Jem Mace, England's heavyweight champion in action, declares that Mace gave a wonderful exhibition of scientific boxing. Nearly all the English heavyweights, from Mace and Mitchell down, were good boxers, although few of them could stand the gaff to an appreciable extent. Consider Phil Scott's recent record.

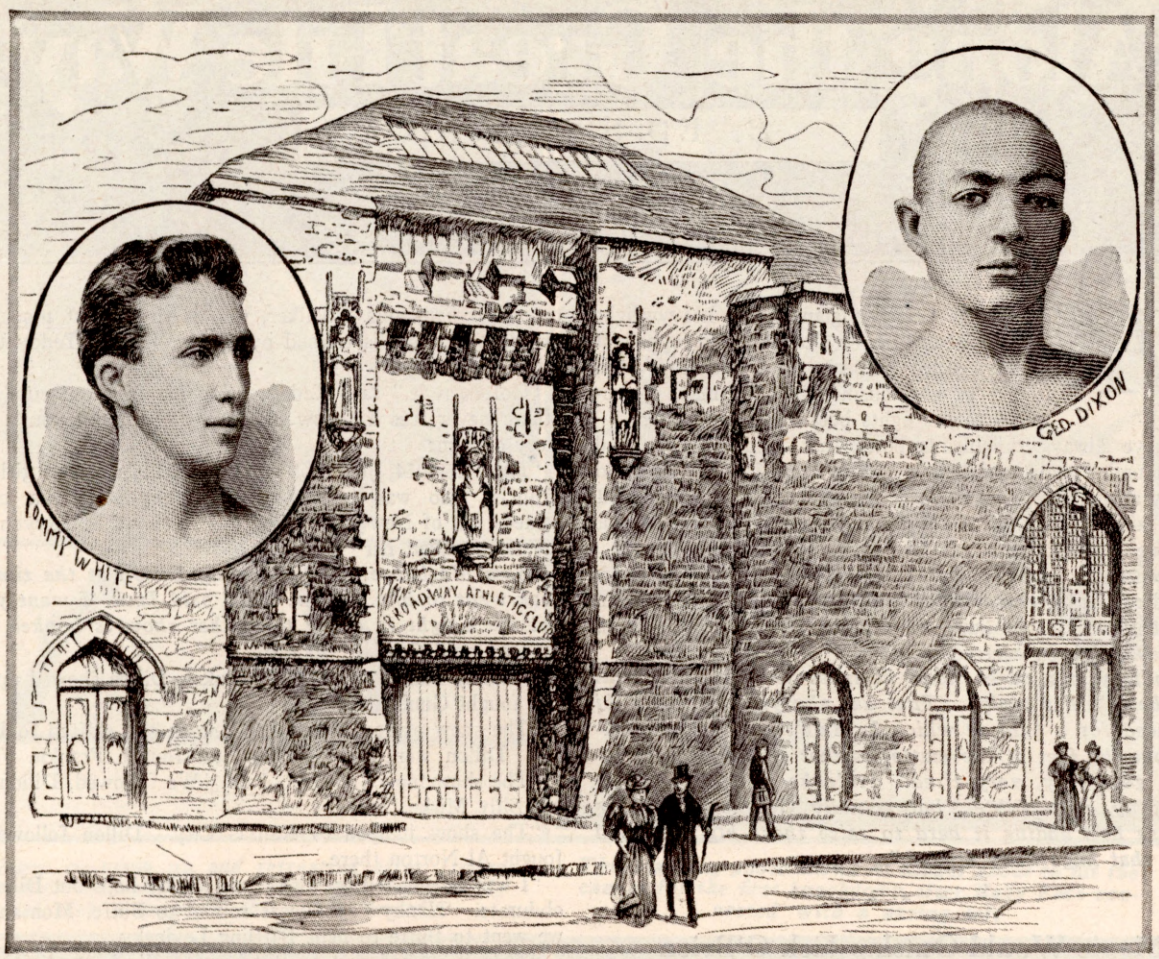
Among the middleweights, Jem Carney gave our title holder, Jack McAuliffe, a lambasting, but Lavigne returned the compliment by stopping Dick Burge, the English champion.

In the featherweight division, Jem Driscoll, one of the greatest men in the class, gave Abe Attell, American featherweight champion, a severe trouncing in a ten-round bout in New York City. Driscoll claimed the world's title after that fight, but as decisions were illegal under the Frawley law, the Briton's claim was not sustained. Yet Driscoll, at the time, was considered the best featherweight in the world.

Joe Bowker and Pedlar Palmer were great bantams, but Palmer was slaughtered by the terrific hitting of McGovern. Bowker defeated a number of American bantams.

As the case stands, America is second in boxing skill, but first in hitting ability. Unless something is done to educate American youngsters in scientific boxing, this country may drop below a number of European countries.

WHAT A CHANGE!



The principals in New York's first legalized show and the old Broadway Athletic Club owned by Tom O'Rourke. From an old woodcut

By ED W. SMITH
Famous Referee and Sports Writer

THEY thought they were raising the very old dickens in the boxing game one night just thirty-four years ago when they drew a total gate of $4,986 at the old Broadway A. C. in New York. It was the first fight ever held in this country under what then were considered air-tight legal conditions. New York, the Empire State, led the way for the nation, the first state to smile on boxing.

To be exact the date was September 25, 1896.

George Dixon, then one of the greatest of the numerous greats among the colored race, and for several years feather-weight champion of the world, was the big star of the night. Tommy White, speedster and stylist from Chicago, furnished the opposition. They boxed twenty rounds and at the finish the late Sam Austin, well known sports character and topical writer, called it an even thing in his capacity as referee.

* * *

TOM O'ROURKE promoted at the Broadway club and was manager of the superlative Dixon—then as always. The late Charles E. ("Parson") Davies was manager of White.

Well I remember when the "Parson" returned to Chicago, he was glowing with pride over their accomplishment in drawing within a couple of dollars of five thousand.

"This shows the trend of the times," he opined, "and from now on the enthusiasts need have no distrust or uneasiness about the future. Boxing is on a firm footing now!"

Today the average champion wouldn't unlace his shoes for a cut at such a gate!

The prices that night were scaled generally at $1 to $3 with about five rows at $5, these being reserved for de luxe customers far in advance, not being placed on general sale or even offered to the public. The scale was a trifle higher than the ordinary, but not considered even then the least bit exorbitant. Remember, it was a real championship fight.

The battlers scaled in at 122 pounds at five o'clock in the afternoon and both were easily inside. White never got over the idea that he didn't beat George Dixon that night.

"I have always thought I was a couple of steps ahead of him all the way through," Tommy often has said. "Yet 'Little Chocolate' was a mighty hard man to have any fistic dealings with. One never could be sure just when he was going to cut loose and separate an opponent from his intelligence!"

And continuing along that general line, White further said: "Men had to fight then. It was a mighty long route to the end of the lane, and when that was reached, it was a case of a winner and a loser. The split of the money, too, made for hard fighting. The fighters' end was always split 75-25 and that was the best you could do. Huge guarantees were totally unknown. And I believe the guarantee business has done much harm to present day boxing."

* * *

WHITE had traveled for five weeks through the Middle West with the John L. Sullivan athletic combination and the big fellow took a great liking to the smart young Chicagoan. He promised that when the Dixon match was made, White having pointed himself for that great effort, he would help him train and lend both physical and (*Continued on page* 43)

Along the Great Fite Way

By ED SULLIVAN

HAS George Godfrey, giant Negro heavyweight from Alabama, ever "carried" an opponent in his entire career? Has Godfrey been forced to do "business" or to make agreements to get fights because of his color?

I have always ridiculed reports that Godfrey ever had fought under wraps and I have asserted that if Godfrey could win by a knockout, he sent home the knockout punch and that if he failed to win, it was because he was in against a nut too tough to crack.

Recently, I asked Jimmy Dougherty, Godfrey's manager, if Godfrey had ever carried an opponent, that is, permitted an opponent to last the limit. I expected Dougherty to claim Godfrey had been coerced frequently.

"Godfrey has never done business in the ring," was Dougherty's flat reply. "That has always been the alibi advanced for a fight in which he didn't win by a knockout, but the fact of the matter is that Big George sometimes gets very, very tired. It looks as though he is easing up on a fighter, but actually George is stalling because he's finding it hard to raise those big arms and move that huge body around."

* * *

Maxie Would Outslap Jack O'Brien

THE Baron of Leiperville, as Ring Lardner nicknamed Jimmy Dougherty, comes from the old school of cauliflowers but, contrary to expectations, Dougherty isn't a blind champion of the old-time fighters.

"Don't let anyone tell you that those old-timers were so hot," confided Jimmy, who was talking very frankly. "You can take my word for it that Jack Johnson would be booed out of the ring or thrown out of the ring for stalling if he were fighting to-day.

"Johnson was a cagey, sure-thing fighter in action. He never helped make a fight. Modern fight fans, who never saw these old-timers, picture Johnson as a hurricane in action, but the truth is that he was very dreadful to watch because he was an ultra-conservative counter fighter.

"Another thing. I hear modern fans telling what a wonder Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was in his prime.

"The next time you hear them giving you a dose of that O'Brien ballyhooey, walk away from them or giggle right in their faces. I saw Philadelphia Jack O'Brien fight and I've seen Maxie Rosenbloom fight. In his best day, O'Brien would have been slapped and cuffed silly by Rosenbloom.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view but don't let them kid you about the old-timers. Very few of them were as great as they're painted."

* * *

Teddy Hayes Tells One on Jack Dillon

THE other night Bert Lahr, Billy Lahiff, Arthur Carter, Will Morrisey and a crowd of the Broadwayites were sitting in the Tavern after closing hours, reminiscing of other days.

Teddy Hayes, trainer of Mickey Walker, popped up with an interesting story on Jack Dillon, the giant-killer who fought out of Indianapolis. Walker, who is the closest modern approach to Dillon, is trained by Teddy, just as Teddy trained Dillon years ago.

"Gol darn it," said Teddy, using his favorite 'cuss' word, "there never was a fellow like Dillon. I'll tell you a funny story on him:

"Back in 1914, Jack got stuck on a little chorus girl, May Francis, who was touring with 'Hanky-Panky', a musical comedy out of New York. She was so tiny that everyone with the show called her 'Peewee.'

"Sam Marburger was managing Dillon at the time and Jack went to him. 'Now, Sam,' said Jack, 'I want you to get me a fight in every town that show is booked into!' So Sam said O. K.

" 'Hanky-Panky' went to Milwaukee. Dillon showed up there and fought Gunboat Hudson.

"The show played Milwaukee a week and shifted to Fondulac. Dillon went to Fondulac and fought Frankie Farmer.

"The show moved into St. Paul. We followed, Dillon fighting Billy Miske.

"The show jumped to Kansas City. Dillon followed and fought Al Norton there.

"I was getting fed up with these weekly hops but Dillon was obdurate. 'Hanky-Panky' was routed to Butte, Montana. In we went to Butte to fight Battling Levinsky.

"Then it shifted east to Pittsburgh. We hopped right with them on the same train and Dillon fights Buck Krause at Pittsburgh.

"If the show hadn't folded up when it reached the DeKalb Theater in Brooklyn, I think Dillon would still be catching trains."

* * *

Fake Wire Wrecked John the Barber

THEY were talking of John Reisler the other day, mourning the death of the colorful character Broadway knew as "John the Barber."

"Do you know how John the Barber lost Jack Dempsey?" asked one of the gabbers. "Well, I'll tell you the real story and the only true story:

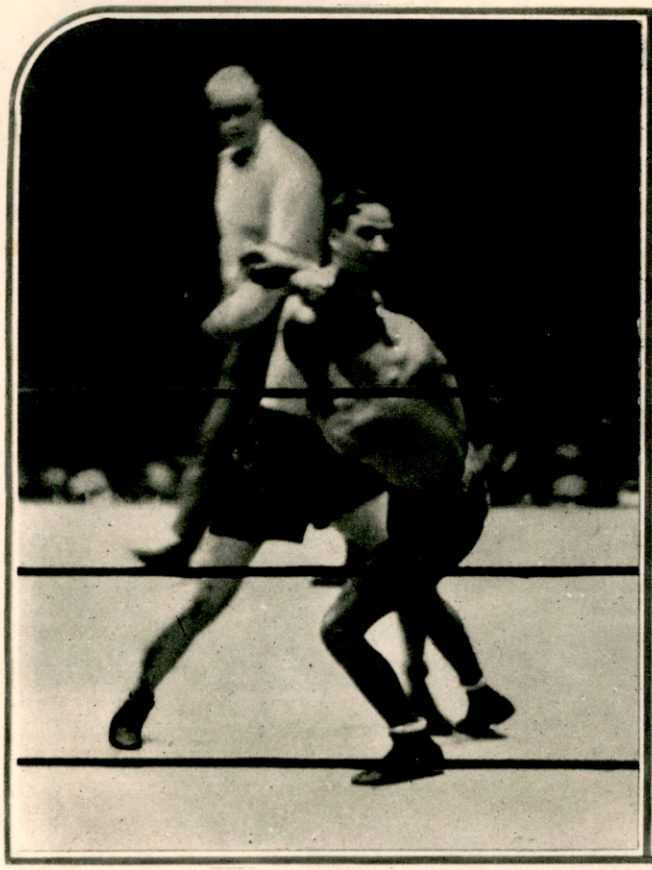
"When Jack Price, Dempsey's first manager, blew out of New York back in 1916, Reisler grabbed up Dempsey. John was always a sucker where fighters were concerned and he bought Dempsey suits of clothes, put him up at swell flophouses or dormitories and told him the sky was the limit. In the meantime he matched Dempsey with John Lester Johnson. That was the fight in which Dempsey got a couple of ribs smashed up.

"Right after the Dempsey-Johnson fight, the only mixed fight on Dempsey's record, the future heavyweight champion of the world went to Reisler with a telegram.

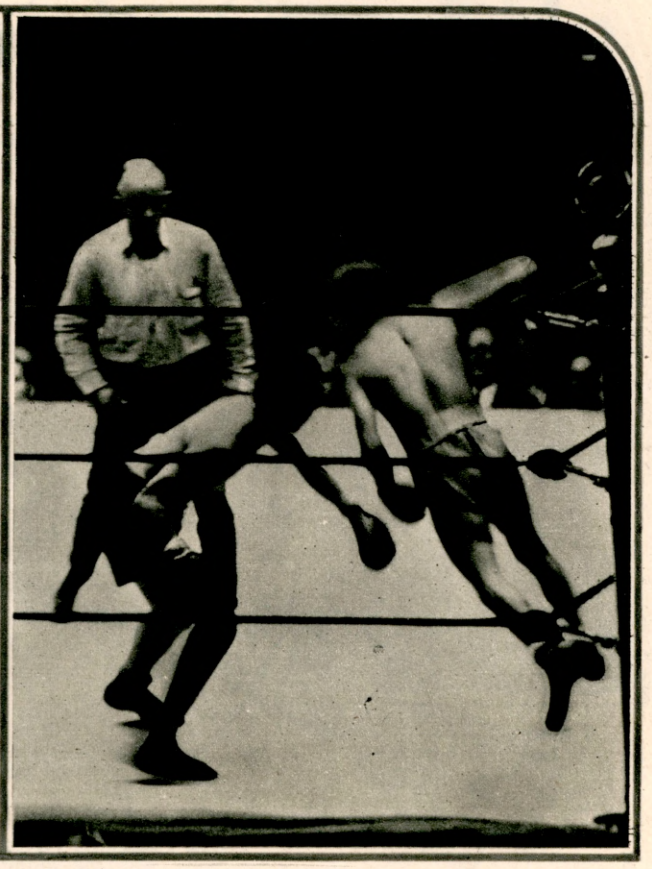
"It was addressed to Jack Dempsey and it read to the effect that his mother was dying and urged him to return immediately to Salt Lake City.

"Of course it was a fake telegram sent by Jack Price to get Dempsey back with him, but it worked. Reisler never saw Dempsey again until he popped up with Kearns as manager. Instead of making $1,000,000 with Dempsey, John the Barber finally settled for a measly $10,000 that didn't last an hour in a pinochle game."

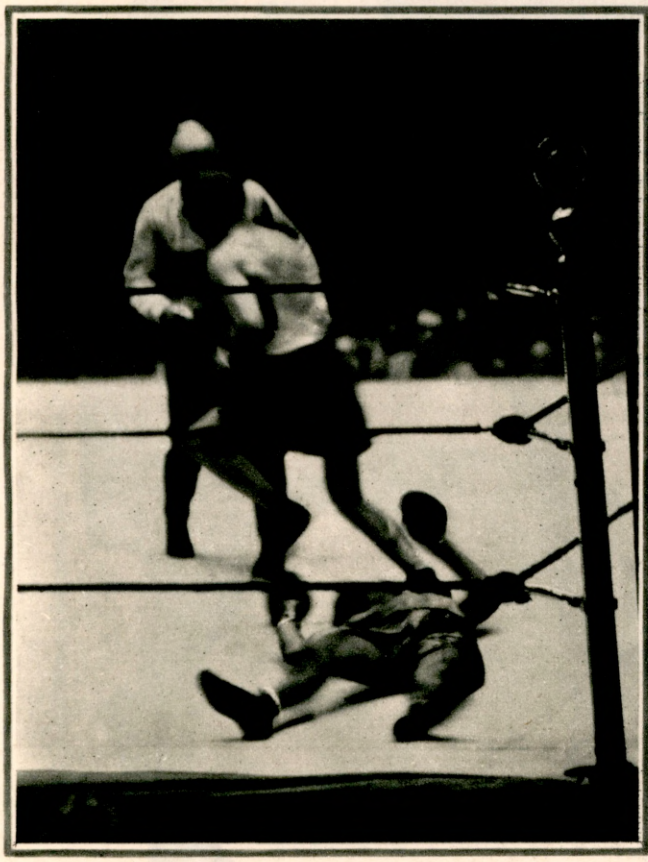
A Champion Falls Before a Terror



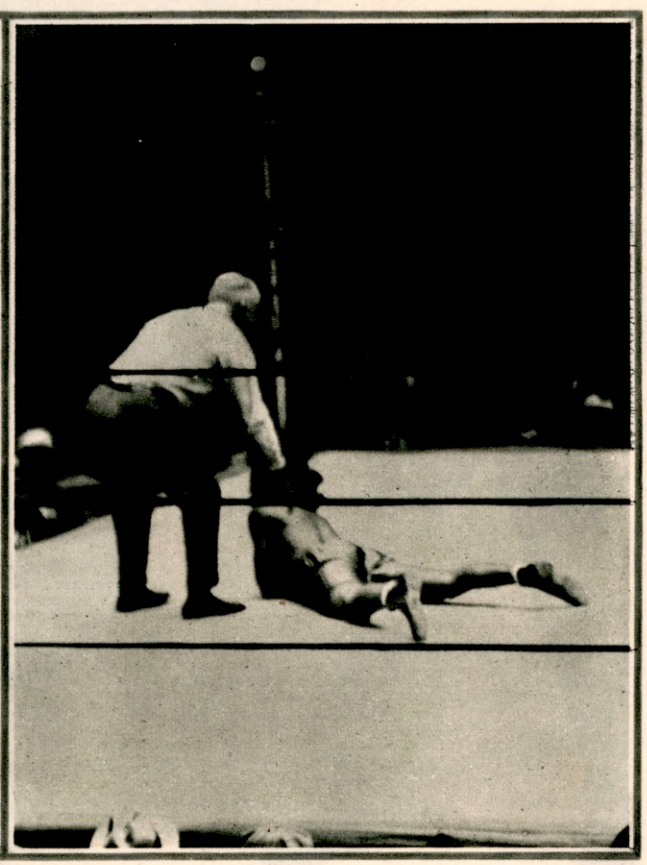
Al Singer covering up and retreating after Jimmy McLarnin's fusillade of lefts and rights to the body did their damage in the second round



This startling photo shows Al Singer about to hit the canvas for the first knockdown after Baby Face connected with a dazing left



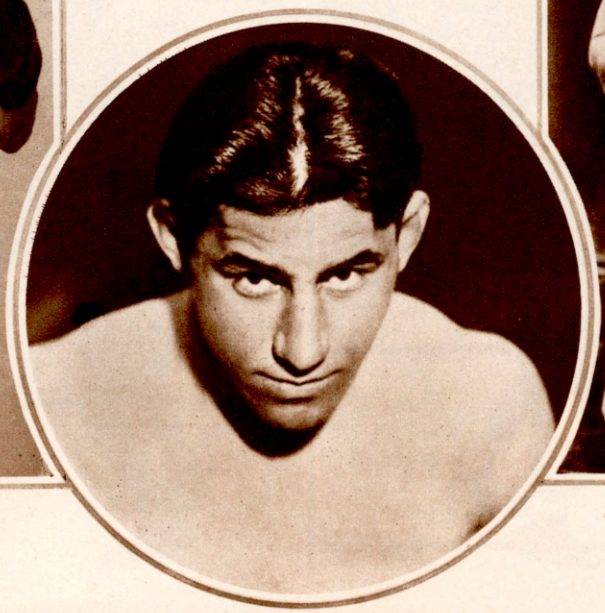
Singer went down on his back for a count of nine. He rose just as Referee McAvoy was about to drop his hand for the fatal ten



Here Singer is being counted out while rubbing his neck to relieve a temporary paralysis caused by a left hook

New Yorkers Coming to the Fore

Jimmy Slavin, rugged Irish featherweight



Ralph Ficucello, Italian heavyweight coming along great

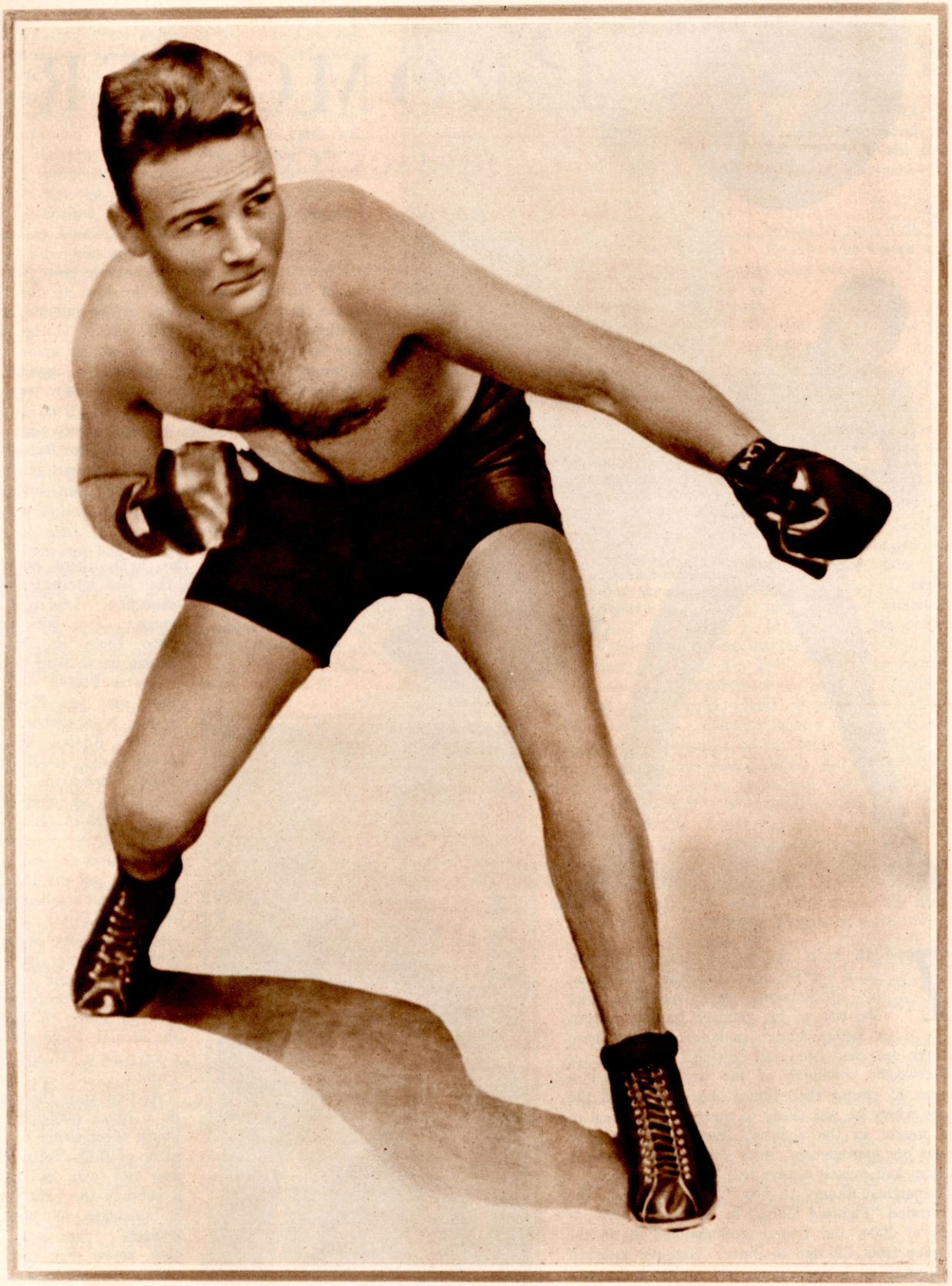
Petey Hayes, classy young Italian bantam

Lew Feldman, classy Hebrew featherweight

Left: Marty Fox, Hebrew heavy, with the terrific wallop

Right: Phil Rafferty, crack Irish lightweight

New Welterweight Champion



By virtue of his fifteen round victory over Young Jack Thompson in Cleveland, Tommy Freeman became the world's titleholder. Patsy Haley, capable New York referee, was the official who gave the decision. Thompson only held the title four months before he was dethroned

MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

By JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham

Jimmy Gardiner, brother of George. Jimmy gained the top rung of the welterweight ladder

PART SEVEN

THE swift decline of George Gardiner as a fighting man following his defeat by Fitzsimmons, was coincident with the rise of his younger brother Jimmy, a better fighter, pound for pound, than George ever had been and destined to become the welterweight champion of the world. It was a matter of course that Jimmy, having reached the stage where he was ready to meet the best men of his weight in the country, should place himself under my management, since the relations between George and myself always had been so friendly.

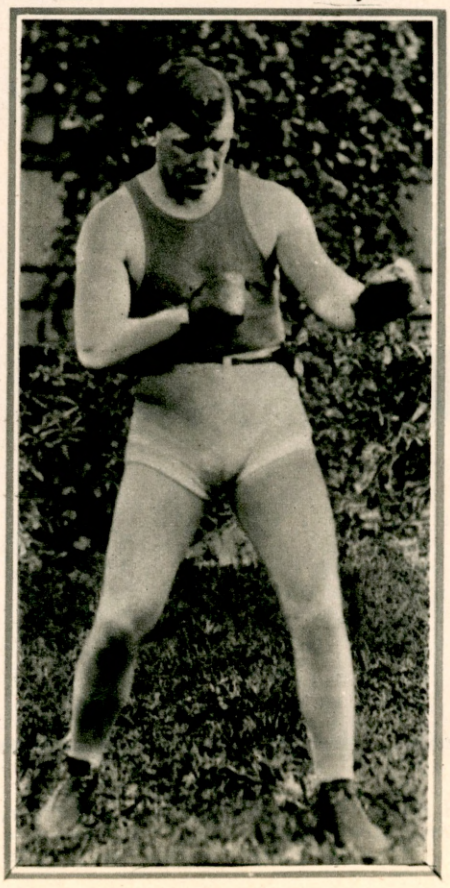
I matched Jimmy to box Willie Fitzgerald, the celebrated "Fighting Harp," in Butte, Montana, in July of 1904, and George accompanied us on the journey from Chicago to Butte. Gardiner knocked Fitzgerald out in five rounds and so unexpected was his victory, there was a lively suspicion Fitzgerald had lain down—a suspicion that was not entirely dissipated until subsequent performances of Jimmy's demonstrated that he was a really great fighter. Only then was it generally realized that Fitzgerald had been lulled to sleep by nothing more sinister than the force of Jimmy's punches.

While we were there, representatives of the miners' union asked me to allow George to box Jim Jeffords in the main bout at a show to be run for the benefit of the union. To have refused would have been tantamount to agreeing to leave town on the first train—or on a rail if there were no train leaving shortly—so I agreed to the proposal. George was not in very good condition, having accompanied us to Butte with no intention of donning the gloves, but even so, Jeffords was no match for him and George won in three rounds.

* * *

Otto Floto, famous Denver, Colorado, promoter

Pueblo Jim Flynn



SOON after this fight, there occurred two incidents that had interesting consequences. One was my receipt of a wire from Otto Floto in Denver, asking me to send George down to Pueblo, Col., to fight one Jim Flynn, a local heavyweight, for Shorty Adams, hotel keeper and small scale fight impresario. The other was an offer from Jerry Clifford and Jim Kiely, Butte promoters, to take over the duties of manager and matchmaker at the small wooden arena on "The Flats" at the edge of town where Jimmy Gardiner had defeated Fitzgerald. I accepted both propositions but, in order to handle the second, I did not accompany George to Pueblo.

At that time there was in a Butte pool-room, a young sheet writer by the name of Billy Nolan who, now and then, had taken a hand in the fight game as manager of obscure bruisers. He was an alert young man and, as we had become friends in the short while I had been there, I told him of my connection with Clifford and Kiely.

"That's all right, Jack,"

he said, "but you and I, working together, can put over something bigger."

His suggestion was that he get the backing of the Clarks, one of the three political factions that were engaged in constant warfare—and when I say warfare that is exactly what I mean—for control of the town, and construct a sizeable arena where we could hold important fights. I liked the idea and, after putting on a few shows for Clifford and Kiely, left them to join forces with Nolan.

We started the erection of a pine arena on a site he had selected and cast about for a suitable opening attraction. An obvious drawing card was Aurelio Herrera, who had made several appearances in Butte and was a favorite with the miners. To meet him, we picked Battling Nelson, who was in San Francisco where he had created a sensation by beating Martin Canole just previously. Nelson at that time was managed by Teddy Murphy, who wired agreement to our terms, and Labor Day, which fell on September 5th that year, was set as the day of the fight.

* * *

ONE hot evening about three weeks before the fight, there was the usual gathering on the balustraded stairway that curved up in a broad sweep against the face of the Butte Hotel. Millionaires and gamblers, mine bosses and politicians, fighters and adventurers—a motley crowd that knew no class distinction but, meeting on equal terms, swapped stories, cracked jokes and settled affairs of state, at least to its own satisfaction. "Liberty Hall," some one had called the gathering place. On this particular evening we were startled by what we first thought was an apparition appearing out of the twilight.

Before us there stood a swarthy, finely built and immaculately attired man with the air of a courtier, who gazed on the sweltering, collarless group smilingly.

"Can you direct me," he asked in precise English with just a trace of what we took to be a Spanish accent, "to Senor Hanson?"

Big, red faced Charley Hanson, owner of the hotel, spoke up.

"I'm the fellow you're looking for," he said. "What can I do for you?"

With a sweeping gesture the stranger drew a letter from his pocket and tendered it to Hanson.

"I have here a letter for you," he said, bowing.

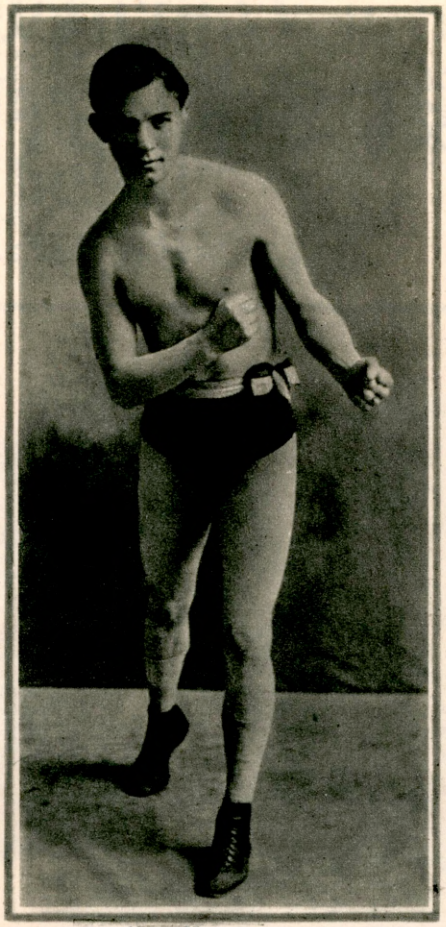
Hanson glanced at it and then handed it to Nolan.

"This will interest you and Jack," he said.

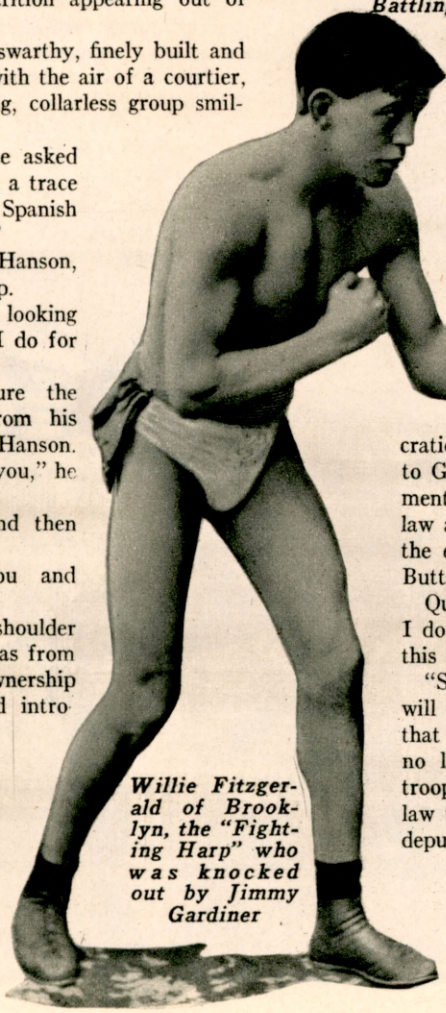
I peered over Nolan's shoulder and read it as he did. It was from Hanson's partner in the ownership of a hotel in Tacoma and introduced the bearer, Senor Juan Jose De Robles, as one of the foremost bull fighters of Spain and Mexico who wished to give a demonstration of his skill in Butte.

"You want us to put on a bull fight, hey?" asked Nolan.

"Yes, senor," said Juan Jose De Robles, smiling again.



Battling Nelson at the time he fought Aurelio Herrera



Willie Fitzgerald of Brooklyn, the "Fighting Harp" who was knocked out by Jimmy Gardiner

Nolan turned to Bill Quinn, sheriff of Silver Bow County, and one of our little group of serious thinkers.

"What do you say, Bill?" he asked. "Will you stand for a bull fight?"

"Hell, yes," said the Sheriff. "I'll stand for anything that will provide entertainment for the boys."

"You're on," said Nolan to Juan Jose De Robles, who bowed and smiled once more.

* * *

ON the spur of the moment we made our plans for the bull fight. The Nelson-Herrera fight still was more than a couple of weeks off and as the arena was almost completed, we decided to dedicate it with the bull fight on the following Sunday. Everybody plunged enthusiastically into the preparations. I never had so many volunteer helpers on a job, before or since. Butte was going for the bull fight in a big way. Senor Juan Jose De Robles agreed to furnish the bulls, the other members of the bull-fight company and all the paraphernalia, which was an excellent thing, for I did not know a matador from a troubadour and, to be perfectly truthful, I do not know to this day.

We put on a state-wide ballyhoo and somewhat to our surprise, there was an immediate reply to it in the form of a ministerial protest that arose first in Helena and then spread to other cities, but awakened no sympathetic response in Butte. There was talk of Sodom and Gomorrah, frightful iniquities, cruelty to animals and, above all, desecration of the Sabbath. The protest culminated in an appeal to Governor Murphy who, under the spur of the church element, wired to Sheriff Quinn, calling on him to enforce the law and prohibit "this disgraceful affair," and threatening, in the event of the sheriff's failure to act, to send troops into Butte to see that his order was carried out.

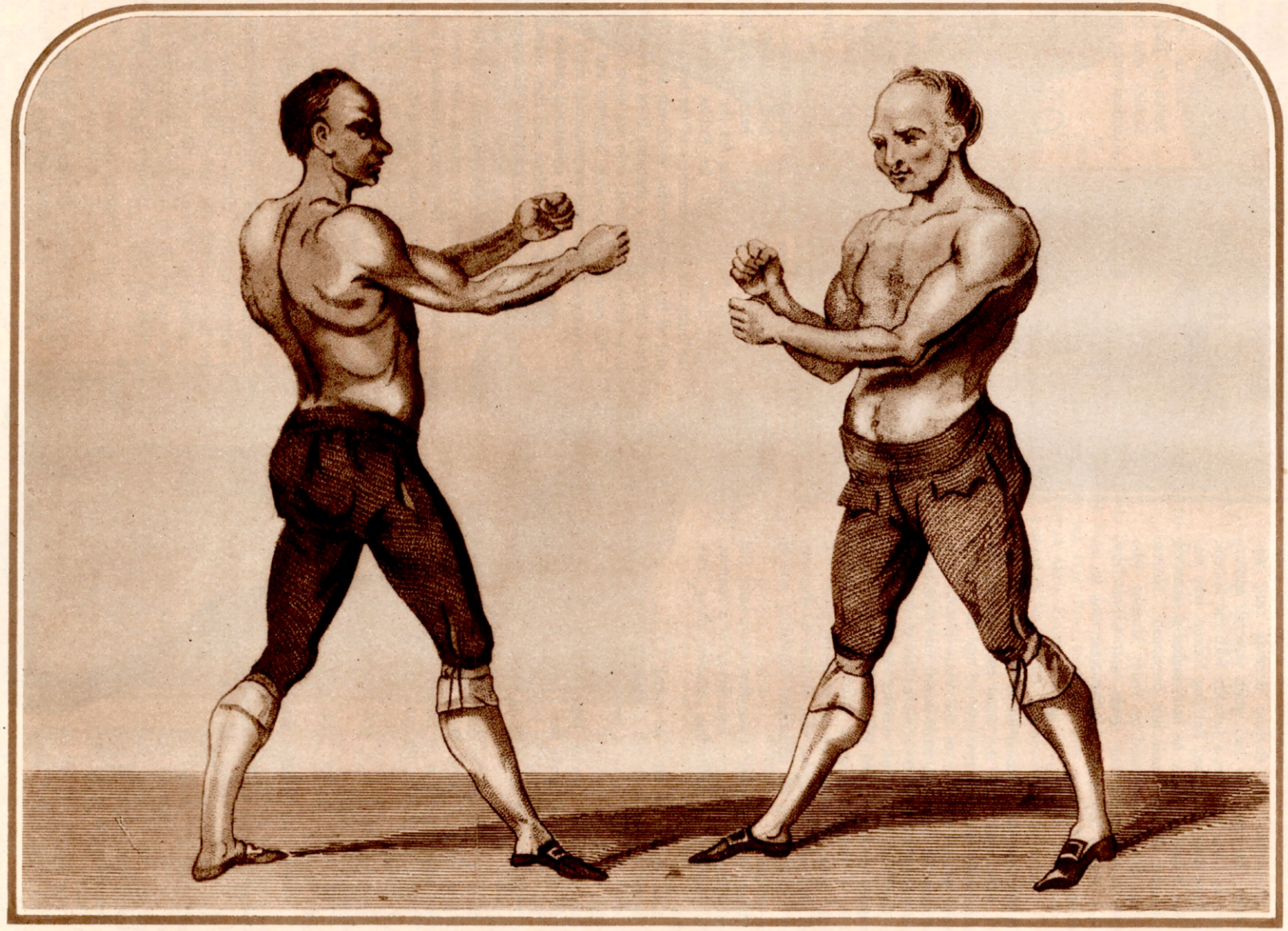
Quinn, an indomitable soul, met the situation heroically. I do not remember the exact text of his reply but it was to this effect:

"So long as I am Sheriff of Silver Bow County the laws will be enforced rigidly. However, my attorneys inform me that they have searched the statute books and that there is no law against bull fighting in the state of Montana. If troops are sent here in an attempt to compel me to enforce a law that does not exist, I promise to combat them with my deputies."

* * *

THE exchange of telegrams took place on Thursday. Friday came and there was no further word from the Governor. Silence from the direction of Helena obtained on (*Continued on page* 44)

When Boxing Was In Its Infancy

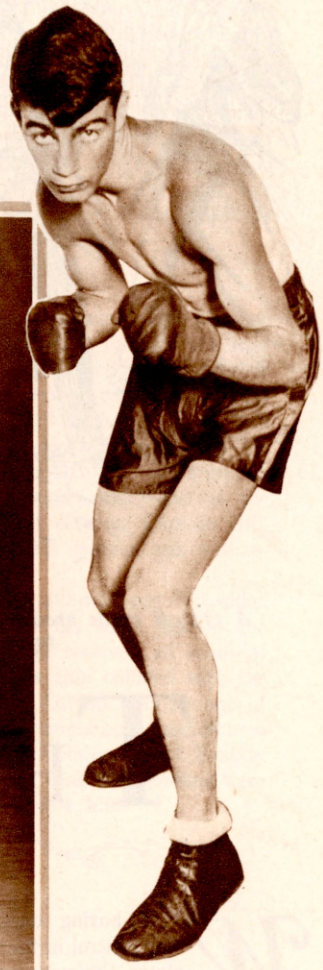


Jack Broughton vs. Jack Slack, as they appeared in their memorable battle at the Amphitheatre, on Tuesday, April 10, 1750, which Slack won. Broughton was the originator of the first set of boxing rules and was the first to introduce the "hit and get away" system of boxing. Before him, all boxing consisted of toe-to-toe work of downright hammering. Slack was the originator of the rabbit punch, known in his day as the "chopper," which paralyzed the nerves of the neck

MID-WESTERN FISTIC TALENT

Tony Herrera, speedy Mexican lightweight, living in Chicago. He is with Whitey Eckwert, his trainer

Lou Terry, a 130-pounder from St. Louis



Sammy Levine, corking Chicago bantam

Tony Cancela, Michigan's lightheavyweight

The Perlick Twins from Kalamazoo, Mich. Henry is on right and Herman on left

A typical scene around the ringside in the bare-knuckle days when the favorite of the gangsters was protected against the loss of the battle with guns, bludgeons and fists

THE RACKETEERS

By
NAT FLEISCHER

WITH boxing under commission control in the majority of states, the managers of to-day have a snap compared to what those of a generation ago had to contend with. The "racketeers of boxing" is a term often used to designate those who are in control of the sport in the big fistic centers of this country, and the scribes who use that expression are working under the impression that they have discovered something new in the field of fistiana.

Ring history disproves that. The racketeers were in existence almost from the time when Broughton drew up the first set of rules more than 150 years ago. They ruled the field throughout the period when Daniel Mendoza, most famous of all Jewish fighters, made his stand against Squire Fitzgerald in 1790 in a bout that almost cost the Hebrew his life. They came to the fore in 1816 in the famous Jacob Hyer-Beasley battle, the first heavyweight championship contest staged in this country. They lined up in battle array when Morrissey fought Heenan, when Mace tackled Coburn, when Heenan met Sayers and when King fought Heenan—all many years ago.

And then in the later period, when glove contests took the place of the skin gloves and bare fists, the racketeers manipulated contest to such extent that fake fights, weird decisions and ringside gun-play caused boxing to fall into disfavor. Among the most famous of these unsavory contests were the Sharkey-Fitz battle in which Wyatt Earp awarded the bout to Sharkey on a foul in the eighth round; the Griffo-McAuliffe tilt in which Referee Maxey Moore gave the verdict to McAuliffe; the Carney-McAuliffe affair which the racketeers broke up in the 74th round to save McAuliffe from losing the decision and the McCoy-Corbett bout which caused the repeal of the Horton Law.

These are only a few of the many contests including a number that took place within the last ten years in which manipulators were at the helm. The only difference between the present day racketeers and their brethren of the past, is the fact that the modern manipulator is much smarter than the chap who ruled before him. He also is a better business man in that he makes certain that he never steps into the danger zone by exposing himself, but always has his henchmen—salaried men of the underworld—to do the dirty business.

* * *

THE percentage of crookedness in present day boxing is far less than at any time in ring history. The racketeers have a hand in the management of some of the leading fighters but they have found, much to their surprise, that the percentage of dishonest judges and referees is so small as to be insignificant. Strict supervision of the sport by the various boxing commissions makes the task of the racketeers most difficult when it comes to swaying opinion in their favor. And that is why the cry so often heard, that the racketeers will kill boxing, while it has not been raised in vain, will never come true.

Racketeers or no racketeers, the sport of boxing will exist just so long as red blood flows through the veins of man. There is no doubt that these unscrupulous gents who live on the work of others have hurt the sport and will continue to do so through the shadow they cast over it, but with proper supervision by boxing boards, with the control in the hands of honest officials, these leeches will find the barrier too great to overcome and will eventually be forced to quit.

Years ago one of the favorite tricks of the gangster element in boxing was to manipulate the weights so that by

placing pieces of gum or adhesive tape on the bottom of the weight or by the process of "rigging," the weight would prove accurate for one and add considerable weight to the fellow who went on the scales next.

In this manner, forfeit money was demanded and often paid rather than take a chance with gun-play, but to-day such procedure could not take place.

The recent cry of Kid Chocolate's manager that the scales had been tampered with so that Chocolate was forced to meet Berg at a weight far above that stipulated in the contract, brings to mind the case of "rigging" in the bout between George Dixon and Martin Flaherty, a crackerjack fighter of Lowell, Mass.

Flaherty's manager, the late George Touhey, decided that Martin was Dixon's equal at 122 pounds and asked for a match at that weight, the weighing in to take place at three o'clock. After a lot of haggling, it was agreed that the boys make 123 pounds at 1:30 and on the morning of the battle, Flaherty, in the pink of condition tested himself three times at different places and found that he failed to touch the beam at 122.

Satisfied, he and Touhey were about to go to the scene of the weighing in when a telephone call was received from Dixon's manager, a Bostonian who succeeded Tom O'Rourke, with whom Dixon had broken. The Negro's handler asked if Touhey would consent to have the boys weigh in at Seville's —a sporting rendezvous, which request Touhey granted.

* * *

WHEN Flaherty and Touhey reached the Seville, they found Dixon ready on the scales. He registered 121 pounds. But when Flaherty weighed in, up went the beam to 126. He couldn't understand the sudden change and protested vigorously that there was something wrong. Dixon's manager argued and demanded $2,000 forfeit money and even threatened to shoot up the place. He had his henchmen with him, but Touhey took a hand in the proceedings and announced that the money would be held until the scale was tested. He sent Flaherty's trainer, Paddy Cahill of Jersey City, to the armory to weigh Flaherty and Cahill reported Martin's weight as 122. That satisfied Touhey that the scales at the Seville had been tampered with and he called upon an expert to test them. Much to his astonishment, he found that Dixon's manager had drilled the weights so that the scales would register correctly for the first fellow but would go up four pounds on the chap who followed him.

Needless to say, Touhey kept his forfeit money and the papers broadcast "The latest scandal in boxing."

* * *

SUCH sharp practise could not take place to-day because the scales used for weighing in at all big fights in the leading states are tested by an expert, then sealed and the seal is not broken until a member of the boxing commission takes charge of the ceremonies. In New York, either William Muldoon or James A. Farley is always in control.

As for the fight between Flaherty and Dixon, it was a pippin. The battle was a terrific twenty round affair, one of the greatest ever seen in the featherweight division. Captain Hill, who refereed, declared it a draw and his decision was well received. Even Dixon thought it fair.

After the bout Dixon returned to his old manager, O'Rourke.

Flaherty, who had gained fame by his stand against the champion, was made in that fight. He received all kinds of offers and kept rising steadily until his chin collided with the famous left hook of Dal Hawkins at Carson City in one of the preliminaries to the Corbett-Fitzsimmons bout, and Martin was counted out in one of the shortest bouts on record. Exactly fourteen seconds after the opening gong rang, his handlers were carrying Flaherty to his corner to revive him.

Threats against referee and fighter were frequent in the bare-knuckle period. But in those days they said it with heavy canes, knives and other handy implements. The only difference between the racketeer of to-day and the old timers, is that the present day gangster keeps in the background and makes his threats by telephone or through one of his henchmen. In the above woodcut sketch, note how the ring has been broken into

WRESTLING

Mat sport takes on new life through importation of foreign stars and rise of collegians

Kola Kwanam, the Terrible Cossack

C. Papp in practise with Szabo. Both are Bohemians

WINTER is coming—summer is passing. This was the announcement of Bert Stand, secretary of the New York Boxing Commission, as he ushered yours truly into the presence of Messrs. Farley, Muldoon and General Phelan. He made the remark, I presume, because of my association with this winter sport. I paid a friendly visit to the "Big Three," who control boxing and wrestling in the Empire State, for the purpose of informing them that I had perfected plans for the biggest wrestling season the Metropolitan District will have seen since the days of the old Manhattan Opera House, and I sought the advice of the board before completing my arrangements.

If anyone doubts that Messrs. Farley, Muldoon and Phelan are eager to see the mat game thrive, all he has to do is to start talking wrestling to any one of them. Muldoon, the Grand Old Man who reigned king of the grapplers many years ago, was full of enthusiasm when he was shown a list of foreign stars who are being brought here to instil new interest in wrestling, and he was equally delighted when he learned that more than a score of American boys, many of them developed at college, are among the newcomers who will exhibit their wares during the season that has just started.

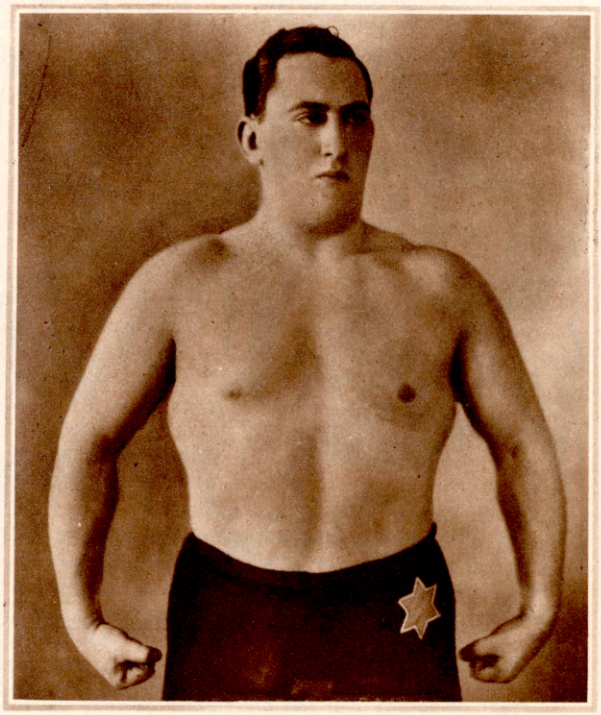
* * *

"NEW faces, that's what the public wants," said Muldoon as he scanned the list. "I've watched the wrestling game rise to heights never dreamed of in my day and then take a sudden tumble only to be revived again through your efforts," he continued, "and so far as the New York Athletic Commission is concerned, you can expect 100 per cent cooperation to make the indoor season a banner one. All we want in return is an assurance from the men who appear in public, that they will perform to the best of their ability and strive their utmost to keep the sport above reproach."

As America's leading wrestling promoter, I assured the New York Commission that new faces and honest matches will put the sport back to where it belongs and unless my guess goes wrong, I think that the season which opened a few weeks ago will find the wrestling receipts throughout the country surpassing those of the indoor boxing season. An idea of the strength of wrestling may be garnered from the figures listed by the promoters of the leading shows.

* * *

IN New York, where I presented the biggest and most important shows including several championships, gates of from $12,000 to $15,000 at popular prices, were the usual receipts and some shows drew beyond $20,000. In Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, $20,000 to $40,000 gates were quite frequent. John Contos of Baltimore staged matches that drew regular gates of $15,000 last season where the year before $500 houses prevailed. Philadelphia fans paid $52,000 to see Jim Londos dethrone Richard Shikat at the Phillies' Ball Park on a rainy night following the Carnera-Godfrey fight which hurt



Herb Freeman, Jewish heavyweight champion

REVIVAL

By JACK CURLEY

Emil Grikis, latest German importation

Bill Bartusch of the University of Ohio, raising a 220-pound opponent

the wrestling show considerably.

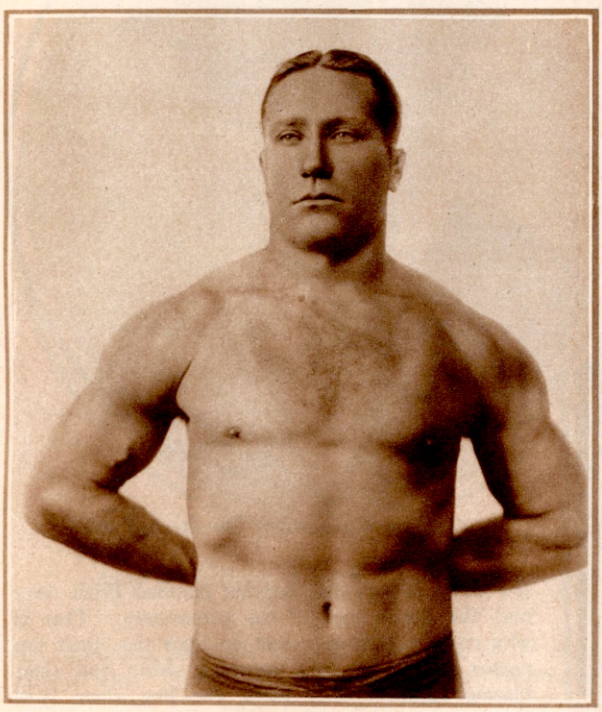
Over in Brooklyn, in the Ridgewood section, Rudy Miller, staging cards weekly at the Ridgewood Club, grossed a little over $200,000 last season, a marvelous record. Out in Chicago at the Arena, where Aurelio Fabiana, former violinist of the Chicago Grand Opera, holds forth, record houses saw his matches weekly. The same held true for Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Los Angeles.

* * *

IN fact, eliminating Madison Square Garden of New York City and the Chicago Stadium, if the total receipts for boxing shows for the half year ending June 30th were compared to the gate receipts for the same period for wrestling shows, those who think that boxing is the bigger sport would be astonished to learn that wrestling outdrew the game of fisticuffs. Out in Los Angeles alone at Wrigley Field, Lou Daro has become immensely wealthy, packing the arena several times with his wrestling exhibitions.

So far as I am concerned, and for many years I've been called the leading American promoter, I think that it is folly to stage wrestling during the summer. Mat artists, more so than fighters, must have a period of at least three months of rest. Wrestling needs a let-up, a period during which the grapplers can hie themselves to the woods, the mountains or the seashore where they can prime themselves for an active fall, winter and spring campaign.

The wrestler who continues to work during the summer season, finds himself stale when the big campaign starts and there is nothing so boring to the spectators as to watch a fatigued or stale wrestler in action. With the exception of a championship match which is of sufficient importance to warrant its being staged in an outdoor arena, I doubt that it is worth the sacrifice to have summer shows.



George Manich, New Jersey's latest "find"

* * *

THE past summer saw the crowning of a new title holder in Jim Londos who defeated Richard Shikat in a one fall match. The Londos who climbed to the top was in perfect trim, while his opponent was stale from airplane trips that carried him from coast to coast in defense of his crown. Yet that should not affect Londos' victory any for it is difficult to find a wrestler who could have been more fit for this contest than was the champion. The new title holder measures favorably with the best the mat game has had in the last thirty years. He is as strong as a bull, shifty, wily in his movements and a master of technique. The fellow who relieves Londos of his crown will have to show exceptional skill.

Londos has been in the sport for a little more than fifteen years. He has always taken splendid care of himself, has plodded along tirelessly in an effort to reach the top and, although his efforts have resulted in many victories, he has also suffered several reverses. In the five years, previous to his victory over Shikat, Londos suffered only one defeat, and that at the hands of the man from whom he won the championship.

That Londos will not be an idle title holder is evident from the fact that he already has agreed to terms for several matches and will probably defend his title at an early date in New York. (*Continued on page* 42)

Beau Brummells

A story about smart clothes and the jaw throwers. The parade of style in Fisticuff Alley

Young Corbett, the Broadway Swell

ONCE upon a time, the gallant Stanley Ketchel went up to Boston town to fight Porky Flynn. Willie Britt was "Steve's" manager and, being in California at the time, he sent a telegram requesting his old Klondike pal, Wilson Mizner to take Stan up to "Beantown," second him and come back to New York with the bacon, where Willie would meet them the week following.

Ketchel leveled poor Porky and Bill Mizner gathered up $2,800 in loose bills as Ketchel's end of the purse. Then they came back to Gotham town with the coin.

Enroute to New York, Mizner began to dwell, I might say rave, on the beauty of the ties, shirts, socks, robes and 'kerchiefs to be had at Sulka's in Fifth Avenue. You did not rate in the social register, nor did you count two beans among the well-dressed men of the town unless you loaded up at Sulka's. Every sport on Broadway in those days patronized this swell Fifth Avenue shop.

Ketchel, with never a thought of Britt and his whizz-bang temper, went with big William to the swanky haberdashers and both he and Mizner stocked up, and then some. When the bill was paid, there was just $6 of the $2,800 left.

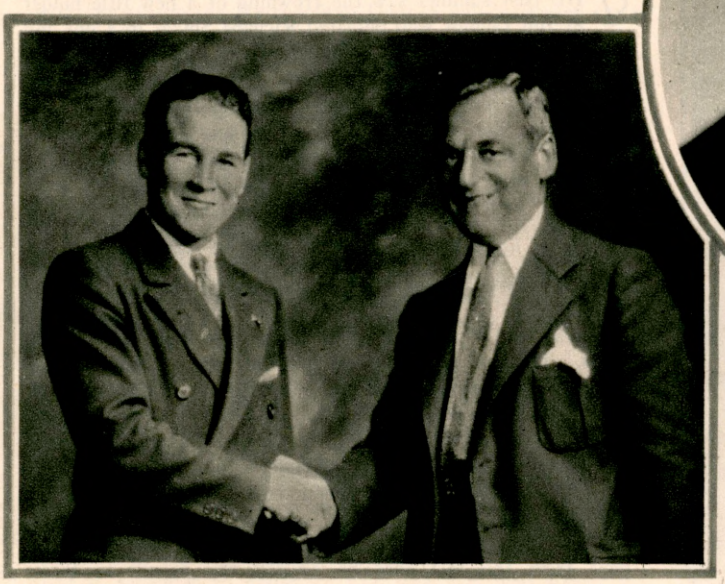
Mizner looked at the change, took one peep at Ketchel, and remarked: "Now sucker, I noticed those garters you were wearing in the dressing room at Boston. Most unsightly. I say, Lockwood, my good man, see that Mister Ketchel here, is properly gartered."

And with that, Mizner's favorite man draper went off to garter the great "Steve."

That is why, for the next few days, Mizner and Ketchel paraded Fifth Avenue, the dream men of the community. That is why envious eyes were cast on their ties, their top pocket 'kerchiefs, their amazing shirts and their blazing socks as they made the line along New York's most fashionable thoroughfare. When Willie Britt arrived, they didn't even hand him a used tie. With little concern and not even a smile they

James J. Corbett, Fighting Adonis

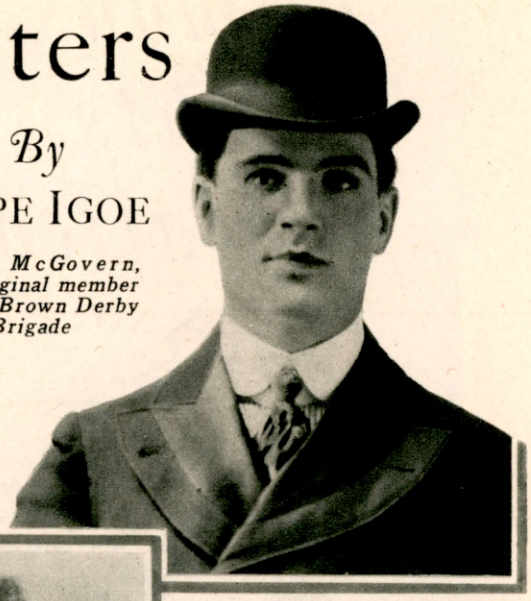
Georges Carpentier, the Orchid Kid



The smiling Jimmy McLarnin and Billy Taub, clothier of fistic stars

of the Beak Busters

By
HYPE IGOE



Terry McGovern, the original member of the Brown Derby Brigade

handed Willie the receipted haberdasher bill for the $2,800. Britt, ever a game loser and a good sport, told them how dreadfully sorry he was that they hadn't collected $5,000 instead of the stated amount, as with that sum they might have been able to outfit themselves properly.

* * *

BUT that was Ketchel. He paid the highest prices for his clothes. He was one of the great dudes of the ring. I didn't always agree with his make-up for he had a penchant for wearing little white felt hats that seemed to teeter on top of his magnificent head, but he always bought his suits, without a vest, from Jimmy Bell, the noted Fifth Avenue tailor and he paid $150 for the rigs. That was a lot of money in Ketchel's day. I doubt that even the richest folk paid more for their clothes than did Ketchel.

In those days, broad shoulders were the thing. They didn't have to pad Ketchel's beams as New York's sportsman's tailor of to-day, the genial Billy Taub has to do with most of the star fighters who get their clothes at his Broadway shop. Steve was there naturally.

Ketchel wore little stock ties, those that were wrapped around the throat and which met with a tiny bow in front. He always had a three-inch heel built on his button shoes and his shirts and underwear were of the most expensive silks. Never in all my experience with boxers, have I known a man who spent more money on his clothes. That goes for any profession.

Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana

John L. Sullivan in his dressy street clothes

Naturally when you speak of the dudes of the ring, your first thought goes back to Mike Leonard, the Beau Brummell of fistiana. But any one of ten of the little light and feather-weights of to-day would have made Mike look like a Dusty Rhodes.

Mike was all right for his day, but take Benny Leonard, Ray Miller, Tony Canzoneri, Jack Dempsey, Johnny Dundee, Kid Chocolate, Jimmy McLarnin, Tommy Grogan, Maxie Rosenbloom, Jimmy Slattery, Harry Ebbets, Jackie Fields, Tommy Loughran, Earl Mastro, Jackie Berg, Al Singer, Primo Carnera, Sammy Mandell and the Perlick twins. Who dresses better than they do? Who ever dressed better unless it was a fanatic like Berry Wall?

Kid Chocolate is an extremist. The call for outlandish colors bristles within him. He has over one-hundred suits of clothes that cost him anywhere from $75 to $125. I saw his wardrobe one day and it was a knockout. He brought out his neckties for my photographer to record and we ran out of space when we tried to arrange them along two broom handles.

I've never seen so many ties in or out of a store. He has a suit for every ten minutes of the day. Silk hats, felt hats, opera hats, shoes, shoes, shoes, shoes, and the spats for them! I'll challenge any man in the world to keep pace with Kid Chocolate's wardrobe, article for article, garment for garment. Billy Taub, who makes the clothes of almost every star fighter who stops in New York City, tells me that the "Keed" and Carnera just adore bright clothes.

Jim Corbett was a great dresser. He was showing me some old photographs of himself not long ago and what a dude—and what a handsome dude!

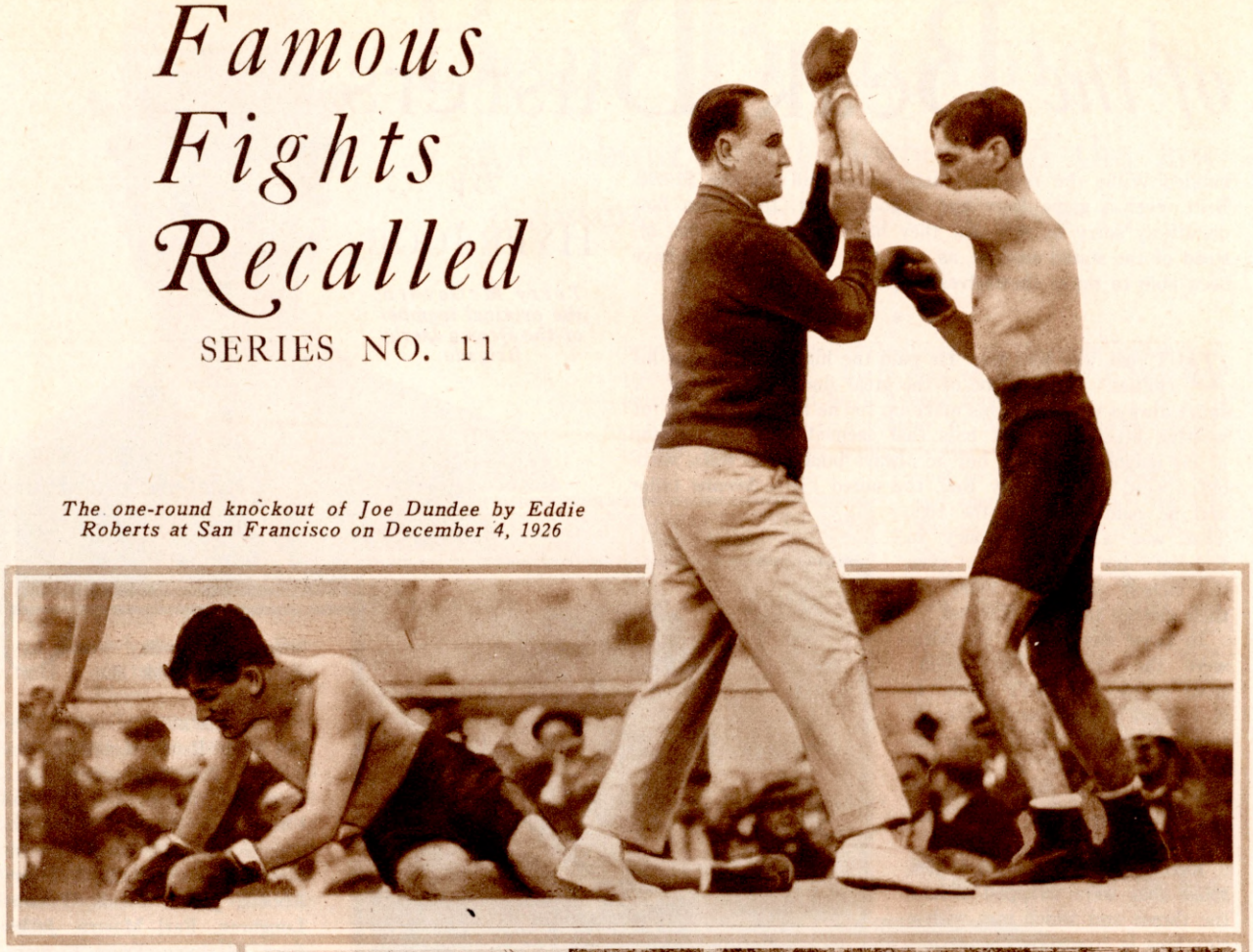
* * *

JIM went in for beaver-collared coats, silk toppers and faultless boots. When he toured the country after whipping Sullivan there wasn't a better-dressed man on earth and I might add, a more striking figure.

And don't you imagine for a moment that the old bird has forgot how to dress. Jim Corbett, at sixty-four is as neat as a pin. When you see him strutting down Bell Avenue, Bayside, Long Island, to catch the train for New York, you see a living model of the well-dressed man about town. Not gaudy but well tailored, superbly so. He (*Continued on page* 42)

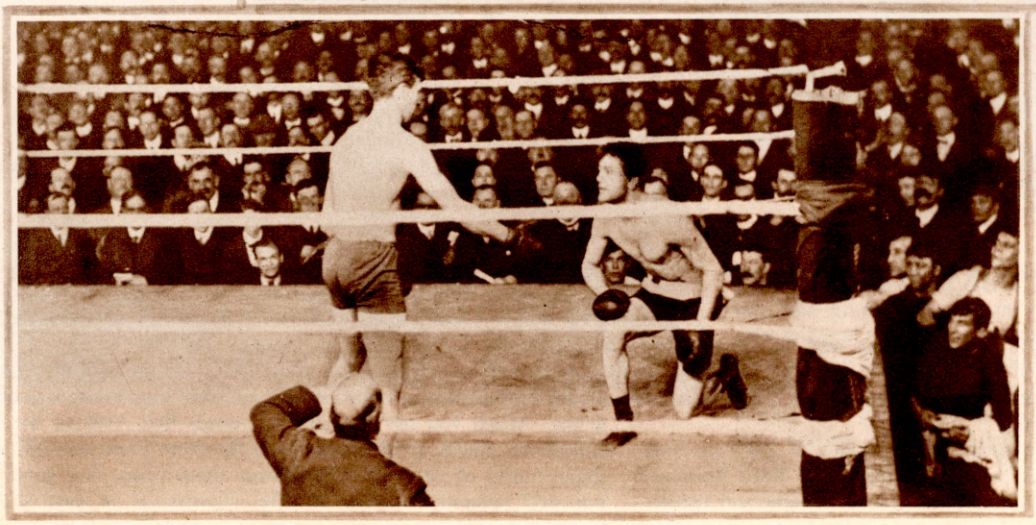
Famous Fights Recalled

SERIES NO. 11



The one-round knockout of Joe Dundee by Eddie Roberts at San Francisco on December 4, 1926

The sensational 25 - round draw between George Dixon and Young Griffo at Seaside A. C., Jan. 19, 1895. (In inset)—Police supervising weighing of gloves



Jem Driscoll taking a count in fight with Freddy Welsh at Cardiff, Wales, 1910. Welsh lost on a foul in the tenth round

The end of the Corbett and Mitchell fight

When Mitchell Failed

By Edward Merrill

IT was back in 1894, on January 25th, that James J. Corbett made short work of a foreign challenger, when he knocked out Charley Mitchell, British heavyweight king in the third round at Jacksonville, Florida. Mitchell, a remarkably agile fighter, a fine hitter and a fellow of dauntless courage who previously had twice faced the great John L. Sullivan, was a most confident challenger.

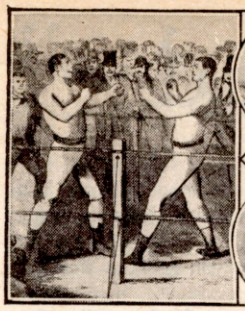
In his first fight with Sullivan in Madison Square Garden, the 168-pound Englishman knocked down the mighty Boston Strong Boy. He was the first to turn the trick. In their return encounter in Chantilly, France, the light Britisher fought a thirty-nine round draw. Hence Mitchell's confidence.

But all this was knocked out of him by the clever Corbett, who, through his victory, kept the heavyweight crown in America. Het up over the taunts of the challenger, Corbett from the very start was relentless in his attack. He pursued Mitchell all over the ring, ducked blow after blow and at the same time he landed almost at will on the surprised Englishman.

In the third and final session, Corbett let fly a right that smashed Mitchell's nose and as the challenger backed away, Corbett leaped at him with another stunning blow in the same place and sent Mitchell down. He arose, only to be met by another punch against his jaw that almost raised him off the floor. He fell forward, head-first, and lay unconscious. Thus ended an international heavyweight championship bout in which American ring prestige was upheld by Gentleman Jim.

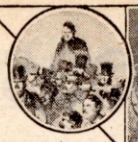
An Exciting Scene in "The Good Old Days"

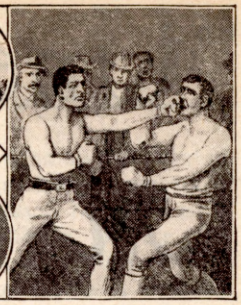
The above is a typical scene of a raid during the club membership days before the Horton Law in New York. The swinging clubs of the cops gave many fans a severe headache. No partiality was shown once the bluecoats got busy. Here is a raid on a "lodge meeting" at the White Oak Hall



FIGHTS *and* FIGHTERS

By A. D. PHILLIPS





STANLEY KETCHEL, probably the greatest middleweight of all time, had a wallop which, if properly delivered, made it unnecessary for the referee to count. He exemplified this quite frequently, but never so emphatically as when he clashed with Farmer Jim Smith of Westchester in Old Wendell's Assembly Rooms in West 44th Street, New York City on June 10, 1910, just four months before the great middleweight was killed. For five of the six scheduled rounds Ketchel was on the receiving end and it looked as if this bout, which proved to be Ketchel's last, would result in a victory for the farmer.

When Stanley came out for the sixth and final session, he was quite peeved. The fact that his opponent was still on his feet and that the farmer was handing him a trimming, preyed on Stanley's mind.

Ketchel rushed out of his corner with the sound of the gong, let loose one terrific swing, one of his famous rights that crashed against Smith's jaw and down went the farmer with a thud. Without looking to see if Smith was attempting to get up, so confident was Ketchel that he had scored a knockout, he vaulted the ropes, ran down the aisle and made his way towards the dressing room. On his way he met John McGraw, manager of the Giants, and several other ball players, and stopped to greet them and during all this time, Ketchel never even took one glance at the ring where Smith was lying unconscious.

That's how much faith Michigan's Assassin had in his right hand wallop.

* * *

A Row of Blackbirds

IN the days when Negro boxers were the rage, especially up in New England, there were two fighters, Andy Watson and William Muldoon's Pickaninny, who were keen rivals. Both were exceptionally fine lightweights and each had a big following. Both had fought the best men in their class, Watson, in his home town of Philadelphia and the Pickaninny as a member of the Muldoon-Kilbane troupe.

When they arrived in Boston, each sought local recognition and in bidding for patronage, challenges were hurled and many uncomplimentary remarks were made on the ability of the rival. There came a time when the ballyhoo had reached such an intense stage that the promoters were vying with each other for the match between these Negro stars. They figured the bout a "natural" and they were not disappointed.

After considerable maneuvering, a purse was offered by the Broadway A. C., a South Boston organization which had rooms in a loft, a rather tough place for a fight to be staged. The terms accepted, the men entered into a week's training and on the night of the battle, the place was jammed. The rear bleachers were set aside for the Negroes, and here on the top row sat a line of men who reminded one of a bunch of blackbirds roosting.

Watson, as the old-timers will remember, was an artful dodger. Instead of swaying from side to side to avoid a punch, he had a knack of bending his body from the waist in almost any direction. On one occasion, in ducking a right-hand wallop, he stooped so low his head almost touched the ground. It was from this that he gained the nickname of the "African Dodger."

On the night in question, the Pickaninny was setting a terrific pace. Muldoon's charge was hitting on all fours and he had Watson ducking from side to side. Soon the upper row in that loft looked like a swaying bunch of wheat. Every time the Pickaninny shot a punch across, everybody in that upper tier ducked, just as did Watson.

As the rounds progressed, further and further they went over, each moving as if by a regulated lever until, when Watson made one of his wildest ducks, one Negro occupying the end seat toppled to the floor and the others, each leaning on his neighbor for support, crashed with him, the bench going down at the same time. The crash started a commotion that ended in a riot and it took almost half an hour before peace was restored and the battle continued.

There was no more ducking after that by the members who filled the upper row. Each kept an eye on the chap next to him while the Pickaninny and Watson continued their hot mill which ended in a draw.

It wasn't long after that contest that the Pickaninny went to Europe where he became a favorite.

* * *

The Loyal Irishman

IRISHMEN have always been loyal to their fistic heroes, and this characteristic was never better illustrated than on the night when Peter Maher and Tom Sharkey met at the old Lenox Club in New York in 1897.

Race feeling, as always, was intense and one old fellow who had been a townsman of Maher in Galway took the prize. He sat in a balcony box overlooking the ring, waving an Irish flag, and telling the world in no uncertain tones what Maher was to do to Sharkey. He was so noisy that he became a pest and was told to keep quiet. This made him wilder than ever. He offered to bet all kinds of money that Maher would win in a single punch.

"Oi wurked wid him in Guinness' brewery and I know phwat he kin do wid those fists av his," the old chap insisted.

When the men got into the ring, Charley Harvey, the announcer, advanced to the center and, as customary, introduced the contenders:

"In this corner we have Peter Maher of Galway, Ireland!"

When the cheers had subsided, he turned to the other corner and shouted:

"And over here is Tom Sharkey of Dundalk, Ireland."

The old Irishman in the box was silent for a moment. He seemed dumbfounded, but finally turned humbly to his neighbor and asked if he had heard correctly. Answered in the affirmative, the old gentleman settled down in his seat and resignedly said:

"So Sharkey comes from Ireland! Oh, well, if that's the case, I don't give adamn who wins. Sure, I thought Sharkey came from Australia."

* * *

The Ruling Passion

YOUNG SAM BELASCO, the son of the celebrated Abe, once had a set-to with a costermonger. Old Abe was looking after his boy and noticed that Sam stood on one spot and took blows that he could have avoided by breaking ground.

This rattled the old man, who went to him and said: "Get back, Sammy, my boy, get back."

To which Sammy replied: "Hush, Father. I can't, I've got my foot on a quid!"

(Note—A Quid is an equivalent of $5.00 in U. S. currency.)

"Uneasy Lies the Head—"

By FRANK GRAHAM

"*ME and My Shadow, Strolling down the avenue!*"

The little orchestra in Tony Spinelli's restaurant in New York's Chinatown labored mechanically and the feet of the boys and girls scuff-scuffed on the tiny dance floor.

The Kid, lightweight fighter and one of Spinelli's regulars, guided Aggie Riley about the crowded floor. Aggie was a small slender girl of twenty, with blue eyes, dark bobbed hair and tip-tilted nose.

"When are you going to start training, Kid?" she asked.

"I'm doing my road work now," he grinned.

The orchestra throbbed in: "*Not a soul to tell my troubles to.*"

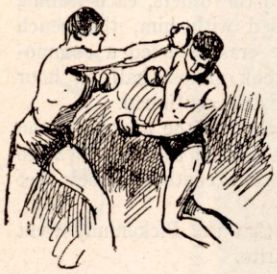
The dance ended and the Kid and Aggie returned to their table.

"Listen, girlie," he said. "Don't take this fight too serious. I'll be in shape when I get in the ring. And I'll lick this guy, too. What do you think of that?"

"I'm sure you will, Kid," said the girl, "and, of course, I'll be pulling for you and yet . . ."

"What?" asked the Kid.

"Oh, I don't know. I'm afraid you wouldn't understand."



One of Valentine's blows spun the Kid half way around

"Shoot," he said. "I'll try."

"Kid," she said, "you want to be champion. Sure. That's natural. You see Valentine around now and then. He's got a lot of clothes and a lot of dough, and he seems to be happy. Well, maybe he is. Yet I'm sure there's more than just that to being champion."

The Kid looked at her in surprise. Aggie went on, slowly:

"Oh, I hardly know how to put it," she said. "I knew you wouldn't understand."

"Well, I don't yet, but I guess I will."

"It would be a big chance for you," she said. "Everything would be different."

She stopped again. Then: "You're happy here, ain't you, Kid?"

"Sure," he said, earnestly. " 'Specially when I'm with you."

"I didn't mean just that," she said, hurriedly. "I meant that you're happy down here in Chinatown with the boys and girls. And you haven't got much to worry about and . . . oh, I ain't got any right to talk to you like this. Forget it. I'm just a little goofy to-night, I guess."

The orchestra throbbed again. Aggie got up, extending her arms to the Kid.

"Come on, Kid," she smiled. "Time to do more road work."

The Kid thought about that conversation again the next day as he punched doggedly away at a bag swung in a corner of Billy Dillon's gymnasium. He didn't know yet what Aggie was hinting at and after a while he forgot it and his mind turned to his approaching fight with Marty Valentine, lightweight champion of the world.

* * *

AS the Kid rested in his room over Spinelli's on the night of the fight, awaiting the time for his start for the National A. C. where the event was to be staged, he thought once more of what Aggie had said.

"I wonder what it's like, being champion," he mused. "It must be great, no matter what Aggie thinks. Valentine has a pretty soft time of it, I guess. He has a lot of money and people make a fuss over him wherever he goes and——"

The door opened. Doc Roners, his manager, looked in.

"Come on, Kid," he said. "It's time we got started."

As they were about to step in a cab, a girl crossed the street hurriedly and plucked at the Kid's sleeve.

"Aggie!" he said, surprised. "Didn't you get the ticket I left for you with Tony?"

"Yes," she said, "but I'd rather not go. I'll be pulling for you down here. I'm sure you'll win. Hit him once for me. And when it's over, come back here. I'll be waiting for you."

"I will," he answered, and their hands met. "Good-bye, Aggie and—thanks."

When the Kid entered the ring, the National Club was jammed. He already was in his corner when Valentine crawled through the ropes. Straight across to him came the champion. They grinned at each other and shook hands. Then they posed with the referee for the cameraman. At last the ring was cleared. The referee, his coat off, gave the boys their instructions, the bell sounded and the big crowd settled back to see what sort of showing the Kid could make against the master gloveman.

* * *

VALENTINE began by boxing cleverly and holding the Kid off but near the end of the round the Kid nailed him with a right to the jaw. This stung the champion and, with the opening of the second round, he was intent upon putting the Kid away as quickly as possible.

They met head on and swinging savagely. Valentine scored two or three times before the Kid landed. One of his blows spun the Kid half around, but the Kid lashed back at him with his left. The punch caught the champion squarely on the chin and he went down.

"Shake your head, Marty!" shrieked Bobby Gillen, the champion's manager, his face an ashen gray and cold sweat gleaming on his brow.

Slowly at first, then more rapidly, Valentine shook his head as the timekeeper tolled off the seconds and the referee's arm rose and fell. The Kid pawed the canvas in a neutral corner, waiting for Valentine to rise.

As the champion came up, his knees buckling under him, the Kid was upon him. Measuring him carefully, the Kid winged left and right at him. The left struck him on the right cheek bone but the right found the point of his jaw.

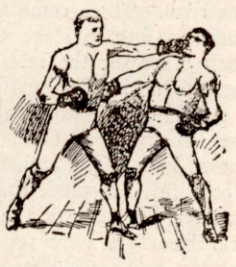
This time Valentine toppled head foremost and the Kid knew he wouldn't get up. The fight was over. Valentine attempted to rise, but he couldn't. He was finished. The Kid was the new lightweight champion of the world!

In the dressing room, the Kid's heart pumped wildly. His was the title! He had whipped the great Valentine!

After a hasty shower and rubdown he slipped into his clothes.

"Let's go to Spinelli's!" he cried.

"Spinelli's, hell!" shouted Roners. "You're champion now and Spinelli's ain't no place for a champion. We'll hit one of those Broadway night clubs to-night, boy!"



The Kid lashed back with a left that caught the champion on the chin and he went down

"All right," agreed the Kid, but there was no heartiness in his assent. Broadway night clubs were not familiar ground to him. Spinelli's, with its plates of steaming spaghetti, its "Dago red" and the friendly faces of the boys and girls he knew, was much more desirable, he thought. And he had promised Aggie Riley he'd go there as soon as the fight was over. Still, as Roners said, he was champion now and champions didn't frequent Spinelli's. They went where the lights gleamed brighter, where jazz bands moaned and shrieked and star-eyed girls laughed and danced. Besides, maybe Aggie wouldn't mind very much.

The Kid, the Title and Aggie Riley Make a Chinatown Idyll

The succeeding weeks passed quickly. A vaudeville engagement for which Roners had contracted was under way and the Kid, having opened in New York, was touring the Middle West. The atmosphere in which he found himself was strange to him.

In place of his little room over Spinelli's there were the hotel rooms, always the best but not always to his liking. Even less to his liking were the companions he attracted, the grifters and sharpers, the smart gamblers, the touts, the hangers-on, male and female. Much preferable, he thought, were the strong-arm boys, the gunmen and yeggs with whom he had grown up and whom he still counted among his friends and of whose number he might have been if his straight-grained nature hadn't been impervious to the environment in which he had been left to shift for himself at an early age by the death of his mother and the disappearance of his father.

The mob in Chinatown, good and bad alike, gave him their friendship and asked nothing more than that in return. These shifty-eyed strangers who had sprung up about him gave him nothing but flattery and would welcome the chance to take from him, if they could, everything he had, including his title.

And then there were the challengers. Everywhere he went he encountered or heard of pretenders to his title and he became uneasy. In the old, carefree days, he always had been glad to hear of a young fighter coming up, for he was generous by nature and envious of none.

* * *

NOW every lightweight coming up was a menace to him. The title! Always it was the title! His possession of it made him a mark. The grifters wanted his money, the fighters his title.

He began to think that, after all, Aggie had been right. He hadn't seen her since he became champion. He'd meant to get down to Chinatown to see her but something always had bobbed up to prevent him and, of course, Aggie never had gone up town to see him. The East Side was her world, a world she seldom left. She liked him, the Kid knew, but she probably thought that being champion had made him forget her.

He wished he was good at writing letters. He'd like to write to Aggie once in a while. She would understand how he felt about being champion and how he longed for the old mob at Spinelli's.

One day when they were in St. Paul, Roners told him he had matched him with Ted Belmont for a fifteen round title fight at the Stadium on July 4th.

The kid made no comment at the news, but his face twitched.

At the conclusion of the stage work the Kid went back to New York. On the way he made a plan. It was to go to Chinatown the day he arrived and see Aggie. But the plans of champions, as of lesser mortals, are subject to change. New York, in the two days he spent there, was a whirl and almost before he realized it he was on his way to the training camp in the Catskills that Roners had engaged for him.

* * *

NIGHTS at the training camp were long—long and black and full of doubts. What was it about his title that bedeviled him so? He had seen Belmont fight once, had seen him stretch his opponent on the canvas with a left hook that traveled only a few inches. Damn Belmont and his left hook! And damn the title!

That was what made the nights long and black and full of doubts. Yet he mustn't lose it. It was precious. It meant gold and fame—and—and—sharpers and grifters and contenders rising before him everywhere he went. He became fretful and snarled at his sparring partners.

The night before the fight the Kid, again in New York, didn't sleep well. He tossed about and lay awake for long intervals, his mind constantly filled with thoughts of the morrow. In the old days he always had slept well before a fight. Then he had had nothing to lose. Now he was frightened by the title he held.

The fact that he might be bodily hurt never occurred to him. He would enter the ring unperturbed if only the title didn't lie in his hands and seem to weight them.

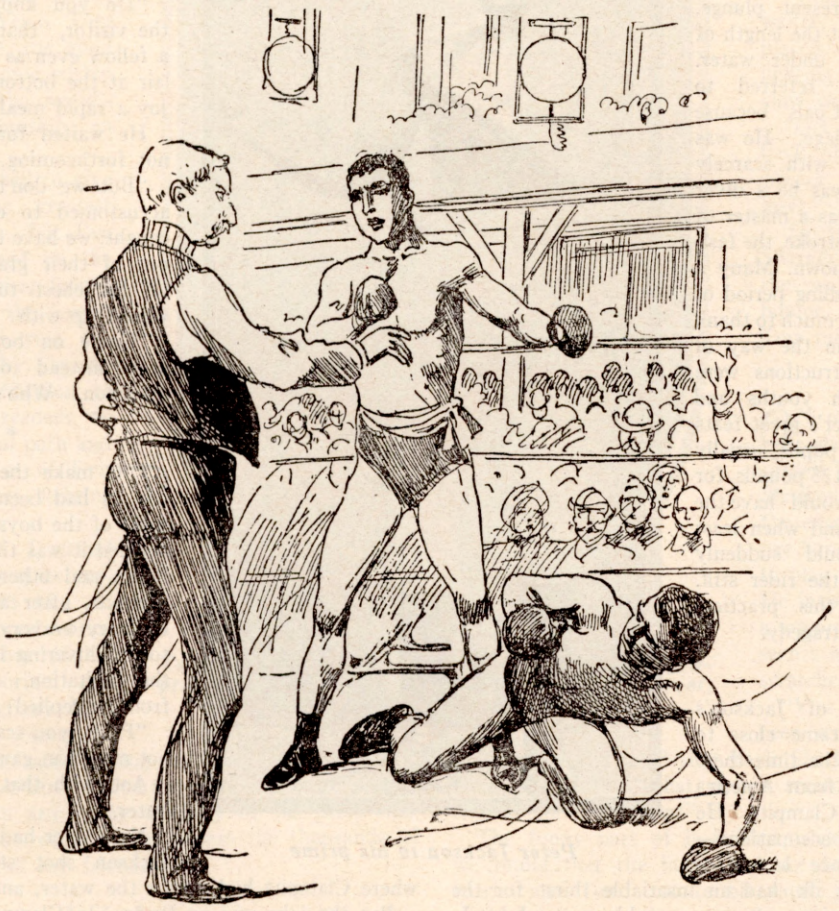
* * *

THE roar which swept up to him as he emerged from his dressing room and started for the ring in the Stadium the next afternoon dazed him for a moment. He faltered and felt that his knees were knocking together. He passed down an aisle while the crowd continued its tumult of welcome, its homage to a champion.

Reaching the ring, he climbed the few steps to his corner with a sinking heart. The glare of the bright sunlight on the stretch of white canvas seared his eyes. He was scared and he looked it. His gaze strayed over the crowd, a sea of white shirts dotted with the vivid coloring of women's finery.

"I'm the champion," he kept repeating to himself. "I'm the champion. I can lick this guy."

And then the thought flashed (*Continued on page* 43)



This time Valentine toppled head foremost. He attempted to rise but couldn't get up and a new champion was crowned

The Octopus Act

Hitherto Untold Tale of Peter Jackson's Aquatic Skill

By WILL LAWLESS (Solar Plexus)

Australia's veteran sports critic, formerly of the Sydney Referee

PETER JACKSON, the greatest Negro fighter of all time, was as fine and expert a swimmer as he was a fighter. Tales of his aquatic deeds are subjects of discussion even to this day in Australia where Peter's friends are legion.

Peter Jackson, with whom I was very friendly in the days before he left to gain fame in America and in England, was a frequent visitor at the Woolloomooloo Baths, headquarters of the Port Jackson Swimming Club of which he was an active member. As a diver, Peter had no peer in Australia. Particularly good was he at a swim called the "pipe opener," a dive similar to the present plunge, which carried him almost the length of the 100-yard pool, all under water.

His swimming pals referred to Jackson as the "Ton of Coals" because of his color and poundage. He was graceful, hit the water with scarcely a ripple and not only was he a diver par excellence, but he was a master of the Australian trudgeon stroke, the fastest swimming stroke known. Many a wee lad in the dog paddling period of his swimming career had much to thank the sable warrior for in the way of tuition, for Peter's instructions were sought by many, both youths and grown-ups. One of Peter's great feats was to take one of his pupils, usually a fellow weighing about 125 pounds, for a ride. In this stunt he would have the rider rest on his back and when least expected, Jackson would suddenly take a dive and scare the rider stiff. On several occasions this practical joke almost resulted in tragedy.

* * *

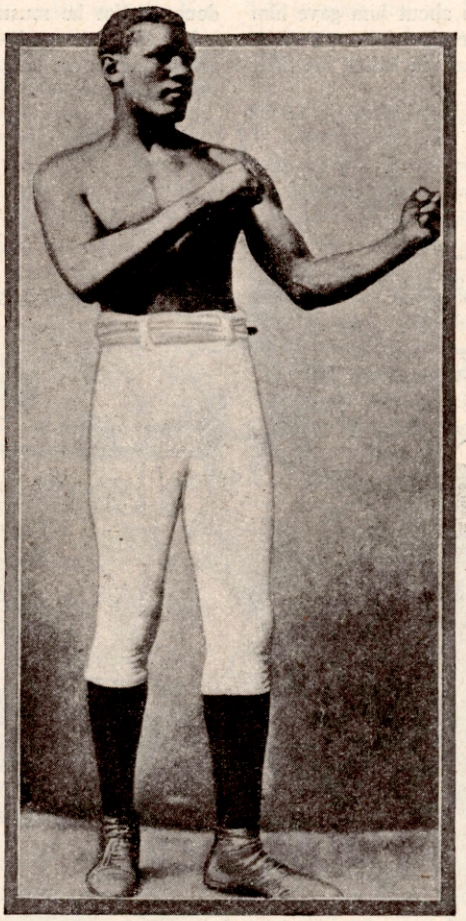
THE Octopus Act of Jackson's was another that came close to the tragedy point. At the time there had come to Australia from America a massive person called Clampitt. He was a man of varied occupations—actor, singer, temperance lecturer—who, like many of that ilk, had an insatiable thirst for the liquid sunshine, and having a strong resemblance to John L. Sullivan in more than one way, he tried to pass himself off as the American champion's brother.

Clampitt loved to play the hero's part. He would often visit the swimming club and there recount deed after deed in which he always wound up by telling how he was saved from death by an eyelash. Peter Jackson became bored by these tales and arranged one day to play the Octopus Act on the visitor.

Following instructions, Clampitt was invited to the dock for a little friendly swim. He was informed that all the boys would be there and as he thought all hands were falling for his daily "fish" stories, he readily consented.

Arriving on an exceptionally hot morning, Clampitt began the day by telling of a huge fish he had once tackled single-handed and had come through in triumph. Whereupon one of the boys grasped the opportunity all were waiting for by starting a discussion on the powerful octopus, the dreaded fish with its innumerable suckers on all eight tentacles, the fish whose grip meant certain death to the unfortunate one who chanced to be embraced by it.

Fortunately for the inhabitants of Port Jackson, where the swimming club was situated, none of these sea monsters had ever been seen in the nearby waters, but the manner in which the tale was told to Clampitt made it appear that the octopus was a frequent visitor there.



Peter Jackson in his prime

"Do you know," said Jackson to the visitor, "that such a fish can drag a fellow even as big as you are, to his lair at the bottom of the sea and enjoy a rapid meal of human flesh?"

He waited for a reply, which was not forthcoming, then continued:

"But we don't mind them. We're accustomed to dodging them and if caught, we have the knack of wriggling out of their grasp." And with that off his chest to scare Clampitt, he wound up with:

"Come on boys. One good duck here instead of the pool before luncheon. Who's coming?"

* * *

TO make the story more realistic, as had been previously arranged, most of the boys got cold feet. Some decided it was time to go to the clubhouse and others simply were mute. Campitt, after all this talk of extraordinary bravery, although he seemed to be shivering in his boots, accepted the invitation. Putting on a brave front he replied:

"Peter, you scared those fellows but not me. I'm game. Let's go."

And with that he plunged into the water.

No sooner had he disappeared, than Jackson shot straight for the spot where Clampitt had struck the water, and dragged him down.

But the joke was on Peter. In Clampitt he found a fellow who decided to put up a fierce fight for his "life."

With a quick twist, Clampitt loosened Jackson's hold on one of his legs and then began a real struggle under the water. When the battle was over, Peter was a much scared man. In fact, it was he who had to be rescued and when he was brought back, he looked more like a corpse than the man on whom he had tried the Octopus trick.

When Jackson came to America, he gave many exhibitions of his swimming prowess at the Chrystal Baths of San Francisco. On one occasion he had his hands and feet tied by two sailors and then asked to be thrown overboard. In less than five minutes Peter released himself—a skillful trick. He was one of the first to use the famous Australian crawl stroke, and the man who introduced the stroke to this country.

TOM SHARKEY, *Comedian*

By JOE HUMPHREYS

World's Most Famous Fight Announcer

LAST winter when called to Miami to act as announcer at the Sharkey-Scott bout, I chanced to meet a good Irishman whose famous fists made ring history many years ago. He's a little gray-haired now, rather plump and carries a little more avoirdupois around the waistline than the day he fought a vicious twenty-five round mill with the great Jim Jeffries, but he's still the affable, jovial Tom I was so fond of back in the early Nineties. Yes, Tom Sharkey is his name, the good old sailor boy who came within an ace of winning the world's heavyweight championship on November 3, 1899.

I've often been asked to give an opinion on the greatest fighter I've ever seen, but I've never been approached on the subject of "the funniest fighter I've ever known," or the "greatest wise-cracker the ring has ever had." That's why I've decided, in this contribution to my army of RING readers, to diverge from the usual path and give an intimate picture of Tom Sharkey, the funniest fighting character I ever met.

I knew Tom well. I visited his place of business quite frequently, chatted with him on fights and races, swapped stories with him over the bar of his famous sports emporium opposite the old Tammany Hall on East Fourteenth Street in New York City, was rated among his best friends, and I'll confess that the Sailor Boy handed me more and better laughs than I received from any other celebrity of the prize ring. And that's going some when one considers the thousands of fistic stars I could call my friends.

Tom Sharkey as he looked when he was proprietor of a saloon on East Fourteenth Street, New York City

* * *

THE jolly tar packed a wicked punch in the roped square as Jim Jeffries and other ring notables could testify, but let me tell you that he was no slouch with his tongue once he got started. I've often heard it said that Sharkey was a low-brow with but scant knowledge of the world's affairs. That may be partially true, but I assure you that Tom never found himself at a loss for a quick answer when engaged in an argument. Regardless of his knowledge of a subject, he was Johnny-on-the-spot when it came to a reply. Ofttimes he fooled even his pals by the wisdom he packed in an answer, so clever was he in getting out of a jam. His answers often were so humorous that they were side-splitting, yet they hushed the other fellow.

You often have seen in print the story of the lobster, and probably you've doubted its authenticity. Yet it is true.

Sharkey and several friends visited an oyster house on Fourteenth Street where the order was given for broiled lobsters. When the waiter served them, Sharkey discovered that his lobster had but one claw.

"Say, there, waiter, come over here," Tom shouted across the room.

The waiter returned and Tom demanded to know why his lobster had but one claw.

"Well, you see," said the waiter, "when lobsters are placed on the ice they get to fighting and sometimes lose a claw or two."

"Get him away," snapped back Sharkey. "Bring me the winner. I've got no use for a loser."

To those who didn't know Sharkey, his conversation with the waiter appeared as good humor, but we knew otherwise. Tom meant every word he said.

* * *

ON one occasion, on the day when a big stake was carded for the Gravesend track, Sharkey and I were discussing the entries. I had a hot tip on one horse and I tried to get Tom to play it with me. He refused. He insisted that he would place a wager on another horse. I had seen a report that his horse was scratched and I said to Tom:

"You can't play him. He's been scratched."

"Scratched is he?" shot back Sharkey. "Sure and I'll bet on him anyway. What does a scratch mean to a big, well-trained horse like him!"

The funny part of it is that when we reached the track we found that the horse had not been scratched from the entries and Tom, true to his word, placed a good-sized roll on his choice and he came through a winner while my hot tip was nowhere in the running.

There was no one in the field of pugilism that I liked more than Terry McGovern, and no one he cared for more than John L. Sullivan and Tom Sharkey. Terry and Tom each owned a good pacer and each was extremely proud of his animal. When they got together, all they spoke about was their pacers and not a word on fights. Tom's horse was called Belle o'Limerick and McGovern's was named "Eleanor."

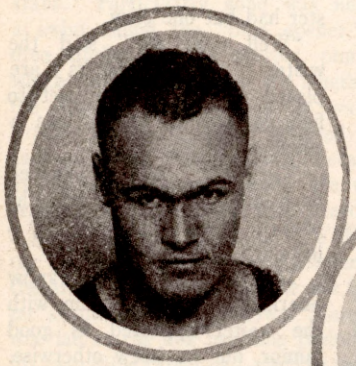
Scarcely a Sunday went by during the warm weather that Tom and Terry weren't seen parading their pacers along the Coney Island course. Ofttimes they would race down the stretch while hundreds of admirers would cheer them on. Sharkey's Belle was a speedy animal. (*Continued on page* 41)

"Babes *of the* Woods"

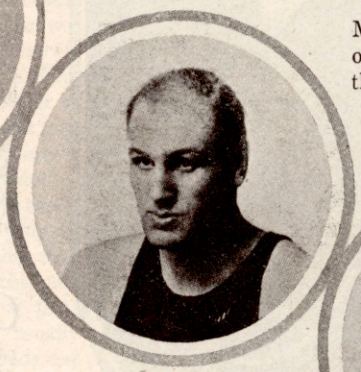
By WILLIAM J. McNULTY

THE falls of the big tree must be contagious. That must be why so many of the lumberjacks who have nominated themselves for heavyweight fistic laurels are better known horizontally than vertically, and the soles of their ring footwear are more familiar to the public than their faces. The pugilistic woodsmen are not divers of the esthetic type like Aileen Riggin, but are heavy dippers symbolic of the deep forests and the falling timbers.

Elzear Rioux, of Valleyfield, Que., who was recently penalized by the Illinois athletic commission for being over-anxious to hit the deck before he blocked one of the Primo Carnera's lunges with his chin, is massive enough to cope with anybody, if fistic talent were limited to height, weight and strength. He is 6 feet, 2 inches, with 225 pounds spread over that altitude, but he lacks fighting ability. Wrestling with the logs in the Quebec woods gave him great strength, but he doesn't know how to use his strength to best advantage.



Jack Renault



Fred Fulton

Ever since he was "discovered" in the woods as a potential heavyweight champion eight years ago, Rioux has manifested a tendency to crack wide open when socked a hard one on the jawbone. He is one of many giant lumberjacks who has failed to make good in the ring.

It wasn't at all necessary to penetrate Sunny Spain to get the first woodchopper fighter. Most of the ballyhoo built around Paulino Uzcudun, Spanish heavyweight, was concentrated on his lumberjacking activities in the Pyrenees. Right here in America we have had a flock of ringsters who graduated from the forests into fistiana. A few of them acquitted themselves creditably, one of them attained a championship, but the majority have been just third raters.

* * *

THE woodsman has brought strength into the ring as one of his assets, but he has also brought into the roped enclosure in most instances, slowness of the hoof, slowness with the maulers and slowness in thinking—three liabilities. Yep, most of the fistic babes of the woods have been muscle-bound.

As a boy and a youth in his native Quebec province, Jack Delaney or, as his parents know him, Ovilla Chapdelaine, came naturally by his lumberjacking. Getting out the wood for saw mills, pulp mills, and fuel, is one of the leading industries of the province. Sorel, Quebec, was the Chapdelaine domicile, and this served as a base of woodland operations for the youthful Ovilla. But Chapdelaine hadn't toiled long enough or steady enough in the woods to affect his natural speed.

Before he had reached the muscle-bound stage, he was removed from the woods in favor of a tool-making job in a Bridgeport plant. And thence into ringism. He is the only lumberjack to win a title.

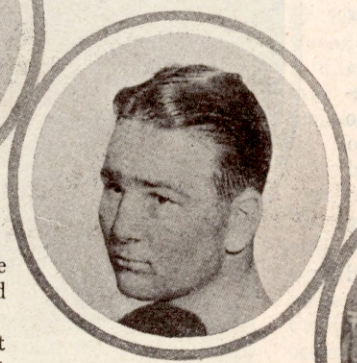
As a usual thing, it is too much poundage that brings a woodsman pug too much pounding. But in the case of Delaney, it was lack of weight that barred the way to the heavyweight emblem. From the tree-chopping angle, he spent less time in this line of wolf defying than any other gent who leaped in from the woods to walloping. Perchance, that's why he soared to more lofty heights than others of the fraternity. He hadn't been long enough doing heavy duty to mar his natural speed of hands and pedals and his quick thinking apparatus.

* * *

JACK RENAULT loomed up as a challenger for Mr. Dempsey of Hollywood, several years ago. As Leonard Dumoulin, he had worked in the Quebec province forests felling trees. He was born and reared in a small town in the province where practically everybody turned to the woods as a means of livelihood.

After he had tired of lumberjacking, Dumoulin went into Montreal and nominated himself for a vacancy on the corps of pavement pounders. It was while serving as a cop there, that Dumoulin conceived the idea of becoming a manipulator of the finger upholstery. Under his own name, he appeared in a number of preliminaries in Montreal. He then returned to tree abbreviating, and later set sail to gay Gotham.

In the merry metropolis he emerged as Jack Renault. Renault had height, weight, strength and considerable speed on the dogs and with the flippers. But to sock him on the belfry meant to knock a chip off the old block. He was just another lumberjack who failed to make good when he came out of the woods.



Tommy Freeman

Elzear Rioux

One of the few lumberjacks of the present era who is making good is Tommy Freeman who is now the welterweight champion.

The late Arthur Pelkey had worked the Ontario and Quebec forests, making short trees out of tall ones. After being proclaimed king of the logging camps, he exited for Chicopee, Mass., where he made his real ring debut, but continued chopping trees in western Massachusetts and eastern New York.

After he had been making slow headway as a battler for several years, he trekked to western Canada where he was taken under the managerial wing of Tommy Burns, then located in Calgary, Alta. Burns promoted an ill-fated contest between Pelkey and the late Luther McCarthy.

Pelkey, whose real name was Arthur Peltier, died of the sleeping sickness while a policeman at Ford, Ont., opposite

A Story of Powerfully-built Muscle-bound Lumberjacks Who Failed in the Ring

Detroit. Pelkey was strong but not fast enough to cope with Gunboat Smith and others of the white hope clan then being developed to unfasten Jack Johnson from the heavyweight title. After he had been outclassed in a number of battles, Pelkey tossed in the sponge and became a guardian of the law.

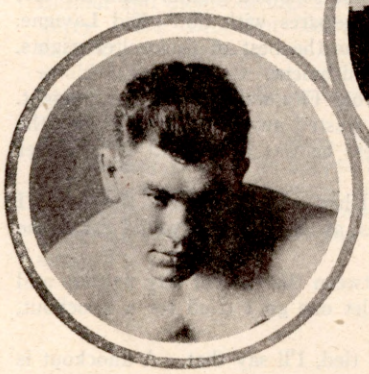
* * *

AL KUBIAK worked in the Michigan forests for some years prior to taking up the ring tools. Kubiak had height, weight and strength. He was 6 feet tall and weighed 215 pounds. He was styled "the Michigan giant." He was an imposing figure in the ring, but his movements were not the most graceful in the world. He was ambitious to remove Johnson from his dictatorial chair, but proved too amiable to achieve anything of consequence in fistiana.

Kubiak was started on the fistic slide by the late Sandy Ferguson, Boston heavyweight. Al, as a token of friendship, pushed out the left mitt for the handshaking symbol. The bell had rung for the opening of hostilities. Ferguson made a motion to touch gloves, as usual in those days after the gong had sounded, then shifted and socked the ex-lumberjack right on the getaway. Kubiak recovered his senses five minutes later.

Fred Fulton, 6 feet, 6 inch giant who was called the "Big Plasterer," before smearing with either trowel or mitts, was a lumberjack in the Minnesota woods. It was while he was wielding an axe on the trees that he was "discovered" as a coming heavyweight king. He had a glorious chance against Jack Dempsey at Harrison, N. J., in 1918. In just 18 seconds after the bell rang, Fulton was steamboating with his illustrious namesake. After that disaster, Fulton was flattened by about every heavyweight of modern times. He rarely was upright a longer period than four rounds.

Arthur Pelkey



Paulino Uzcudun

Had Eddie Tremblay not been lazy he might have made his mark instead of being a marked man in pugilism.

One of the biggest men ever to don the warring toga, was Jim Pendergast, of Kensington, P. E. I. Pendergast, 6 feet, 7 inches, weighed 240 pounds. He was a woodsman in Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick, when he decided to go to Boston. There he got work as a motorman on the elevated railway. It was while he was at this work, he was "discovered" as a heavyweight find.

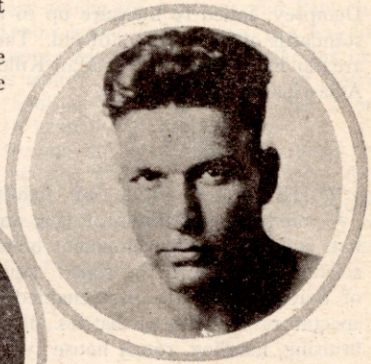
After being given some preparation in a gym in Boston, he was sent into the ring for his debut, his opponent being one Cyclone Warren. The Cyclone proved to be all wind, and splashed out in the third round. The Pendergast adherents felt positive they had a meal ticket. Yet, just one bout and the meal ticket was punched out. The late Jim Stewart, of New York City, who was a "flu" victim, when that epidemic was raging, was elected as a sacrifice for the giant lumberjack.

Within three rounds after the gong rang at Lawrence, Mass., for the Stewart-Pendergast mingle, the ex-woodsman was occupying most of the ring space on a full stretch. Old Jack "Twin" Sullivan, of Cambridge, also drilled Pendergast. Disgusted, the super-giant returned to his native Prince Edward Island, where he now lumbers and farms and is the police force of Kensington.

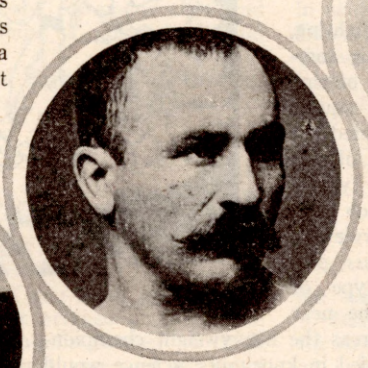
When famous woodsmen are discussed, the name of Fred McKay, of Winnipeg, must be included. McKay had the proportions, and the natural strength. Also, he had considerable ability as a tactician of the roped enclosure. However, he objected to punishment, and when the wallops were coming his way, he went south. Before taking up the ring work, McKay was a lumberjack in the woods of western Ontario and Manitoba.

Experience as a lumberjack in the woods of New Brunswick and Quebec, has proved of doubtful value to George LaRocco, of New York City. LaRocco seems to have the physical assets but can't make the grade.

Dick O'Brien, who made some headway among the welterweights and middleweights of thirty years ago,



Jack Delaney



George La Blanche

dug himself out of the logging camps to embark on a ring career. When he closed his battling days he was a light heavyweight. Winning an impromptu bout in a camp sent O'Brien into the ring. He hailed from Lewiston, Me.

O'Brien was a rugged performer, as practically all woodsmen are. He would have done a heap better today than when he was in harness. Among his contemporaries were Joe Walcott, Kid McCoy, Tommy Ryan, and Mysterious Billy Smith. A mighty sweet fighter was Dick.

George La Blanche, the Marine, disciple of the pivot blow, worked in the Quebec and New Hampshire woods prior to moving to Boston and entering the ring. La Blanche was in his element about forty years ago, and his outstanding feat was handing a sleeping potion to Nonpareil Jack Dempsey.

La Blanche had little science but he was strong and sturdy. The wallops seemed to bounce off his hide and seek other quarters. His best form was as a middleweight but in his later battling years the marine was a heavyweight. After quitting the ring he operated a groggery in San Francisco for several years, then returned to Boston as a laborer.

Don't get the impression that all lumberjack ringsters are floor layers. There are exceptions to every rule, as in the case of Tommy Freeman and Paulino Uzcudun. Probably the strongest chin known to woodsmen biffsters among the heavies in modern years, is that of Paulino.

One of the chief drawbacks in grooming a lumberjack for fistic honors and fortune, is lack of visibility. The average woodsman is unable to resist the lures of the big cities when the money begins to flow freely. Tungsten Terrace gets him. The bright lights dazzle him and when he awakens, his lights are out.

Then he goes back where he started—amputating trees.

Cave Men of the Ring Extinct

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

THE "Cave-Man" of the old prize ring days! What would the fight fan of today give for the type of fighting demons who graced the ring two or more decades ago?

How often do you sit at the ringside and see two "gladiators" waltz through a ten or fifteen round bout and at the wind-up hear the pleadings of the spectators for another McGovern, Jeffries, Walcott, Battling Nelson or others of their type?

The Cave-Man of the old prize ring days is a thing of the past. They don't exist any more. The nearest approach to the old style cave-man was Luis Firpo, and he didn't last very long. Paul Berlenbach, the Astoria Assassin, Jack Dempsey, the Man-Killer, and Paulino, the Lion of the Pyrenees, were a few who gave the fight fans some of the best thrills of the present era of boxing, but even they, with the exception of Dempsey, failed to measure up to the standards of the sluggers of old. There are no more Cave Men, Man-Killers, Assassins or Wild Bulls.

* * *

THE present style of fighting, modern regulations of ring combat, and the high development of ring science, have shorn the roped square of that which in the past enabled the spectators to witness battles of the bruising, mauling, rough house type.

Even as far back as 1911, Bob Fitzsimmons, then granting an interview to me for the old *New York Press,* predicted that the cave-man type of fighter would be extinct in the near future. He declared that whereas the heavyweight championship bouts of the past had ended in knockouts, science would take its place in the roped square and the championships of the future would be decided on points. His predictions came true when Gene Tunney wrested the title from Jack Dempsey in Philadelphia.

"Champions such as we have seen in the past fifteen years or more will not be in the field a few years hence," declared Fitz. "The champions of the future will be as children compared to the Titans of the past and of our day. Fifteen years from now, these fighters will be like babes compared to the rough and ready battlers of our time.

"Fighting, like all other branches of sport, is reaching out along lines of improvement. Everything is progressing and with this progress comes a new style, a more thorough development of body and mind and a cleaner living and with this improvement the necessity for being a big, husky, brutish type of fighter to succeed becomes a thing of the past. The fighters of the coming age will realize more and more that science will be a greater factor in bringing on the successful boxer than slugging."

* * *

HOW true the prediction of this great champion! One need only glance through the list of titleholders in all classes and see the wisdom of Ruby Robert's remarks made almost twenty years ago.

Fitz, even at that time, when the slugger predominated in the field of boxing, when heavy hitting combats were the rule instead of the exception, as is the case today, and when the waltz in the roped square was practically an unknown thing, foresaw what would take place after he and other stars of his time had passed on. His prediction came true. He realized that the fellow who would follow in his footsteps, the chap who would learn to hit and get away, to block and feint and still retain his punching power, would be the master. He realized that hitting power alone would not suffice as the human race improved, and that only he who possessed a combination of ring science and punching power would attain the top rung of the ladder of fame.

* * *

FITZ had his first fight when he was only fifteen years old. He had three bare knuckle battles when he was only a kid weighing 115 pounds. That's the school in which the Freckled One learned his milling. And Fitz, great as he was, one of the heroes of modern fistiana, didn't receive as much in his entire career as did Dempsey for his defeat at the hands of Gene Tunney.

I remember asking Fitz in this 1911 interview to comment on the future of the boxing game and the greatest fighters of his period. Regarding the future, he predicted, as already told in the above paragraphs, that the boxer of the future would be a keen student of science, and as for the best battlers, he didn't hesitate a moment in replying that in his opinion Dixon, Gans, Billy Smith and himself were the leaders of his time. This was his choice:

"The best bantam and featherweight to my mind was little Dixon. He was a fighter and a great boxer.

"Joe Gans was the best lightweight. He was so much greater than the rest of the field that only one compares with him—Kid Lavigne.

"Mysterious Billy Smith was the best of the welterweights. He seemed immune to all punishment.

"Pardon me, but I think old Fitz was a good heavyweight. Fair kind of a chap. Never wasted any time peeping into the looking glass, but nevertheless he was a fair sort of a fighter at 158 pounds.

"I fought Jack Johnson. I had a broken arm at the time. I took a chance with Jeffries as a pug dog would with the butcher's terrier.

"Here is the difference between the present day fighters and the veterans—every time I let one go I tried for a knockout. Today they outpoint men.

"As a school they have us tied, I'll say that. A knockout is a rare event today. In the old days they fought to a decision. I used to say to myself: 'Well, Bob, you just keep firing and you'll land'."

Fitz was one who believed a fighter could last until he reached at least the 40 year mark. Asked when a fighter could be regarded as being in his prime, Fitz replied:

"That depends. I know of oarsmen at 45 who have been at their best, and I have seen sprinters in my time who at 40 were going faster than they ever did. I was 45 and a champion and in my prime."

I asked Fitz to what he attributed his ability to fight long past what is regarded as the vanishing point in an athlete's life.

"Keeping in good condition," he replied. "Plenty of exercise and good living and eating. It is the merry life that checks the fighter's career. They jump off a wagon or come up out of a mine and earn a fortune. Then they get careless, and the first thing they know they are trying to whip the best of them all, Nature, and down they go, and they seldom get up."

Boxing Slump Is Over

(*Continued from page* 5)

to take the match under consideration.

King Tut and Billy Townsend are two outstanding figures in the 140-pound class. Tut is a freak and a hard man to fight but has gathered a great string of victories and Townsend looms strongly and seems to be in action throughout all parts of the country.

* * *

AMONG the lightweights we have plenty of first-class competition which has been strengthened by the entrance of Justo Suarez. Singer, the newly crowned champion, is defending his title against Canzoneri and will be a fighting champion. Singer really means business by the manner in which he engaged McLarnin and signed for Canzoneri immediately after winning the title.

Jack "Kid" Berg, who came through at the expense of Kid Chocolate, is good enough to make one appearance a month at the Garden. The fans can always rely on Berg to give them plenty of action. He and Suarez would attract a gate of over $100,000 this winter at the Garden but Berg feels that the match would draw much more in the summer time and wants to wait until then.

Suarez has been signed for three matches in the Garden but doesn't want to stay here long. He is anxious to return home. He wants the three engagements completed in a hurry and I doubt if he will ever return to this country. Suarez will take on Jimmy McLarnin but refuses to accept Ray Miller.

If Suarez and McLarnin ever meet, the fight would be a real treat.

Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express, is good for two good matches here with Suarez and Berg. Tony Herrera, a little Mexican fighter out of Chicago has shown plenty of promise and will make his appearance here this winter.

The 130-pound class finds Cecil Payne, who just defeated Battling Battalino over the weight twice, Roger Bernard of Flint, Mich., and Maurice Holtzer, a Frenchman, living in New York. They are all promising youngsters and will all be given an equal opportunity to show their wares.

The featherweights have some good material if they can induce the champion to defend his title. Battling Battalino and Kid Chocolate would be a sellout at the Garden for the 126-pound title, and the championship, I predict, would change hands.

Chocolate and Earl Mastro is another appetizing morsel, and Chocolate with Fidel La Barba would develop into fireworks. I expect to see La Barba and Mastro cut a big figure around here once they get started against suitable opposition.

Other "feathers" who have earned the right to recognition are Johnny Datto, hard hitting Cleveland Filipino; Tommy Paul, a good prospect from Buffalo; Koli Kolo, the Porto Rican; Jimmy Slavin; Lew Feldman; Mike Gelb, a new Hungarian arrival; Terry Roth and Pete De Grasse. Some of them are youngsters but each has shown skill and fighting ability.

* * *

KID FRANCIS has returned from Europe and should instil some interest among the bantams and Pete Sanstol, now living in Montreal, is a fine little scrapper who is certain to make his mark this winter. Pee Wee Wilson, of Detroit, is another bright prospect that I have been hearing favorably about.

Among the flyweights the interest rests in Midget Wolgast, Frank Genaro, Willie Davies, Phil Tobias, Kid Anselm, Art Giroux, Jackie Harmon and Frenchy Bellanger. The newcomers in this division are not so hot.

Tom Sharkey, Comedian

(*Continued from page* 37)

She would frequently outstep Terry's Eleanor and these beatings sort of peeved Terry. The Brooklyn Terror took it to heart and made up his mind that he would train Eleanor until she could be pitted against the Belle in a match race and whip her.

So one day, when Terry thought he had Eleanor primed, he approached Tom and soon a friendly argument started on the merits of the pacers. Quite a gathering listened to the discussion and suddenly Terry remarked:

"Well, Tom, if you think your Belle is so good, why not arrange a match race —say over a two-mile course? I think it would be a great race and we could easily collect $2,000 for a purse to go to the winner. Everybody here knows our horses and it would be a cinch to get out a big crowd. What do you say?"

"Fine, I say, but you can't arrange such a race. Where could we get a two-mile course?"

"That's easy," snapped back Terry, with a twinkle in his eye, "we could get the use of Schultz's half-mile track."

"Half-mile track! You're crazy! How the devil can you run off a two-mile race on a half-mile track?"

And a great laugh was had by all.

There are many other tales that could be told about this fine fighter and his humorous sayings, but space here is limited. Suffice it for me to say that I've known many fistic characters who could tell side-splitting yarns, but I've never met a fistic hero who could give you more laughs than could Tom Sharkey.

Left Hooks

(*Continued from page* 6)

Bud Taylor and Paul Berlenbach of the present day fighters, were possessors of fine left hooks.

Al Singer, speaking of his fight with McLarnin, remarked:

"What a left that boy has! His right didn't bother me in the least. I could have taken it as often as he sent it over. But that left! There was dynamite in it!"

And it is that T.N.T. in the fists of "Baby Face" McLarnin that will enable him to retire one of the wealthiest of all ring men. Jimmy is only 23 years old, takes splendid care of himself both in and out of the ring, and is not a spendthrift. He is good for at least seven more years and with his popularity growing, his knockout record increasing and his personality as an added attraction, he should garner a million dollars before he retires.

Speaking of the purse he received for the Singer fight, $37,000, Jimmy laughed as he recalled the day seven years ago when he received $35 for winning his first fight in California.

* * *

EARLY in 1923, Jimmy and his manager, Pop Foster, couldn't get a fight in San Francisco. The pair came down from Vancouver, British Columbia, eager for ring combat. Jimmy already had shown his wares to the folks at home.

Pop brought Jimmy to the officials of the Observatory Club. They looked the lad over and informed Foster they couldn't take a chance putting such a frail lad on. Jimmy at the time was sixteen and weighed 110 pounds. He looked too young and the officials were afraid he would get hurt.

Foster was not discouraged. He went to an Oakland promoter, impressed that man with Jimmy's gymnasium workouts and got him a place on the card. Jimmy beat a fellow named Sands in four rounds and received $35. To-day, anything less than $20,000 for a scrap would be passed up by Jimmy's mentor.

Beau Brummells of the Beak Busters

(*Continued from page 29*)

lives the part of Gentleman Jim, for, to parody the old line—"Know a man by his clothes."

John L. Sullivan was a handsomely dressed fellow in the days when he went on tour. Good clothes were his hobby.

Jack Dempsey is a fashionable dresser. He can make a suit of clothes purr. He has a splendid pair of shoulders and the tailors begin there and simply follow Jack's graceful curves. He pays the highest prices for his suits, his linen, his shoes, his robes and his underwear.

In the old "sticks" days, Jack leaned toward the bush-league hair cuts and the white pearl buttons. Not now. Jack follows the style set by the Hollywood princes. Dempsey dressed better after leaving Kearns than he did before. It took Hollywood to do it. Jack's friends could single Dempsey out in a large gathering by the cut of his clothes.

Charley Mitchell, the English heavyweight, was a faultless dresser. He went in for the big cream puff cravats, striped trousers and silk hats. He wore better and richer looking coats than Pierpont Morgan and Berry Wall. He came from a well-dressed crowd and he didn't disgrace them.

* * *

JIMMY BRITT was a natty dresser. I went to school with James Edward and I know what a heart-break he was with the gells and with us kids, too. He always had the price and when he began fighting, we couldn't believe it, though we knew he was a terror on the sand lots.

After Jimmy began to fight professionally he sported a little bamboo cane and light, short overcoats. He parted his hair dead center and wore the first pair of spats that ever was seen in San Francisco. He looked the Beau Brummell in an evening dress suit. Few men could wear a silk topper with the rakish tilt of Jimmy Britt. He was a dude right up to the time he crawled into the ring and then, ladies and gentlemen—WHAT a fighter!

Jeffries never was long on high toned duds. He dressed plainly, but paid the top prices for his clothes. He just wasn't a fashion plate in any sense of the word.

Bob Fitzsimmons was a great silk hat guy. He loved to sport the silk topper and the cape overcoats. Battling Siki was another. The Singular Senegalese wore a gold bracelet, a topper and a French cape top-coat with purple lining. He didn't mind the added canary-colored suede gloves. A dude—that baby!

Fireman Jim Flynn was a showy dresser. He went in for great diamonds, pearls and watch fobs. There was a bit o' the hick about his clothes, but I dare say Jim paid plenty for his raiment.

Young Corbett was a little dandy in his great days. He was one of the first fighters ever I saw sporting a tuxedo. He could make one talk.

Terry McGovern was a loud dresser. He went in for brown derbies of the skimmer type. Tom Sharkey didn't spend much for clothes though he liked a spiffy overcoat or big buttons when he was sitting behind one of his trotting horses.

Jack Johnson was a neat dresser and still is. Jack Sharkey doesn't blossom forth. Gene Tunney was an ordinary dresser. He never did get around to the smart tailors while he was in the fight game. He goes in for flopping panamas now and I've yet to see a smart hat sitting on his head. Dempsey left him far behind when it came to classy dressing.

George Dixon was a little dandy. He spent all his money on clothes and whiskey.

Gans was a quiet dresser. Nelson horrible. Looking back over all of them, I believe that Jack Dempsey is the dandy of them all. He knows how to wear clothes and any of the gells will be quick to tell you that THAT is the art divine.

Kid McCoy was one of the swellest dudes in the field of fisticuffs. He dressed immaculately. He was a hit with the women. In a tuxedo the Kid was as handsome a fellow as one could find.

The same can be said of Georges Carpentier. "Handsome, gorgeous Georges," is what they call him and well might they, for the former European heavyweight champion is a terror with the fair sex, a picture one simply can't help but admire.

* * *

MANY an interesting story is told by Billy Taub of the importance placed by most of the present day stars of the roped square upon clothes. Kid Chocolate and Carnera are most particular. They want every line in their body to show. Dark colors are taboo. The brighter the hue, the better these fighters like it.

Taub, who seems to have a monopoly in New York City on smart clothes for dressy fighters, also tells some interesting stories about the general make-up of these fistic stars, some of whom have deformities they never knew about until their measurements were taken for a suit. Of all the fighters, Billy thinks that the most perfect physical specimens that he has handled so far as measurements are concerned, are Jack Dempsey, Kid Chocolate, Mike Gibbons, Sammy Mandell, Benny Leonard, Mickey Walker, Jimmy McLarnin and Al Singer. They, according to Billy, are symmetrically built.

The hardest fellow to fit of the present day boys is Jose Santa, the Portuguese heavyweight who is 6 feet 6½ inches tall, an inch taller than Carnera, and the one for whom most cloth has to be used, is Carnera. Pancho Villa, says Taub, was the swellest dressed fighter of his period.

Wrestling Revival

(*Continued from page 27*)

In addition to Londos, several other stars have agreed to entertain New York fans. While the life of a wrestler is twice as long as that of a fighter, there must always be new talent to keep the interest at high pitch. Although each year at the start of a season several dozen newcomers make their stand, only a handful, often only one or two, survive the test and meet with public approval. These lucky fellows, like the Singers, McLarnins, Schmelings and others in the fight game who suddenly thrust themselves into the spotlight, become the big cards and the money-getters.

This season will find Hans Steinke bigger and better than ever. The big fellow, though not a spectacular mat artist, can make a stand against the best and in all probability he will be seen against his arch rival, Shikat, and possibly against the champion Londos soon.

The Jews, who are keen followers of wrestling, will have one of their own in the field in a new star, Herb Freeman, who looms as a fine prospect. A Lithuanian, Bill Bartusch, is another of the latest crop who will make his debut in New York. He hails from Ohio University. Bob Middlekuff of the University of Florida and Earl McCreedy, another college champion, will bid for fame as rah, rah, rah, representatives.

Toots Mondt, the cowboy champion, Carl Pojello and Rudy Rusek, have already turned in contracts for appearances in the metropolitan circuit. Over in Russia there is a giant who has been cutting capers with the best wrestlers in Europe. His name is Ivan Vacturoff, and he is being imported by me for appearances in this country.

George Hackenschmidt, one of the greatest wrestlers of all time, who now lives in England, has been tutoring a giant Egyptian who is now ready for a try at the best of heavyweights here, and from Budapest another giant, D. Szabo, one of the best known wrestlers across the Big Pond, will bid for fame and American dollars in the indoor campaign.

New Jersey has a splendid grappler in George Manich who will be seen under the Curley banner as will Szalay, an Hungarian star; Emil Grikis, a German importation; A. Domeny of Budapest and Charles Papp of the same city.

In all, the season of 1930-31 should find the wrestling sport at its best, with bigger gates, better competition and a finer assortment of stars from all over the world taking part than at any time since 1912.

"Uneasy Lies the Head—"

(*Continued from page* 35)

through his mind that a clip on the chin from Belmont's left and he would be champion no more. If only he weren't champion how differently he would feel at this moment!

The introductions over, the ring was cleared of all save the Kid, Belmont and the referee. The bell clanged and the boys advanced toward each other.

Instead of beginning the fight with a rush, the Kid circled slowly around Belmont. He wanted to keep away from Ted's left, the left which might strip him of his title in an instant. Belmont jabbed and the Kid essayed a jab but missed. He tried again but Belmont danced lightly back, stepped in, jabbed him twice and crossed a right to the face.

Plainly there was something the matter with the Kid. He simply stalled through the round, seldom leading and landing even more seldom. It was Belmont's round by a wide margin.

The second round found the Kid a trifle more aggressive, the result of a tongue lashing from Roners during the minute's rest. Belmont tried to keep away from him, but the Kid pursued him and hammered him whenever he got close to him. So, too, went the third round and the fourth.

* * *

THE bell rang for the fifth round and the Kid leaped from his stool. This time Belmont met his rush. A jab, a shift and the deadly left flashed at the Kid's chin. It missed but only by a hair's breadth and in its passing it took the Kid's last shred of confidence with it. The Kid tried to get in close, but again Belmont's left sought his jaw. It landed, not flush but forcefully enough to jar the Kid from head to heels. He rocked for a moment and Belmont planted a right in his face.

The Kid was terrified. He tried to fight back but couldn't. There was no coordination between his head and his hands. He raised his right forearm across his jaw to protect it from Belmont's left and instantly the left was sunk deep in his body. He swayed and wrapped his left arm across his body, his right still protecting his jaw and his head bowed.

Belmont, the title at arm's length, hurled blows upon him. His right clubbed the back of the Kid's head and when the Kid, coming out of his shell, attempted to fend off the attack, Belmont whipped his left again to the jaw. The Kid wavered for an instant, then sprawled on the canvas.

He rose but was felled again.

A second time he struggled to his feet, but his eyes were unseeing. His arms swung loosely at his sides and his body drooped. In a frenzy, Belmont whipped a right to his jaw and a left to his body and the Kid went down this time to stay.

It was a sorrowful gathering in his dressing room. Roners and the seconds were silent as they got the Kid out of his trunks and shoes and cut the soggy gloves from his hands. The Kid, too, was silent but his expression was thoughtful rather than sad.

As he stepped, glistening, from under a shower bath, he grinned through the fresh welts on his battered face. His title was gone, but its loss saddled no weight on his heart. Rather did his heart seem lighter.

"I guess I wasn't made to be a champion," he mused. "The title had me scared stiff. I——"

The telephone bell on the wall rang sharply.

"Hello," said Roners dully, as he took down the receiver. "What? Who wants him? Aggie——"

The Kid snatched the receiver from his manager.

"Hello!" he shouted. "Gee, but it's good to hear from you. What? Oh, I ain't worrying. Thanks, girlie, I knew it. . . . Will I? I'll be there in less than an hour, if I don't get pinched for speeding! I'll look for you at our table. Good-bye!"

Roners looked blankly at him as he hustled into his clothes, trying to whistle through puffed lips.

"Cheer up, Doc!" said the Kid. "The title was pretty good to us while it lasted."

He finished dressing.

"So-long, boys," he called over his shoulder as he started for the door. "Look for me at Spinelli's to-night. I'll be there."

* * *

THE Kid's big car, with the Kid at the wheel, roared into the quiet of Pell street and came to a halt at the door of Spinelli's. The Kid jumped from the car and passed swiftly into the restaurant.

Spinelli and the waiters gave him a joyous greeting and the few diners from uptown turned to look at him wonderingly and to stare at his bruised face but he heard nothing and saw only the figure of Aggie Riley at their table.

"Aggie!" he cried, as he dropped into a chair opposite her and stretched his hands across the table.

"Hello, Kid," she said, her color mounting. "Are you glad to be back?"

"I am," he said, earnestly. "Gladder than you know. You were right, Aggie, about the title. Gee, you're a wonder! I'm so glad to see you that—well, I guess I can't ever tell you but I'm going to try awful hard."

She smiled at him.

"Aggie," he asked, "has a guy got a chance with you—a guy that used to be champion?"

The orchestra labored mechanically—

"Me and my shadow, strolling down the avenue."

"I asked them to play that when you came in, Kid," she said. "It makes me think of happy nights—before a guy was champion."

She smiled again, and her hands closed firmly over his.

What a Change!

(*Continued from page* 15)

moral support. White trained on the Shrewsbury River and John L. didn't forget his promise and paid him several visits.

But the night of the fight the mighty ex-champion got sleepy at the length of the contest and passed out happily long before it was over. John never did have much patience!

In between February 22nd and the date of the Dixon encounter, White defeated fourteen men in and around the metropolitan district, the first of them being the widely-known Marty McCue, later a state senator and quite a political power. It was Harry S. Cornish, then athletic head of the old Manhattan A. C. who gave White his eastern start and he became a tremendous card.

Later, in 1900, White fought the terrible Terry McGovern, but at a different Club, and just as it was getting most interesting, the lights went out and the combat was postponed.

O'Rourke's Broadway club was near the corner of Broadway and Astor place. The building was made over from a show place called "London Streets" and afterwards many famous old battles were decided there.

Of the principals that night thirty-four years ago in New York's first real legalized battle, only O'Rourke, Sam Austin and White survive. The first two are still at it in New York and White has a responsible position in Chicago. "Parson" Davies and little Dixon have long since passed on.

(*This is the first of a series of old-time articles by Ed Smith, veteran scribe and referee of many famous battles of a generation ago.*)

Fight Managers Attention!

Advertise your boxers in THE RING. Fight Promoters throughout the world read this magazine. Help yourself and help your boys by keeping their names before the public. It pays. Ask those who have used this medium. For rates address THE RING, Advertising Dept., Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page* 21)

Saturday. Came Sunday—and the bull fight.

We did the thing up in the very best fashion. The parade started from in front of the Hotel Butte. First came the band. Then an open barouche—the only one in town—bearing Senor Juan Jose De Robles, caparisoned in the approved regalia of a bull fighter. Behind him, Nolan and I rode in a buggy. The troupe of bull fighters, collected from heaven only knows where, followed us on foot, except for the picadors, I think they are called, who proudly rode their spavined horses. It was a brave array.

The arena was jammed. In the pens at one end the bulls, which had not been fed for a couple of days, pawed and bellowed. Senior Juan Jose de Robles, to the accompaniment of a deafening cheer, led his gallant company into the center of the arena, then walked majestically to a spot in front of the "royal box," where he made a sweeping bow to a local character known as "Fleusey Bill," who occupied the place usually given over to the most distinguished spectator at a bull fight.

"Fleusey Bill" returned the bow. The crowd cheered again. The gate of the pen slid back and the first bull charged madly in the general direction of Senor Juan Jose De Robles.

The crowd was breathless. The bull lunged once, stopped short and braced his feet, looked about him, blinked a couple of times and then began to wag his tail as friendly as you please. In vain did Senor Juan Jose De Robles stick him with long, feathered darts. In vain did the assistant bull fighters flaunt brightly colored cloths before him. The bull had no intention of fighting Senor Juan Jose De Robles or anybody else.

* * *

WITH a gesture of disgust, the matador signaled to his men to banish that bull and send out another. The second bull didn't even make the initial charge. He trotted in, looked about him curiously and began to sniff the parched terrain in search of grass. The crowd, which had begun to get restless at the capers of the first bull, now turned to hooting. The second bull was ushered out and a cow, said to be more dangerous than a bull when properly aroused, was ushered in. The blowoff came when the cow tried to kiss Senor Juan Jose De Robles.

First there came a fusillade of cushions. Then came seats ripped from the stand. Then came huge sections of the stand. The enraged miners, feeling they had been cheated, had started to tear down the arena and throw it in our faces. But not Nolan's face—and not mine! By the time the barrage was well under way, Billy and I were racing back to town in our buggy, determined to get the gate receipts, amounting to some $18,000, in a safe place before the outraged customers could take it away from us.

Within a few days the indignation of the populace had subsided and the attention of the town was directed once more toward the impending clash between Nelson and Herrera. The fighters arrived to complete their training and we occupied ourselves mending the damage that had been done to the arena and putting seats in the space we had left vacant for the bull fight. Nelson, making his first visit to Butte, was looked after principally by Nolan and the pair became friends before the day of the fight dawned.

It was a gruelling, stubborn fight but Nelson, surviving punches in the early rounds that would have flattened any other lightweight, got the decision at the end of twenty rounds and jubilantly left for San Francisco one step nearer the world's lightweight championship.

Nolan, tiring of Butte and knowing that I also had lost my zest for the town and soon would be heading back to Chicago, followed Nelson to San Francisco. I was not surprised to hear a few months later that Nelson, having had a quarrel with Murphy, had left him and placed himself under Nolan's management. The pair had many mutual friends in San Francisco and one of them was Harry Corbett, who suggested the arrangement to Nelson.

(*To be Continued in Next Issue*)

The Lost Chord

(*Continued from page* 13)

it. You get $30,000 for your end, which should be easy, soft money if Tilt is as punk as you say he is."

They made the match. Tainey against Gittren. And how the newspaper boys went for that one! A natural! Revenge and all that sort of thing. But little did they dream that their yarns were 100 per cent the truth. It was revenge!

* * *

PERHAPS the aging Gittren held Tainey too cheaply and did not train hard enough. Perhaps Gittren at last was paying the toll of years of hard campaigning. Perhaps Tainey was a better fighter than had been supposed.

But it was a whale of a battle under the stars and the moon at the Polo Grounds. Gittren scored a knockdown in the fourth and in the fifth had his man on the verge of a knockout.

But Tainey heard the taunts. Beauty parlor fighter! He saw the tears roll from Molly's eyes. Tainey fought as a man fights when his girl pleads and his opponent tantalizes with jibes.

Tainey came back and in the seventh caught Gittren flush on the jaw with a left. They came in close and Gittren put on a sickly smile and said, "The next round for you, my pretty boy."

But Gittren was in trouble and Gittren knew it. His legs were beginning to wabble. Thirty-one. He was losing the range with his left.

In the ninth Gittren swung with his right—a long, wicked swing, which struck Tainey on his Adam's apple. It was the same old story. Tainey became panic-stricken. He tried to speak, and not a word could he utter.

Once more had Gittren paralyzed his vocal chords. Tainey went berserk. He smashed with right and left, crashed for the body and struck for the head in an insane fury.

Had Gittren been fresher he would have been able to profit by this madness. Tilt threw caution to the winds. It was destruction he was bent on now, and he fought like a maniac, with the madman's gleam in his eye.

In the tenth round Gittren caught a left on the jaw, and they carried him out.

Tainey was incoherent. Tainey was speechless. The experts who crowded his dressing room found him unable to say a word, tears running down his face in the reaction. A girl kneeled by his side—she too was crying.

"I shouldn't have done it, Tilt, I shouldn't have done it," she kept repeating over and over again, between sobs.

* * *

"Well, I'm a son of a gun, Tilt. This will make you bigger and better than ever before. Yodel some more. I like to hear you. The box office will like it, too. Matter of fact, we have missed you, Tilt—missed you badly in dollars and cents," said Mort Dahlet, chief of the Humanavox Films. "Tell the newspaper boys here all about it."

* * *

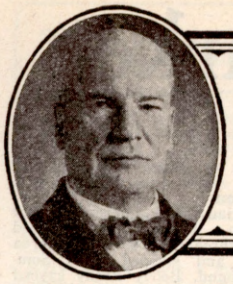
"NOTHING much to tell," said Tainey. "Gittren killed my voice by paralyzing my vocal chords in that Beak Buster series. In our fight he did the trick all over again.

"This time he jarred one of the chords loose, removed a congestion or something or other. The medico could tell you better. But after being speechless for a week, I found I had my old voice back.

"Of course, that meant the films once more. No, I am not going to challenge the German, even for the publicity. I think I've had enough of fighting. What do you say, Molly?"

"Let's go to Paris, to London," suggested the girl.

"Nothing doing, young lady!" announced Tilton John Tainey. "I am no John D. Rockefeller. We'll get married, take a week off, and then I'll go back to work. They need me in the uplift of the talkies."



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

A RING Reader

Q.—When Harry Cady K. O'd. Oscar Lininger in the second round, did Lininger have the better of the fight?

A.—Neither name mentioned in any records.

Q.—Who was winning the Jack Sharkey-Max Schmeling fight up to the foul?

A.—Sharkey.

Q.—Did Jess Stoner ever meet Stanley Ketchel?

A.—His name does not appear in Ketchel's complete record.

Q.—In what club did the Frankie Jerome—Bronx Irish Johnny Curtin, Jersey fight take place? Jerome scored technical kayo in round one.

A.—Jerome defeated Curtin August 21, 1923, Curtin being unable to continue after falling from ring in first round. They met again December 28, 1923, and Curtin got the decision at the end of ten rounds. The first match was at the Queensboro—the second at the Garden, not in Jersey.

RING Reader, Memphis, Tenn.

Q.—Was Gene Delmont a great fighter? How many champions did he fight? Was he leading in bout with Tod Morgan when his eye was damaged?

A.—Delmont lost to Morgan in 10 rounds in 1925. Bout evenly contested up to time Delmont's eye was injured. No boxing records carry Delmont's name and contests. Considered a fairly good boxer, but not a great fighter.

Fight Fan, Cincinnati, O.

Q.—Who would win a Singer-Berg bout?

A.—Singer.

Q.—Is Long Tom Hawkins considered Negro heavyweight champion of the world since he won on a foul from George Godfrey?

A.—World's titles are not conferred because of race or color of skin. Solely to the ablest men in the classes, without reference to nationality. There is no law to prevent Hawkins claiming to be the ablest heavyweight of the Negro race, but his claim will not be sustained by any boxing commission in America.

Q.—If a champion is knocked out in a decisionless bout would the title change hands provided the victor was within the weight limit?

A.—The general rule is that champion and challenger in a title match must not exceed the class limit of weight. The modern procedure is for the champion to insist on opponent weighing above the limit, thus destroying the titular quality of bout.

Q.—How do you rate Freddie Miller, Tommy Paul and Babe Hunt?

A.—Miller active feather, but without real test to date. Paul, a good feather with win over Scalfaro and other able men. Hunt, vigorous heavy. Went 10 rounds with Stribling in 1929 and has done fairly well.

Zulu Kid, Brooklyn.

Q.—Where is Mike O'Dowd, former middleweight champion, and what is he doing?

A.—Paddy Mullins, who managed O'Dowd, says he is in St. Paul taking life easy. He is a sheriff. An injury to one of his legs prevents active work.

Boston, Reader

Q.—Have you records of "Biff" Lemineux, New Brunswick, and Fighter Jang, of Shediac, N. B.

A.—Neither is mentioned in any records.

Kid Webster, St. Louis, Mo.

Q.—Drinking a pint of milk, with two raw eggs every morning seems to benefit me. What is your opinion?

A.—Extremely nourishing. So long as it agrees with you, continue.

Notice To Our Readers

NO answers will be mailed to queries unless a self-addressed stamped envelope accompanies your letter. THE RING receives several thousand letters monthly for the query department and finds it too costly to forward an answer unless the reader pays the postage. As space is limited and only one page can be devoted each month to the query department, those who want a quick reply, should send postage for a personal answer.

A. C. of Harlem

Q.—Give me the correct name and nationality of Martin Canole.

A.—Martin Canole, born in Clare, Ireland, Oct. 13, 1882. Lightweight. Lost bouts to Jimmy Britt, Battling Nelson, and Dick Nelson. Fairly good boxer, but not of championship calibre. Present whereabouts, if alive, unknown.

J. A. B., Akron, O.

Q.—Give time and place of Risko-Sharkey contests, and officials' decisions.

A.—Risko lost to Sharkey, ten rounds to decision, Boston, Sept 17, 1925, and won from Sharkey 15 rounds to a decision, New York, March 12, 1928.

Q.—My age is 18, 5 ft. 7½ in. tall, 120 pounds. What will be the figures at full growth?

A.—Probably 5 ft., 9 in., 160 pounds.

Moses Butcher, Petersburg, Va.

Q.—What is one of the best boxing courses?

A.—"Training for Boxers," issued by RING. Also "How to Box." Price of each $1. The Jimmy Deforest, Earl Liederman, Gus Martel, Tex O'Rourke and Strongfort courses are all excellent.

Q.—Is 22 years too old to start boxing?

A.—No, provided you have learned the rudiments. Otherwise, get a competent teacher.

Q.—I am 5 feet, 2 inches tall and weigh 122 pounds. Am I too short?

A.—Not if sound and vigorous physically.

Q.—What is the measurement of the smallest fighter on record?

A.—Jimmy Wilde, world's flyweight champion, stood 5 ft., 2 in. in height and when he started weighed 108 pounds. There may have been smaller fighters but not prominent. The smallest in the field now is a lad called Liggett who boxes in England.

Reader, Joliet, Ill.

Q.—Could Sharkey defeat Dempsey if the latter were in his prime?

A.—Unlikely.

Q.—Would Pancho Villa have won from Frankie Genaro, if the former were in top form at the time?

A.—Genaro won from Villa in a 15 round bout March 1, 1923, for American flyweight title, Villa in good condition.

Q.—What light heavies can beat Lou Scozza?

A.—Rosenbloom and Slattery.

A RING Reader.

Q.—Will you please print the complete measurements of Singer and McLarnin?

A.—Singer		—McLarnin
22	Age	26
135	Weight	140
5 ft. 6 in.	Height	5 ft. 5 in.
65 in.	Reach	71 in.
34 in.	Chest	36 in.
28 in.	Waist	29 in.
12¼ in.	Biceps	13 in.
14½ in.	Calf	14 in.

Q.—I am 5 ft. 9 in., heavily built and weigh 165 pounds. How can I develop speed?

A.—Use light punching bag, and sprint at short intervals when doing road work. Get "Training for Boxers" from THE RING, $1.

Q.—How many bouts has Al Brown won?

A.—Up to the close of 1929, 53 winning bouts.

Q.—Will exercising with weights injure one?

A.—Exercising with heavy weights tends to induce slowness, which is a detriment to skillful boxing.

Bert E. Daniels, South Bend, Ind.

Q.—I am 20 years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, weigh 124 pounds. I have a good boxing record and am looking for a manager.

A.—Try White Front A. C., South Chapin Street, South Bend.

RING Fan, Garfield, N. J.

Q.—My age is 14, weight 150 pounds, height 5 ft. 9 in. What will my weight and height be at 21?

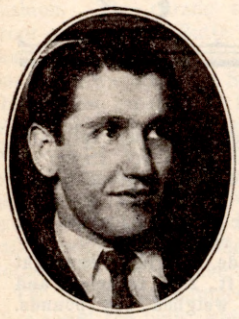
A.—Probably 6 ft. and 195 pounds.

Q.—Will "Training for Boxers" aid me in a ring career? If I train and take care of myself will I make a good heavy?

A.—"Training for Boxers" excellent guide to youngsters. In addition to careful living you must have skill and courage to succeed as a boxer.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN



SOME important changes were recorded through several upsets last month that confused the ratings in several divisions. Chief among them was the crowning of the new welterweight champion, Tommy Freeman, who gained the verdict over Young Jack Thompson. Al Singer went out of his class against Jimmy McLarnin and suffered the consequences. He was stopped in the third round.

Tony Canzoneri's defeat by Billy Petrolle; Battling Battalino's defeat again over the weight by Roger Bernard; Leo Lomski's knockout at the hands of King Levinsky and the remarkable rise of Babe Hunt through his victories over Johnny Risko and Ernie Schaaf were the contributing factors that brought about the switches in the ratings.

The principal changes of the month follow: Tommy Freeman replaces Thompson as leader of the welters; Billy Petrolle steps into the front line of lightweight contenders; Babe Hunt's entry in the heavyweight ranks and Lew Paluso gaining a spot in the lightweight rankings constitute the important happenings.

In the heavyweight division Primo Carnera continues to dispose of talent in very quick time. He kayoed Pat McCarthy in two rounds; Riccardo Bertazzolo in three; and Jack Gross in four sessions. Babe Hunt turned in victories over Johnny Risko and Ernie Schaaf.

Jose Santa, Portugese giant and a rival of Carnera's in size, disposed of a few rivals. Joe kayoed Umberto Torriano in four rounds; Jack Shaw in two; Pedro Lopez in one, and won the decision over King Solomon. Dick Daniels came through with two victories over Marty Gallagher and Al Fay. Jimmy Braddock kayoed Phil Mercurio in two rounds.

Marty Fox, a real comer, kayoed Lew Barba in one round. Ralph Ficucello disposed of Armando De Carlis and George Hoffman in one round each. Tom Heeney came through with a victory over George Panka. Tony Galento kayoed Frank Montagna in three rounds. Jack Renault scored over Salvatore Ruggirellol. Paul Cavalier stopped Jack Kane in six.

Add Warren stopped Tiny Jim Herman in ten rounds. Jack Webb flattened Carlos Oldino in nine rounds. Al Walker kayoed George Smith in the second. Long Tom Hawkins disposed of Jack Townsend in two rounds. Frankie Wine whipped Young Bob Fitzsimmons but was beaten by Joe Lohman.

Jake Warren kayoed Tommy Dorr. Nisse Ramm drew with Joe Miller. Garfield Johnson kayoed Mike McTigue in four rounds. Stanley Porada won from Andy Mitchell. Tiger Tom Dixon scored over George Gemas but was kayoed by Con O'Kelly in eight rounds.

KING LEVINSKY asserted himself in the light-heavyweight ranks with a five-round knockout over Leo Lomski and six-round kayo over Jack Kraken. Larry Johnson disposed of Fred Lenhart in two rounds. George Courtney kayoed Cowboy Jack Willis in seven rounds. Pete Latzo scored over Jim Herman.

Joe Sekyra whipped Matt Adgie but was whipped by Charley Belanger. Sam Weiss kayoed Ralph Kid Wagner in four rounds and defeated Rosy Rosales. Rosales stopped Art Weigand in seven rounds. Roy Wallace scored over Charley Red Boyette. Dan Gasparo whipped Tiger Payne.

Dave Maier knocked out Paul Pantaleo in two rounds. Bob Olin defeated Bremen Eddie Husil and stopped Pat Walsh in three rounds. Al Gainer defeated Jack Kelly. Edgar Norman scored knockouts over Bert Quinn and Frankie Wine. Joe Anderson and Vincent Forgione fought a draw. George Nichols bested George Allen and drew with Tiger Thomas. Indian Tiger West bested Harry Fuller.

The middleweight division was featured principally with that nine-round no-contest affair between Harry Smith and Gorilla Jones. Jones whipped Jack Willis while Smith trimmed Mickey Fedor. Vince Dundee trounced Abie Bain. Frank Battaglia, a newcomer from Winnipeg, defeated My Sullivan. Ben Jeby whipped Joe Dundee.

Allie Wolff, former collegian, kayoed Billy Murphy in three rounds. Billy Kohut was beaten by Jackie Aldare and Ricardo Alis. Joe La Grey defeated Buck Duane and Steve Goteh. Frankie O'Brien whipped Paul Rojas and knocked out Paulie Sykes in five rounds. Enzo Fiermonte scored over Jack Kiernan and Eric Holmberg. Louie Mays and Charley Arthurs drew.

TOMMY FREEMAN now reigns at the head of the welterweight division through his victory over Young Jack Thompson. Johnny Indrisano scored over Tommy Rios and Manny Davis. Baby Joe Gans knocked out Young Saylor in the third round. Paul Pirrone kayoed Pete Meyers in the fourth. Sammy Jackson kayoed Bucky Lawless in the tenth session.

Ruby Goldstein added another kayo to his list when he stopped Jack Zivic in the third round. Andy Di Vodi drew with Eddie Murdock. Pete Suskey, a youngster who bears considerable promise, from Scranton, defeated Jimmy Goodrich.

Jack Kid Berg defended his junior-welterweight title on two occasions, defeating Joe Glick and Buster Brown. Glick also lost a newspaper decision to Mickey Cohen, of Denver. Manuel Quintero stopped Frankie Bray in five rounds and defeated Eddie Murdock. Sammy Mandell, former lightweight champion, is now attempting a comeback in the 140-pound ranks and defeated Mickey O'Neill as the beginning.

Eddie Elkins came through with a surprise victory over Tommy Grogan and also drew with Johnny O'Keefe. Herman Perlick defeated Al Bryant and Phil Richards. Bryant stopped Buck Oliva in five rounds. Henry Perlick kayoed Eddie Reilly in eight rounds.

THE disastrous defeat suffered by Al Singer did not affect his lightweight crown. Tony Canzoneri lost prestige when he was beaten by Billy Petrolle, who is staging a really fine comeback. Petrolle also kayoed Doty Turner in three rounds. Sammy Dorfman and Steve Haliako battled to a draw.

Tony Herrera drew with Maxie Strub and kayoed Gaston Charles in two rounds. Lew Paluso outpointed Armando Aguilar. Ray Miller kayoed Mike Sarko in three rounds. Tod Morgan whipped Eddie Mack. Tony Caragliano kayoed Solly Ritz in four rounds and Jimmy Canzoneri in six. Ritz was also beaten by George Balduc who was kayoed by Patsy Ruffalo in four rounds. Ruffalo also scored over Eddie Provoe. Bobby Mays won on a foul from Al Winkler in the fifth round. Mel Aragon stopped Danny Levine in six rounds and defeated Sammy White. White was beaten by Solly Schwartz. Young Zazzerino drew with Nat Arno. Herman Folins kayoed Al Santoro in one round. Billy Lynch scored over Phil Richards. Al Ridgeway kayoed Frankie La Fay in four rounds. Al Gordon bested Jose Diaz.

Benny Bass scored two victories over Eddie Anderson and lost on a foul to Tommy Cello in two rounds but his junior-lightweight title is still intact. Al Foreman kayoed Mickey Genaro in three rounds. Freddy Miller whipped Cecil Payne and Jackie Dugan.

Mike Gelb, Hungarian crack, defeated Max Leiner and Leo Dazzo. Battling Gizzy kayoed Al Rube Goldberg in three rounds. Eddie Cerda whipped Petey Mack and stopped Jules Sombarthy in the fourth round. Bobby Brady kayoed Leo Kid Roy in the eighth round. Teddy Watson bested Petey Mack.

Battling Battalino has more than his share of misfortune in carting that featherweight title around, but he always manages somehow to retain it. His latest conqueror was Roger Bernard. The victory was scored at Detroit but it was an overweight match. Eddie Shea kayoed Joey Rychell in two rounds. Koli Kolo, classy Porto Rican, whipped Nick De Salvo and stopped Gaston Charles in one round.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

The following are my ratings for the month ending September 22:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Mickey Walker	World's Champion Tommy Freeman	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
1—Young Stribling	Larry Johnson	Dave Shade	Jimmy McLarnin	King Tut
2—Jack Sharkey	Jimmy Slattery	Rene De Vos	Young Corbett	Manuel Quintero
3—Primo Carnera	King Levinsky	Len Harvey	Young Jack Thompson	Billy Townsend
4—George Godfrey	Pete Latzo	Harry Smith	Jackie Fields	Sammy Mandell
5—Victorio Campolo	Tait Littman	Gorilla Jones	Johnny Indrisano	Joe Medill
6—Tuffy Griffiths	George Courtney	Harry Ebbets	Baby Joe Gans	Stanislaus Loayza
7—Babe Hunt	Joe Banovic	Vince Dundee	Paul Pirrone	Bruce Flowers
8—Johnny Risko	Charley Belanger	Roy Williams	Ruby Goldstein	Eddie Elkins
9—Paulino Uzcudun	Al Gainer	Joe Zelinsky	Sammy Jackson	Armando Aguilar
10—Max Baer	Billy Jones	Frank Battaglia	Andy Di Vodi	Mickey Cohen

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Al Singer	World's Champion Benny Bass	World's Champion Batt Battalino	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Jack Kid Berg	Al Foreman	Kid Chocolate	Al Brown	Midget Wolgast
2—Billy Petrolle	Roger Bernard	Earl Mastro	Kid Francis	Frankie Genaro
3—Justo Suarez	Pete Nebo	Fidel La Barba	Pete Sanstol	Willie Davies
4—Louis Kid Kaplan	Johnny Farr	Eddie Shea	Joe Scalfaro	Frank Kid Anselm
5—Tony Canzoneri	Freddy Miller	Lew Massey	Vidal Gregario	Phil Tobias
6—Sammy Dorfman	Cecil Payne	Bud Taylor	Archie Bell	Marty Gold
7—Steve Haliako	Harry Blitman	Bushy Graham	Newsboy Brown	Jackie Harmon
8—Tony Herrera	Maurice Holtzer	Tommy Paul	Domencio Bernasconi	Black Bill
9—Lew Paluso	Davey Abad	Koli Kolo	Harry Fierro	Art Giroux
10—Ray Miller	Bobby Brady	Johnny Datto	Dick Corbett	Johnny McCoy

Nel Tarleton, British feather, fought a draw with Jimmy Slavin and defeated Mickey Greb. Tracey Cox scored over Henry Falegano. Pete De Grasse drew with Sindulfo Diaz and defeated Johnny Erickson. Erickson triumphed over Jackie Rodgers. Lew Feldman whipped Jackie Cohen.

Benny Sharkey, practically an unknown, defeated Teddy Baldock in England.

Among the bantamweights, Al Brown stopped Johnny Vacca in three rounds. Kid Francis defeated Harry Forbes in Chicago. Pete Sanstol kayoed Carl Cavelli in five rounds. Joe Scalfaro defeated Vidal Gregario. Newsboy Brown triumphed over Chato Laredo. Johnny Pena stopped Frankie Garcia in four rounds and licked Lew Pacion.

Lew Farber defeated Bobby Leitham in Montreal. Frankie Bauman won from Howard Artt. Mickey Cohen won over Lous Carpentero in Cleveland. Peter Hayes kayoed Vic Medalla in two rounds and bested Matty Di Santis.

Willie Davies was about the most prominent flyweight in action during the month. He scored over Happy Atherton. Frankie Kid Anslem whipped Carl Cavelli. Marty Gold turned in a victory over Black Bill. Art Giroux drew with Johnny McCoy.

The ten best prospects of the month are:

Flyweights—Abe Israel, Portland, Ore.
Bantamweights—Tony Shea, Chicago, Ill.
Featherweights—Stanley Winneryk, Haverhill, Mass.
Junior-lightweights — Nick Salvatore, Newark, N. J.
Lightweights—Sammy O'Dell, Akron, Ohio.
Junior-welterweights—Meyer Frager, Chicago, Ill.
Welterweights — Abe Lichtenstein, Rochester, N. Y.
Middleweights—Tony Dominquez, Havana, Cuba.
Light-heavyweights—Charley Red Boyette, New York City.
Heavyweights—Jack Webb, Orlando Beach, Fla.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

NATE DAX comes forth with the announcement that he has signed a contract with the local Auditorium officials, giving him exclusive rights to promote amateur and professional boxing shows there, during the fall and winter season. Dax will be assisted by Sol Shulkin, his partner in his theatrical ventures.

Harry Jones made a good move when he rematched Billy Love, from Omaha, and Urban Liberty, former Minneapolis, Minn., and Lake City, Ia., lightweight, who is making Sioux City his headquarters. The fight was a good draw. Bobby O'Dowd, local bantam, made a bad mistake when he spotted Baby "Tiger" Flowers of Omaha too much weight, and lost a fast sixer. Sammy Mazzaro, of Omaha, stopped Babe Barnes, local feather, in the fourth round. Carl Anderson, Omaha, junior welter, lost by a shade to Ray Mann of Sioux City, while Tony Vacanti lost to Kid Howard in another four.

A stable of boxers that deserve space in this column is that of Andy and Emil Jensen in Omaha. The Jensen brothers have Billy Love, lightweight; Eddie Sebron, middleweight; Haskell Lee, welterweight; Sammy Mazzaro, featherweight, and others. Old timers will no doubt recall Emil Jensen, when he fought under the name of "Kid" Jensen, Omaha's fighting Dane, many years ago. In his day, he fought such stars as Young Corbett, Morrie Bloom, and other tough ones. His record showed 264 fights. The Jensen boys can be reached at 2306 Grant Street, Omaha, Nebr.

Out-of-town promoters must like Sioux City talent. During the past month the scribe has been called upon a number of times to locate fighters and managers for them.

Kid Rappato was beaten by Jimmy Wooten, stable mate of Tommy Grogan. Wooten won every round. He looks like a comer.

Sammy Sacco, junior lightweight, in fine trim, drew with Sammy Mazzaro of Omaha.

Chuck Patterson, another stable mate of Tommy Grogan's, boxed six rounds to a draw with Ray Mann, Sioux City's blond welter. Francis Gatewood, of Decatur, Neb., shaded Kid Miller, local feather, in four, and Kid Jabo jabbed out a four-round win over Tony Vacanti, Omaha bantam. Ernest Cates, of Elk Point, So. Dak., won the three-round opener over Elmer "Kid" Carter, also of Elk Point.

Forest City, Ia.—Johnny O'Hara, clever St. Paul middleweight, handed Kid Carr, the Sioux City-Onawa Express, an eight-round licking.

Tyndall, So. Dak.—Johnny Lambert, Sioux City middleweight, was knocked out in the third round by Irish McKenna. George Gregg, Yankton lightweight, shaded Sailor Burke, Sioux City, in six. Paul Anthony, Sioux City's fighting manager, lost to Johnny Gregg, junior welter from Yankton, in four. Jimmy Thompson Sioux City feather, stopped Kid Sparky, of Yankton, in the second round of their four.

Sioux Falls, So. Dak.—Mickey O'Donnel, clever Sioux City featherweight, was given a decision over Speedy Clayton, of Sioux Falls, in a fast six-rounder.

We have had so many bouts during the past month, that space will not permit a story on each, so herewith are the results in short order:

Urban Liberty won over Red Vanderwert, tough Lincoln Neb., lightweight, by a T. K. O. in the fifth round of a sixer.

Freddie Penn, Omaha bantam, and Harold Matthews, of Lincoln, Neb., fought a fast six-round draw.

Jimmy Thompson, local feather, won over Don Carmen of Lincoln, Neb., in six.

Young Corbett of Omaha shaded Babe Barnes, local feather, in four.

Young Tuffy Griffith, Kingsley, Ia., feather, lost to Kenny Wright, of Lincoln, Neb., in four.

On another good card, Ernie North, Waterloo, Ia., junior lightweight, shaded our local comer, Johnny Burds, in six rounds.

Bobby O'Dowd, local bantam, outpointed Freddie Penn, of Omaha, in six.

Ray Mann, Sioux City's star welterweight, and Canada Jack Dempsey, of Waterloo, Ia., fought six slam-bang rounds to a draw.

Young Tuffy Griffith held Francis Gatewood, the Decatur, Neb., feather to a four-round draw.

Kid Howard stopped Indian Tebo in the second round of their four-rounder. Both are local bantams.

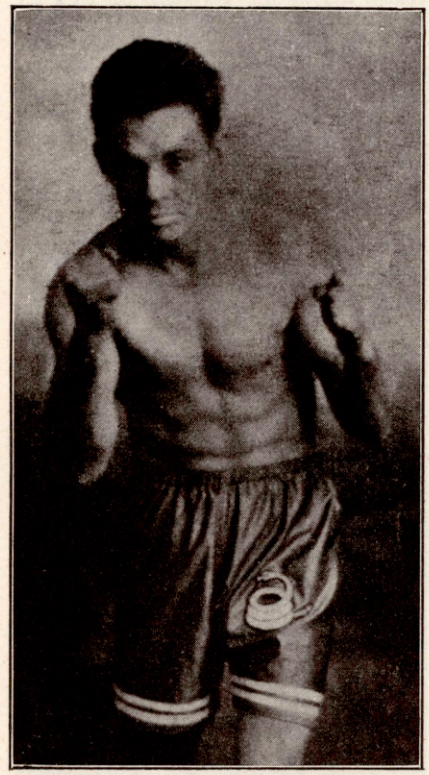
In a sizzling six-rounder, Kid Ray, Waterloo, Ia., welterweight, punched George Kenard of Sioux City and Omaha all over the ring to win.

Mickey O'Donnell, our fighting wind-mill, won over Max West, Waterloo, Ia., feather in four. Baby Sacco and White Dale fought four rounds to a draw, and Kid Jabo drew with Kid Howard in four.

In one of the best fights of the month, Harold Matthews, Lincoln, Neb., bantam, shaded Bobby O'Dowd, local lad, in a fast eight-rounder at Riverview park arena. It was the largest turnout of the season. In the semi-windup, Sammy Martin, local colored junior welter, lost to Steve Mickna of Omaha, by a T. K. O. in the last round. In a four-rounder, Chuck Slotkin, Omaha lightweight, and Kid Rippatoe, fought a draw. Babe Barnes, tough local feather, won over Don Carmen of Lincoln, Neb., in four. Baby Sacco won over Kid Howard.

Onawa, Ia.—Kid Carr, the Sioux City-Onawa Express, stopped Rich Matlock, Omaha colored middleweight, in the fifth round.

Davey Montrose, former Sioux City boxer, and better known on fistic sheets as "Newsboy" Brown, is making the fight world sit up and take notice with his actions.



Flash Russell, Joplin, Mo., bantamweight with a good record

Walt Pritchard, who promoted shows all summer at the ball park, has closed down for the season. Walt says he will be back on the job next year. Last but not least, Walt wants it known, that he is a red-blooded booster for the RING, and same is on sale at his lunch room.

A fight that ranked with the best of the out-door season saw Billy Vaughn, the Omaha lightweight, hand Urban Liberty, the newcomer to Sioux City fistic ranks, a two-fisted beating in eight rounds. The Omaha lad won by a wide margin. In the semi-windup, Richie Mack, Minneapolis lightweight, drew with Eddie Graham, local colored boy, in six rounds. Young Tuffy Griffith drew with Kid Howard in four. Al Konze, Minneapolis light-heavyweight and Tex Smith, colored, fought four on even terms. Sylvester Joeb, colored lightweight, stopped Indian Ray, the fighting Sioux, in the second round of their four.

Carl Wells, Omaha junior lightweight, stopped Ernie North of Waterloo, Ia., when North suffered a serious cut on his lip. Kid Ray, the middleweight flash from Waterloo, Ia., had little trouble in licking Kid Carr the Sioux City-Onawa Express in six. Babe Barnes, local feather, outweighing "Newsboy" Joey Rich several pounds, won in six. Reddy Adair, local lightweight, lost by a shade to Sylvester Joeb, local colored lightweight in four. Jimmy Thompson shaded White Dale, featherweight from Waterloo, in a slow four.

Newsboy Joey Rich is back home after a successful trip to the West Coast. Rich has placed himself under the management of Louie Tattleman, Sioux City fight manager and announcer.

Urban Liberty hung the K. O. on Ernie North, of Waterloo, Ia., in the last round of their eight-round mix-up.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Paul Anthony, local manager and fighter, has turned matchmaker, and will open the season at Norfolk, Neb. Boxers and managers can reach Anthony in care of the Norfolk Hotel, Norfolk, Neb. Good luck, Paul. . . . Harry Jones was the only promoter who staged shows the past month. He had two a week. . . . Homer Sheridan is home from the coast. . . . Billy Love and his manager, Andy Jensen, passed through Sioux City from Omaha, bound for Northern Minnesota on a fishing trip. . . . Eddie Morris, veteran middleweight, will open a new gym soon. . . . Sioux City is flooded with free-lance fighters and they are getting nowhere. . . . Baby Sacco looks like the best prospect for the month. . . . Nate Dax can be reached at 826-4th Street, Sioux City, Iowa. . . . Peter J. Ferrari, of Plainesville, Penn., left town on the fly. . . . Matt Smith, veteran lightweight, is looking for bouts. . . . Murray McLean, popular St. Paul, Minn., manager, has his stable all set for the season. . . . The American Legion may start promoting shows again. . . . Bobby Paul has the largest stable of boxers in Northwest Iowa. . . . Tom Brislane is standing by. . . . In a return bout at Omaha, Ray Mann was knocked out in four rounds by Chuck Patterson. . . . All notes for this column must be in the hands of the writer by the 16th of the month. . . . Send same to 2206 N. Lafayette place, Sioux City, Iowa, . . . or call 8-6224 . . . . So long.

EASTERN IOWA NOTES

HESCEDRO MONTELLO, Chicago's leading flyweight, under the management of Duke Barry and Don Curley, had no trouble in defeating Vale Falegano, Des Moines' good little Filipino battler at Victor, Ia., over the 10-round route.

Bert Viscioni, fast-fighting and popular featherweight of the Barry and Curley combine, underwent a successful operation for a hernia and is now convalescent.

Davenport, once the leading fight center of the state, has sadly deteriorated. Des Moines now is leading by far better shows and with the resumption of boxing at Cedar Rapids, that city too will likely take the lead over Davenport.

"Red" Henaghan, Davenport promoter, put on Young Terry in the feature bout with Billy Hoon of Rock Island in his last show.

At Waterloo, Ia., "Lefty" Martler, of Moline, Ill., scored his second knockout in his comeback when he flattened Jack McGraw, a good battler who is handled by Jack Denison, former Canadian welter champion.

Pete Bos, light heavy, of Rock Island, lathered Leo Stokes, western fighter, with everything but the ring post, when they collided at Waterloo.

Iowa City, the big collegiate center of the state, endeavored to get Pep Jennings, Des Moines bantamweight, to mingle with Hescedro Montello, Chicago star, in the feature of their opening show, but Jennings passed up the flattering terms to meet the Chicago Cuban.

Johnny Fryrear is the popular matchmaker of the American Legion of Cedar Rapids. Fryrear informed your author that he is seriously considering the engaging of the mammoth new City Auditorium as the place to stage his forthcoming shows.

Kid Leonard, popular Belgian welter, of Moline, experienced no difficulty in outpointing Slick Jesnick, of Newton, at Victor, Ia., over the 10-round distance. Charley Schlesselman, popular promoter of Victor, is staging stellar encounters in his city.

Do you know that— Dave Fidler, successful Des Moines promoter, started as a boxer? That Johnny Fryrear, promoter at Cedar Rapids, fought at one time? That Johnny Fulton is one of the best attractions that Fryrear shows? That Red Henaghan, Davenport boxing impresario, was a soda jerker before he entered the boxing game? That the Davenport Levee Commission has authorized the city to build a huge public stadium on the bank of the Mississippi river, and that work will start immediately?

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE outstanding feature that attracted the New York fans during the month of September was the handicap battle waged by Al Singer, world's lightweight champion, against Jimmy McLarnin, who could rightly be termed "Uncrowned Welterweight King of Them All." Singer succumbed to the terrific hitting powers of the mighty McLarnin in the third round after making a desperate fight of it for two rounds in which he dropped Jimmy to his knees in the first. Al managed to have a shade the best of it in the second.

Singer came out of his corner confidently and determined. He was in a serious predicament and it was his duty to fight his way out of it. He cut loose with flying fists and outpunched Jimmy in a series of exchanges and made Jimmy's knees buckle down before the round ended. It was sheer, unadulterated courage on Singer's part and he was deserving of loads of credit for his plucky stand.

He went down twice in the third round from terrific jolts to the chin and body but he was full of fight until the battle was over. There was no disgrace attached to his defeat. Singer won many new friends with his plucky performance.

As for McLarnin, he proved himself the greatest of all modern day pugilists. Pound for pound, he stands out as the peer of them all today. A crafty, cunning ring general with boxing skill at his fingertips and dynamite concealed behind either fist. He has every possible requisite that a super-champion requires.

An exhibition in gameness seldom equalled was that revealed by Nel Tarleton, slender English featherweight, in his eight-round bout with Jimmy Slavin. Nel received some terrific blows below the belt that literally caved him in and had him rolling on the floor from the excruciating pain. The stupid rule of counting out a man whether it be a foul or fair punch was carried out but Nel beat the count on two occasions arising at the nine count. During the minute's rest, he could not sit properly yet Nel managed to last the eight rounds and through a rally in the closing sessions, he earned a draw. If Phil Scott were only present, he could have learned some fine traits for himself from Tarlton.

One of the finest little prospects that we ever gazed at was revealed in the person of Steve Haliako, former Olympic amateur champion, and now making excellent progress in the pro ranks. Halaiko fought a draw with Sammy Dorfman and his exhibition, considering the caliber of opponent he was facing, was little short of marvelous.

Halaiko is a beautiful boxer with a sharp, snappy left jab. He uses a straight right in conjunction and has real class. With just about six more months' experience, he will be ready for the Singers, Bergs, and Canzoneris.

Lew Scozza has been reclining on the sidelines for the past few months due to a bone removal in his elbow. Scozza is in the front rank of the light heavyweight contenders and there are very few who can whip him.

A picturesque figure with the name of Piereto K. O. Anzolatti, a Spanish middleweight, is seeking the services of a good manager. Piereto claims that he had never an opportunity of displaying his goods and can be located at 400 St. Claire Ave., New Philadelphia, Ohio.

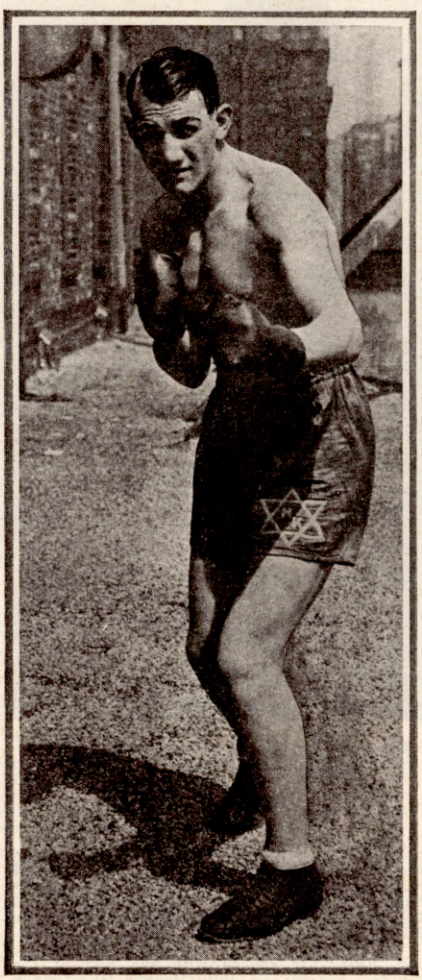
Ad Thatcher, of Toledo, who was prominently identified with the promotion of the Jess Willard-Jack Dempsey debacle at Toledo several years back, is seriously ill with an ailment that cannot be accurately determined. Ad is one of the old-timers actively interested in managing boxers. He has a legion of friends who are pulling for him to come through.

Jack Kid Berg thumped out victories over Joe Glick and Buster Brown during the month. Berg is going to England immediately after the Billy Petrolle engagement where he will fulfill several theatrical engagements and possibly engage in a few matches.

Eddie Anderson is another of the present-day marvels. Eddie was supposed to be finished five years ago but has since grown from a featherweight to a lightweight and made sensational fights with Billy Wallace, Tommy Grogan, Bruce Flowers and gave Benny Bass two stirring battles in his last two starts.

Nat Rogers comes along with claims for his bantamweight, Lew Farber. Farber is a Brooklyn boy who went out of town to make good and he certainly delivered the goods. He has been fighting star bouts around Holyoke and Springfield and made his debut in Montreal a good one when he trimmed Bobby Leitham.

What's become of Earl Mastro? The brilliant Chicago featherweight who stands out on a par with Kid Chocolate for featherweight honors has remained idle for some reason or other.



King Levinsky, Ghetto light heavyweight champion of Chicago

When Primo Carnera leaves this country the boxing game will have deprived itself of one of its greatest attractions. Here is a mammoth specimen of gianthood, personality galore with tons of color and magnetism at his command. He has attracted people into seeing him scrap that would never have thought of it otherwise. But he is paying the penalty of his freakishness.

The men responsible for his handling did not think he could fight much. They simply regarded him a physical freak and therefore they picked mediocre material for him. Primo proved in the George Godfrey scrap that he can really fight. He assimiliated a beating in the first three rounds that no one has ever successfully taken from Godfrey and came on to outfight Godfrey.

Chalk up among successful comebacks: Lew Paluso, Salt Lake City lightweight, who came East many years ago to the late Leo Flynn through the recommendation of Jack Dempsey. Lew is now in local territory and during the past few months has shown great form in whipping Armando Aguilar, Eddie Elkins and Emil Rossi. Paluso still belongs to the front rank of lightweights.

Sol Gold and Frank Jacobs have turned over their hard-hitting heavyweight, Mike Sankovitch, to Boston Tony Polozolo. Tony has remained inactive for several years following the retirement of Paul Doyle and is anxious to be in the running again. He has faith in Sankovich and his mighty hitting powers.

In the recent Jackie Berg-Joe Glick tussle at the Queensboro, Glick was guilty of landing several low punches. Walter Winchell, well-known New York columnist, and a stout admirer of Berg's was so incensed at the treatment accorded his favorite that he yelled from his ringside seat, "Hey, Referee, how low is low?"

From Ponca City, Okla., comes another heavyweight who threatens to burst in the heavyweight division and make himself felt. In his last two starts this youngster whipped Ernie Schaaf and Johnny Risko. Two years ago when he was an untried comer he forced Young Stribling to foul out after holding his own with the celebrated W. L. His name, by the way, is Babe Hunt.

The elastic Kid Chocolate and his mentor, Luis Gutierrez, are back in New York seeking the elusive dollar. Chocolate evidently changed his mind about retiring following the Berg defeat and will confine his efforts to the featherweight division.

The Perlick Twins are finally starting a winning streak of their own. Instead of just being trial horses and furnishing good battles to the top-notchers, they intend to continue winning. Herman turned in victories over Al Bryant and Phil Richards, while Henry stopped Eddie Reilly in eight rounds during the month.

Two of the best looking heavyweight prospects around New York today are Marty Fox and Ralph Ficucello. Fox is a terrific hitter, while Ficucello is a strong, rugged fellow who turned in a one-round kayo over George Hoffman.

We haven't very much faith in Tommy Loughran's comeback plan. Tommy should be convinced beyond all question that his best day has passed and it's a pity to see him struggle once more for recognition. The two defeats at the hands of Ernie Schaaf should have been convincing.

Tom McArdle, who has always advocated the policy of developing new talent, should have a busy season for experimentation purposes. New faces have been springing up all over the country and Tom should give his Garden fans plenty of variety and do away with the old familiar figures. Fellows like Babe Hunt, Max Baer, King Levinsky, Billy Jones, Billy Townsend, Steve Halaiko, Roger Bernard, Freddy Miller, Johnnie Datto, Tommy Paul and Harry Fierro are some pretty fair names to begin with.

Lew Brix expects to leave for Miami shortly to prepare weekly shows for the Madison Square Garden Corporation. Popular priced shows will be staged until something of tremendous proportion can be secured. Young Stribling will have to furnish one half of the opposition if they expect to draw real money.

Tony Martello is trying to place Leo "One Punch" Williams with King Levinsky at Chicago. Williams is the boy who attained distinction when he kayoed George Courtney for the first time and Martello feels confident that Williams can flatten anyone that he can hit and Levinsky would be as suitable target right now.

Koli Kolo, Porto Rican featherweight, and Mike Gelb, Hungarian 130-pounder, are two of New York's visitors who are impressing with each succeeding bout. Koli stopped Gaston Charles and Terry Roth while Gelb has been coming through successively in all of his bouts.

There is no stopping that Roger Bernard, of Flint, in his quest for recognition. We have never seen him in action but on an average of once a week his name pops up in the public prints scoring another victory. His latest victim was Battling Battalino, our 126-pound champion, but unfortunately the match was made at 130 pounds. Bernard has been boosted in many quarters and is worthy of recognition from the Eastern promoters.

Maxie Strub, elongated Erie lightweight, is coming along in great shape and staged a surprise when he drew with Tony Herrera in his last start. Maxie stands five feet, 10 inches in stocking feet and weighs 133 pounds. He has made consistent strides during the past few months and is about ready for bigger things.

Joey Goodman has returned from Richmond and has settled down again in Cleveland under the wing of Jimmy Dunn. Joey is getting big and will be fighting as welterweight this winter. Dunn is a great teacher and developed a preliminary fighter into a headliner when he took Goodman over.

Score among surprising victories of the month, Eddie Elkins winning the award over Tommy Grogan in the latter's home town, Omaha. This makes the second surprise victory that Elkins was guilty of. Last winter Billy McMahon was five to one favorite over Elkins but Eddie won the decision and the latest victory was another upset that was hardly expected.

The closing of the outdoor season and with the incoming indoors makes September a mighty poor month for active news. The promoters are afraid to gamble with the weather and as a result are laying off until conditions become more stabilized.

Eddie Mead wants to know why the boys are ducking Johnny Datto, Johnny Farr and Davey Abad. A possible reason is that Datto hits too hard; Farr a trifle too rough, and Abad just a shade too clever.

Joe Lewis has returned from the Coast with Paul Pirrone and claims that boxing is going from bad to worse there.

If the New York Athletic Commission is seeking things to reform around here why not curb the evil in which the promoter is allowed to give out checks to the boxers who perform for him for which there are insufficient funds in the bank. The Coney Island Stadium ran a show which featured Ruby Goldstein vs. Jack Zivic and Joey Kaufman pitted against Augie Pisano. Three of the four mentioned were given checks that came back but the Commission kept its hands off. A bond is furnished by each promoter running shows in the state for the purpose of preventing the above occurrences. A boxer pays $5 for his license. The manager pays $25. If a boxer cannot get protection for his money, then why a Commission?

Muskie Jackson is now training Mickey Walker and has gained several inches in chest expansion since getting that assignment—Marcus Griffin, of the Sunday Enquirer, is aspiring to become a boxing writer and never misses a fight to acquire the proper atmosphere—Teddy Seidman, veteran featherweight, is still fighting weekly and making good fights—Lew Stillman, owner of Stillman's Gym, was all smiles during the two weeks that Jack Sharkey trained at his gym—Al Weill closed the Queensboro Stadium season with plenty of profit, considering hard times—Jimmy Hussey is still located at Orangeburg recuperating from his illness and can outtalk any fight manager on his favorite subject—the manly art—Anthony Petronella, of Providence, is now handling the publicity for Phil Buccola and his stable of gladiators—The Cameo Barber Shop is the spot where the boys in the boxing game don't object to being trimmed—Did you look at the National Boxing Association's list of leading challengers for the various titles?

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

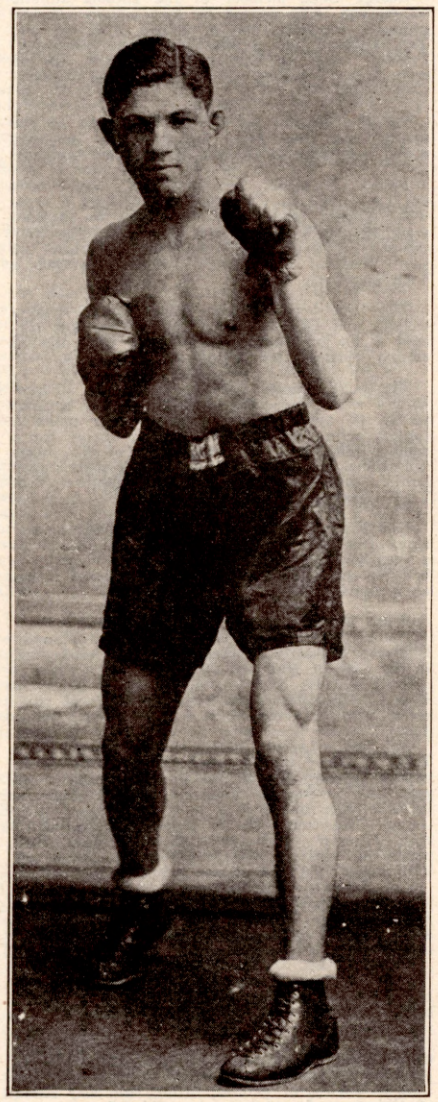
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

YOUNG TERRY, Trenton welter, knocked out Eddie Shapiro of New York in the seventh round at the Velodrome at Newark. Shapiro started well, holding Terry in check, but he was forced to relent under a steady attack. He took punches heavily on the jaw and though shaken up on several occasions he was not seriously damaged until the final; then Terry drove a well-timed left hook into his midsection and, as he crumbled into the ropes a terrific right to the jaw rendered him passe.

In his fifth comeback, Sailor Fisher of Trenton was knocked out by Jackie Tobin of Nicetown in the first round. Just one punch and the bout was over. (Call it quits, Sailor.)

Two Trenton boxers, both welterweights, start their winter campaigns under new pilots. With the demise of Leo P. Flynn, Tommy (Kid) Murphy's services were eagerly sought after by most of the kingpin managers. The Old Kid Murphy, Tommy's father, did his son's business throughout the past summer. Handicapped by blindness, Old Kid decided on Tom McGinty of Cleveland, who holds Champion Freeman's contract, to manage his son.

Paulie Walker, brilliant local welter and perhaps the one with most promise, has placed himself under the management of Billy Duffy, one of Primo Carnera's numerous pilots. Walter is headed for Los Angeles, where Duffy has several lucrative matches in line for him. While with Clonie Tate, Walker fought many promising matches, beat some excellent boys and in general displayed considerable future in the ring game. He is still a youngster and, under the care of the wily Duffy, should make further progress in the ring.



Battling Gizzy, lightweight from Pittsburgh, who has been winning steadily

WILKES-BARRE NOTES

By HUGH A. CARR

PETE LATZO won a clean-cut victory over Jimmy Herman, Hazelton light heavyweight, in the main go at Lakewood Park Pavilion. Latzo took seven of the ten rounds, with one going to Herman and the other even.

Herman is under the management of Al Janetti, former local promoter and referee. With a little more experience Herman will cause plenty of trouble to the present light-heavyweight crop.

The proposed bout here between Lou Scozza, Buffalo light-heavyweight, and Billy Jones, Philly Negro, has been postponed indefinitely. Matchmaker Bird of the Armory A. C. states that owing to an injury to Scozza's arm he was unable to go on at the present but will be ready to accommodate Jones as soon as the doctor pronounces the injured member O. K.

Making their first appearance in the coal regions, the Perlick Twins made a big hit at the Town Hall arena. The Kalamazoo lightweights caught the fancy of the crowd by the decisive manner in which they won over their respective opponents.

Herman Perlick won over Al Bryant, Newark Negro, in the first half of the double windup, while Henry kayoed Eddie Reilly, New York youngster, in the eighth round of a scheduled ten-round bout.

Jay Macedon, Pittston welterweight, was made a victim of a poor decision when he battled with Jackie Shupack, Paterson boy, at Newark. Although the majority of the newspapermen at the ringside favored Macedon as the winner Referee Borell awarded the verdict to Shupack.

Gene Baldoni, Hilldale lightweight, lost a close decision to Eddie Brannon, Pittsburgh's latest colored sensation, at Johnstown. Although defeated, Baldoni earned the plaudits of the large throng, who carried the local boy from the ring on their shoulders.

Matchmaker Bird of the Armory A. C. has opened negotiations whereby Maxie Rosenbloom will meet the winner of the Scozza-Jones bout, which will be staged here as soon as Scozza recovers from his present injury.

Jimmy Goodrich, former lightweight champ, announced his retirement from the squared circle after taking a beating from Pete Suskey, Scranton welterweight, at Scranton. Goodrich announced his intention of becoming a referee in New York state in the near future.

Jackie Britton, Pringle featherweight, returned to action in the semi-final to the Goodrich-Suskey bout and fought Danny Dempsey, Scranton, to a draw.

Charley Russo, Pittston, promising featherweight, ran into a snag when he lost a six-round verdict to Wildcat O'Connor of Forrest City. Russo has been traveling along in great style and this was the first setback he had received in several years.

Wildcat O'Connor created a surprise when he kayoed Mickey Greb, Hilldale featherweight, at Carbondale in three rounds. Matchmaker Johnny Burke, Carbondale promoter, promises to use O'Connor in the windup for his next show at the Casino A. C.

Mickey Doyle, Pittston featherweight, lost a hard fought eight-round windup to Mickey Blair, Camden, at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia. The Pittston southpaw tried hard for a knockout in the early rounds but Blair more than held his own to win with the unanimous verdict of the officials.

WESTERN RHODE ISLAND

By A. SOLOVEITZIK

TWO successful boxing shows were staged in Westerly by the St. Michael's K. of C. Two upsets featured the month's fistic activities in Westerly. Dynamite Lou Brouillard of Worcester knocked out Tony Travers of New Haven in the fourth round, and Big Boy Burlap, local contender for heavyweight honors, was floored for the count by Phil Johnson, Jersey City behemoth, in the sixth round.

Hookie Jackson, middleweight, Billy Euelle, junior welter, and Tony Moretti, bantamweight, all Westerly battlers, broke even in their fights. Jackson scored a one-run knockout over Steve Wonzak of Danielson but lost a four-rounder to Tom Hartley of the Watch Hill Coast Guard. Euelle lost to Al Brouillard of Danielson in four frames but defeated Jimmy Kearns of New London in six, and Moretti won from Shagger Santos of Stonington only to be kayoed in his next start by Young Lamoine of Worcester.

One of the best fights of the local season was a six-round slam bang affair between Vic Darr of Norwich and Ero Peterson of Worcester with Darr the victor.

Young Louie Rochette, Westerly bantamweight, won six bouts and lost one last month. He reversed his lone defeat, which came at the hands of Al Rodman of Goodyear, by giving the latter a neat pasting in their return engagement.

The amateur show which was staged in the Stillman Avenue Arena and brought to a close the local outdoor season, furnished plenty of action but failed to uncover a coming champ from among the local battlers who performed. Among the Westerly simon-pures who took part in the show were Spider Toskas, Jimmy Kaker, George Gibson, Ken Powers, Ed and Joe Wucik, Young Culver, Johnny Maccione, Mack Servidio, Nick Falcone and Pat Luzzi.

In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

MIQUE MALLOY'S Carnera show and the Paddy Harmon testimonial production at the Chicago stadium featured last month's local fisticuffia doings.

Malloy, who promoted his third Carnera battle, in itself an American record, announced the official attendance for the Primo-Jack Gross show as 13,403 and the receipts approximately $35,000. When the big Venetian made his first appearance here last January against Rioux, the attendance was 17,340.

Gross, who was counted out in the fourth round as he knelt on one knee, received $7,500 for his evening's work, while Carnera received 30 per cent of the gate.

The Harmon testimonial show, which drew $44,804.08 worth of cash clients, started a trust fund for Patricia T. Harmon, four-year-old daughter of the late Paddy. A fund of $9,477.13 was deposited in a Chicago bank for the child, from the profits of the production.

Net profits on the show, after taxes, purses and other expenses were subtracted from the gate, were $7,241.13. Sidney N. Strotz announced the federal tax of $1,806 was to be added to this amount. In addition to this amount, $430 was turned over to Strotz by the ushers and the checks made out to Referees Dave Barry, Phil Collins and Joe McNamara and other ring officials paid at regular boxing shows, were indorsed over to this fund.

Paul Pantaleo, Chicago heavyweight, vindicated himself for previous poor showings by winning a decision over Pete Wistort, of South Chicago.

Jim Mullen, who has been in the sidelines for some months, was to see action once more as matchmaker at the Coliseum on Wabash avenue. He announced Sammy Mandell, ex-lightweight champ would feature his opening card. In his first contest, following the Singer defeat, Sammy journeyed to Madison, Wis., where he beat Mickey O'Neil, of Milwaukee.

Jack Kearns, famous manager, left the Loop after his Al Fay-Dick Daniels scrap, for Newark, N. J., where he handled the star of his stable, Mickey Walker, opposite Paul Swiderski. The last named had Walker on the deck seven times during the course of the most recent Derby eve Louisville fight. According to witnesses, only clever manipulating of Kearns and Jerry Hayes saved the middleweight champion from a knockout.

Duke Barry and Don Curley, co-pilots, announce the selling of Jack Chief Elkhart's contract. They also disposed of Tommy O'Brien of Montana, and have discontinued doing business for Frankie Frisco, Reddy Blanchard, Tommy White and Jimmy Byrne.

Danny Gasparo, local heavyweight, made up for a crushing defeat by Tait Littman when he outpunched Tiger Jack Payne in a ten-rounder in a Billy Cepak weekly show at Jones and Baumrucker stadium, 21st street and Kostner avenue here. Danny outgamed Payne to win the verdict.

Illinois gossip in the who's who in boxing—Mique (pronounced Mike) Malloy's smiling photo which has printed below it "Middle West's Most Successful Promoter" . . . Don Curley, ex-lightweight boxer, is a well-known Chicago manager . . . Jack Sanders, who formerly was with Frank Churchill, features Spug Myers . . . Jim Mullen is a fully qualified member of the club called The Adventurers . . . Paul Beeler, the press agent, who was making five notes a week last summer, is around but not staging shows at the Hippodrome . . . Dick Curley, the portly one who once guided the destinies of Mike Dundee, holds a production whenever his boxers need coffee-an' money . . . Fred Clipert, who is looking for a ring for his opening card at Logan Sq., is not connected any more with Frank Spengler of the Congress-Arcade stadium . . . James G. Brown, who makes matches for the Ball Fans' association, has a population of 84,500 to draw from at Peoria.

Chicago sights—Art Harrison, Shewbridge stadium promoter who makes his own matches, does his own publicity and directs his own shows, with his brief-case office . . . Cepak and Mastro, who also have traveling offices . . . "Tiny," Barry's gym elevator operator, who weighs 225 pounds, but is only seventeen years old . . . "Silent Jack" Tierney, who eats regular in Miller's eatery on West Randolph St., and manages Mickey Gill and Chester Bush . . . Joe Brown, Dave Barry's bookkeeper, pleasant to all gymnasium clients and willing to do one a favor . . . Howard's colorful posters of ringsters training daily, in front of his Arcade swat foundry . . . Tommy Hanley, gymnasium ticket collector.

Promoter Al Quadbach's initial promotorial production had Edgar Norman, Ed Stevenson's 175-pounder, stop Frankie Wine of Butte, Mont., in round No. 7. Quadbach, who has Walter George, former Illinois athletic commission secretary, making his matches, says he will stage shows at White City, 63rd and South Park, twice monthly for the balance of the indoor season.

George Getz, member of the Illinois athletic commission, who proved he was a very efficient promoter himself when he joined with the late Tex Rickard in putting over the Dempsey-Tunney scrap at Soldiers' Field here, invited more than a hundred civic leaders to the Carnera-Gross show.

Personal nomination of the best fight of the month here—the first Taft-Robinson meeting, which took place at Jones & Baumrucker stadium.

Benny Bernichhi, crack bowler, who owns the Luna cafe in Chicago, tried to hold a farewell banquet for Carnera following the Italian man-mountain's scrap with Gross. The foreigners go wild over Carnera and when the vast Venetian met Rioux, Bernichhi staged a huge banquet.

The bout here between Fay, Kearns' heavyweight, and Daniels, Mike Collins' big boy, created a lot of interest because of the rumored enmity between the well-known managers.

The huge Chicago Stadium has what all promoters want—capacity. With an arena housing plenty of seats, the matchmaker can make a contest before the man pairing the boxers for a smaller place and, nine times out of ten, takes sensational re-matches away from the little punch bowls. One instance is the Jack Robinson-Nick Taft re-match.

Kid Francis came into Chicago to show local ringworms how he defeated Fidel La Barba in a twenty-round European fight. He showed he had the goods by whipping Harry Forbes in an eight-rounder.

What former fighters are doing now:

Jimmy Gorry—Miniature golf course man in Chicago; Philadelphia Jack O'Brien—Going good in the City of Nod and New York with physical culture schools; Tim O'Neil—Chief of police in East Chicago; Dennis O'Keefe—Trainer of ringsters here; Martin Duffy—Chicago policeman; Joey O'Hara—Local mail clerk.

Bill Stift—Lincoln Park policeman; Jack Eile—Fight manager in this town; Jack Moffat—Chicago policeman; Willie Ritchie—Automobile salesman and referee in Frisco; Harry Forbes—In bailiff's office here.

Jack Beascholtie—Local policeman; Joe Burman—Interior decorator; Fred Fulton—Still plastering plaster; Charley White—Going great with ladies' physical culture school here.

Carl Morris—Engineer on railroad in Oklahoma; Jim Barry—In Bob Sweitzer's office in the Loop; Johnny Coulon—Owner of gym on the south side; Lew Tendler—Operates large clothing store in Philadelphia.

Joey Freeman, Joe Heniff's featherweight puncher, won his initial windup effort at Shewbridge stadium when he met Al DeRose in a ten-rounder. Freeman is undefeated as a professional. Previous to turning pro, Joey won the 126-pound championship of the Central A.A.U.

Jack Hurley, of Duluth, Minn., and Ray Alvis of Chicago, who were partners in the management of a great number of ringsters, have severed connections. They had their headquarters here. Alvis will maintain the same office alone and Hurley was to return home to his other business interests. The Duluth pilot will have full rights to Charley Retzlaff and Billy Petrolle while Alvis will manage Young Jack Thompson, Tony Herrera and the others. According to the Chicago manager, he and Hurley parted the best of friends.

Sammy Levine, Harry Weiss' bantamweight star, is going great guns as a professional boxer subsequent to winning the Chicago Tribune golden glove flyweight title. In one of his most recent adventures, Levine knocked out Billy Knowles, Spanish veteran.

"North Side Bill" Miller, who manages Eddie Ballatin, has established an eatery in Barry's gym and features home cooking. Miller is endeavoring to get all of the boys in the fight game as customers of his wife's cooking.

Howard Carr, proprietor of the Arcade gymnasium, has a hot-dog stand doing a big business in the pugatorium with Dan Frankel dishing out the frankfurters and pop. Frankel is an enthusiastic fight fan and can be seen at almost any local show.

Subsequent to his draw embroglio with Eddie Ran here, Bobby O'Hara journeyed to Milwaukee, where he won from Jimmy Evans. Local promoters sought a return match between Ran and O'Hara.

A record of some sort was registered for this town when it had five boxing productions the same week. White City and Shewbridge stadium held shows on Monday. The others and the nights they were staged are as follows: Congress-Arcade, Tuesday; Chicago stadium, Wednesday; Jones & Baumrucker stadium, Friday.

Cecil "Seal" Harris, giant Chicago Negro, knocked out Elisah Lee, another local colored big boy in the ninth frame of their ten-rounder in what was a real grudge fight. About a year and a half ago Harris fought Lee in the amateurs and the latter received what Cecil thought an undeserved verdict. Harris always wanted to meet Lee as a pro but Manager Barney Abel couldn't see the sense of fighting for practically nothing and wouldn't make the tilt. Reports from Indianapolis said Lee stayed nine rounds with George Godfrey and on the former's return here, the match between Elisah and Harris was made. It was a great battle while it lasted and both boys received a big hand from the spectators when it was over.

The Park barber shop, situated at Homan and Lake here, is proud of its ring visitors. Mickey Walker, middleweight boss, Tommy Loughran, ex-light heavyweight king, and Earl Mastro, Chicago featherweight contender are frequent callers. Joe and Barney are proud of their distinguished guests and brag about 'em.

The Tony Canzoneri-Billy Petrolle and Leo Lomski-King Levinsky upsets here were thrillers. Both bouts were furiously fought and had knockdowns and blood galore. The best local critics gave Levinsky and Petrolle outside chances of winning but none took 'em seriously, and, when King started bouncing Lomski off the canvas ten or twelve times and Billy commenced punching Canzoneri around the most seasoned fan received heart-throbs aplenty.

Ed Jacobson, lightweight champ of the Navy, sends word from Deerfield, Ill., he's going into the managing end of the game in a big way. So far he has under his wing Bobby Ekhart, Melvin Mullens, Bobby Juhrend and Loy Mullens.

Nick Marx, local pilot, has Taft, the latest Chicago sensation. Taft has been fighting for a number of years and ringmen coming up picked on Marx's light heavyweight as a soft touch in a build-up process. The worm turned, however, when Taft hit Robinson on the chin and floored him for the count.

Some of This and a Little of That—For the Gross battle, Malloy took Carnera away from a Loop gym and quartered him at Roby speedway on the Indiana line to get trade of the thousands of tourists and mill workers at 50 cents each . . . Ernie Peters, Indian bantam, did some outdoor training in the night air on the eve of his Harry Fierro fracas which resulted in his suspension by the Illinois athletic commission . . .

Just before the start of the Canzoneri-Petrolle battle, the crowd of 13,060 persons stood in silent tribute for one minute in respect to the memory of Harmon . . . Jim Londos is the newest heavyweight champ in the wrestling sport and the N. B. A. gives him recognition by presenting a belt emblematic of the title . . . Garfield Park Eagles club on West Madison went back to amateur shows after a year of pro business . . . Pep Kerwin, the Californian who played baseball and other games, arrived in the Loop a year ago, built the Western stadium on the north side and drew so well the Central A.A.U. had him stage its annual fall outdoor boxing championships . . .

John Hix's "Strange as it Seems" says Dempsey knocked out four men in one round each on the same day and four days later knocked out four more . . . Rocky Wolfe, in his "Keeping Tabs" stated the Bass-Cello fight at Peoria would be a viol affair. It was and very Bass. Benny fouled out to Cello in round two . . . Al Miller is teaching his Levinsky the deaf and dumb language . . .

Jack Barry believes he has a future champion in Marion Matuszak, a foreign heavyweight . . .Joey Thomas defeated Johnny Datto at Pittsburgh, according to Manager Jack (South Chicago) O'Keefe . . . Cowboy Weston, cue expert, planned to execute 14 trick shots but the hall manager told him it would be impossible, as he only had eight tables.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

Cincinnati staged two outstanding shows the past month. In one Freddie Miller battled Joe Marciente, with Primo Carnera on exhibition to support the program, while the other was the Long Tom Hawkins-Seal Harris heavyweight card at Tacoma Bowl.

The balmy evening Primo Carnera exhibited his wares against three sparring partners 5,500 patrons passed through the turnstiles at Redland Field. Eddie Shockaman, Cincinnati; Maxie Brown, of Wyoming and Jack McAuliffe of Detroit were Primo's opponents. A big crowd was on hand.

Freddy Miller, making his second appearance since his illness, cleanly outpointed the much shorter Joe Marciente of Brooklyn, N. Y., in nine of their ten scheduled rounds. The decision was booed long and loud. Marciente has a huge following in this city. Howard Mitchell won a close decision over Jess McMurtry in six; Jack Blackburn knocked out Pietro Anzolatti in three, and Charlie Bexter piled up enough points to cop over Willie Ernie in another six.

The 147th Infantry club returned to the wars with the Long Tom Hawkins-Seal Harris ten rounder at Tacoma Bowl. Hawkins, in great form, found the Chicago Negro an easy target and took advantage of the situation by pounding him about the ring in unmerciful fashion. The surprise of the evening was the sad downfall of little Johnny McPherson via a kayo at the hands of Mike Kelly, rugged Dayton, O., bantamweight, in the third round.

Harry Kriendler, Cincinnati, outpointed Billy Liederman in six; Eddie Myers, Chicago, copped the duke from Mike Debaney, Dayton, O., in four, and Earl Baker outslugged Windy Riley in a four.

Due to conflicting business, the wrestling column of this section has been dropped for this issue. The scribe wishes to inform the fans of this column that next month's grappling column is hoped to be a newer and greater one. The mat game will soon get started indoors in Cincinnati and Millard Rauh, matchmaker of the Quality club in this city informed the scribe that he is dickering for several high-class shots.

Walter Pickard, Indiana heavyweight, added new laurels to his already advancing list at the expense of Jackie Williams of Chicago. Pickard knocked out the Windy City boy in the first round. Tracy Cox, hard-hitting featherweight of the Hoosier city, laid low Joe Lynn, Princeton, Ind., on seven different intervals in the course of nine rounds before winning on a knockout in the tenth. Charlie Baxter trounced Scotty Scotten in six; Billie Moss trimmed Billy Rhodes in six while K. O. Brown beat Pat Irish in the curtain raiser of four. All of these bouts were held at the Fort Harrison arena.

Kenton, O.—Joe Lohman, Toledo, won third place in the ranking of Ohio heavyweights by his ten-round win over Frankie Wine, of Akron, in this city. Jack Rose, of Akron, and K. O. Pitts, of Huntington, W. Va., drew in the supporting ten rounder.

Indianapolis, Ind. is again coming to the fore as a fight center. On one of the Hoosier city's main goes recently, Tommy Herman, Chicago, won from Patsy Pollock, of Canada in ten, while in another Henry Falagano, Des Moines, Ia., copped over Tracey Cox, Indianapolis, Ind. The preliminary results to these cards follow: Roy Pierson shaded Donald Fagg in six; Kid Slaghter kayoed Shifty Calloway in 20 seconds; Carl Ellis beat Tony Pertuzzi in six and Dick Porter shaded Ted Hunt in the sixer distance.

Freddy Miller, peer of Mid-Western junior lightweights, traveled up to Columbus, O., to defeat Babe Ruth, of Louisville, Ky., in ten rounds. Miller won every round. The Queen City idol has not lost any of his old speed.

One of the greatest and most heralded amateur fighters in Cincinnati has turned to the money class. Max Koshover, L. B. Harrison star and amateur featherweight champion of Ohio State, recently made his pro debut in a bout at Redland Field against Dick Craty. Koshover, according to local critics, has more possibilities than Freddie Miller when the latter cast aside his simon-pure experience.

Here's a warning for all of the 133-pound boys promenading in quest of Al Singer's title. Shuffling Billy Baker, local Negro lightweight, is out with a defi to all of the leaders of his weight. Baker has scored wins over the best boys of his weight in these parts and has run out of opponents.

Cecil Payne, Louisville, Ky., lightweight champion of the Blue Grass state recently knocked out southpaw sparring partners while in training for his joust with Freddie Miller. Mickie Kelcher, Payne's trainer, avers Cecil is in the greatest shape of his entire career.

Joe Sekyra, second ranking heavyweight of Ohio, came through with a great victory at Philadelphia at the expense of Matt Adgie of that city. Sekyra seems to have taken a new lease on life, judging from his recent encounters. Scaling around 177 pounds, Joe is fighting in great form and the Bohemian can be watched in the future.

At Newark, O., Nordi Smith, young middleweight contender, won a ten-round slugging match from Young Condi, Dayton Italian, before one of the largest crowds that ever witnessed a boxing show in that city. Smith is going at a fast gait and it will take a good boy to slow him down at this writing. Homer Ronan, Newark junior lightweight, knocked out Lou Kelly, of Dayton, in five rounds. Kid Sunshine knocked out Ray Ganshaw in round two. Big Westman kayoed Jimmy Cannon in the initial heat while Red Kirk and Kid Sanserson drew in a four rounder.

My Bradley, reporting from Toledo, has the dope that Lee Meredith, Toledo welter, making a comeback after a long layoff, ran into a tartar in Charley Long, Pacific Coast colored middleweight, and as a result was declared a loser on a technical knockout in the second round.

In the six-round semi-windup, a grudge fight, Rocky Ridge handed K. O. Grau a neat licking.

Battling P. G. Carson, Southern lightweight champion, will soon arrive in this city. Carson, who has an enviable record, will mix under the colors of Danny Davis.

At Zanesville, O., Mutt Morsch, rugged Cinci middleweight, held the veteran Ted Easterbrook, of Niles, O., to a draw in the ten-round main event. Harley Washburn, Cincinnati middleweight, defeated Jack McGowan, Zanesville, in eight rounds of the semi-final. Clarence Hartzell knocked out Freddie Nosser in session three, while Danny O'Keefe rocked Jackie Martin to sleep in the second.

Some out-of-town boys who may appear in southern Ohio rings soon are: Sailor Stumpy Boyer, a featherweight, from Pensacola, Fla., who claims the championship of the naval air station in that city. Boyer shows great promise of developing into a topnotcher and his needs will be looked after by the writer; Gypsy Sims, a former Toledo middleweight, who is now in earnest training in Lebanon, O.; and Johnny Cobb, the Michigan idol.

Zude Jacobs, Springfield's barber-manager, writes that his two aces—Joe Walters, 155 pounds, and Knockout Jenkins, 147, are again ready and are anticipating a busy winter campaign. Walters has only dropped two decisions in 35 bouts and has scored knockouts over the best in this section. Jenkins, a veteran, still is holding his own.

Down in Lexington, Ky., Charlie Court, Queen City's sensational lightweight, fought a terrific draw with Young Ford, of Miami, Fla. Clarence Hartzell copped another win at the expense of the Lexington ace—Clyde Johns.

George Liddy, youthful Queen City flyweight, is going great guns of late. "Coney Island George," as he is familiarly known around these parts, seems to have at last concentrated on his work. His last few opponents, Eddie Ammon, Johnny Edwards, Pee Wee Sams and Cricket Helson will vouch to this. By the way, Georgie scales about 112 pounds in his stocking feet.

Anthony Downey, Columbus middleweight, who retired about three years ago, is trying the comeback stunt.

Speedy McCarty, Cincinnati middleweight, found tough going in his debut in Gotham rings. Speedy kissed the mat in the first round of his scrap with Frankie Goosby, Los Angeles, Cal.

Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express, carried too many guns the night he mixed with Frankie La Fay, Troy, N. Y., lightweight, up in Dayton, O., recently. The bout was halted in the third round and Petrolle declared the winner.

Toledo, O.—Ollie Bartlett, Detroit, and Johnny Edwards, Columbus, O., fighting under 118-pound limit, drew in a ten-round bout.

Chester Mullins has taken over the contract of Lee Cox, Cincinnati featherweight. Under the Mullins banner, Cox made his debut at Indianapolis against tough little Ownie Gahimer.

Around the town with the punchers and their pilots. . . . A new gym is now being planned to be opened the latter part of October with Northside being chosen as an ideal site. . . . The Blue Grass club-gym in Covington, Ky., is playing to capacity houses these warm summer days . . . with notables like Joe Anderson, Cecil Payne, Bushy Graham, Fidel La Barba, Joe Marcienti and numerous other topnotchers going through their dailies. . . . Arthur Yende, Gotham manager and promoter, is a visitor in these parts with his old friend Jimmy Shevlin. . . . Don Shoemaker's "Spying On Sports" in the Middletown, (O.) Daily Journal is receiving much favorable comment from the dyed-in-the-wool fans in this section. . . . Pete Petroskey, Michigan welter, is back in town after a long visit in the Bay State. . . . Still the best ten in southern Ohio rings are: heavyweight, Joe Sekyra; light-heavyweight and middleweight, Joe Anderson; welterweight, Vincent Hambright; junior welterweight, Billy Rose; lightweight, Jimmy Neal; junior lightweight, Freddie Miller; featherweight, Midget Mike O'Dowd; bantamweight, Johnny Edwards; flyweight, George Liddy.

Information on the boxing game in these parts can be had by addressing the scribe at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. Please enclose two-cent stamp for return reply.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

IN the leading fight held in Cleveland in years, Tommy Freeman, the fast train from Arkansas, won the welterweight championship from Jack Thompson at the end of 15 gruelling rounds last month. It was a fight every inch of the way with seldom a clinch to mar the tilt. Only one knockdown was scored, Thompson getting it over Freeman when he sent Tommy down for a count of six in the second round, with a left hook to chin.

The boys battled like a pair of tigers, and the fight was pretty even up to the 10th round, when Freeman tore into the Negro's body in the 11th, and romped on to victory.

Cleveland was lucky to get this fight. Everything went off in big league style, with Billy Evans, of the American League baseball club, handling all the arrangements.

Patsy Haley was the referee and he hoisted Freeman's hand in token of victory.

Uncle Bob Sangster fooled all the smart boys by bringing Freeman in at 145 pounds three days before the fight—a weight nobody who knew him thought Tommy could make. Sangster proved he is another Pop Foster when it comes to conditioning a fighter.

Whitey Eckert and Ray Alvis, who handled Thompson, assisted by Deacon Thompson, Jack's daddy, thought their boy should have had a draw, but there was no protest to the decision from the fans.

The Taylor Bowl has closed for the season.

Rubber Goldberg has the next date at the Public auditorium, Cleveland.

Suey Welch put on a show on October 7th featuring Rosy Rosales and Chuck Burns with two other tens at the Akron armory.

Joey Goodman and a dozen other fighters including big George Godfrey, trained out at Jimmy Dunn's gym on East 9th Street. Dunn's gym is a popular one.

Joe Lewis returned from the Pacific Coast with Paul Pirrone and Phil Zwick. They each had one fight in California, but Joe said conditions were not so good out there and decided to return home. He has started Pirrone to work at the Dunn gym.

Jimmy Evans, Walter Taylor's middleweight, is boxing around St. Paul.

Tom Andrews is anxious to get a good featherweight for Phil Zwick. He also is dickering for Freeman for for a fight with My Sullivan.

Chuck Sotak has opened a gym at 3513 West 54th Street. Chuck has under his wing Joe Schlund, a corking good 147-pounder, who has fought on all of the shows around here. He is a pleasing fighter. He also has Spike Hennessy, 141 to 145, who always goes over, and a good featherweight, Jackie Ward, who looks like a very promising boy. He also has Mickey Schlund, 135, who won the Plain Dealer Golden Gloves tournament; Gene Marsh, 147; and Jimmy Vaughn, who was a runner-up in the Golden Gloves tournament.

Charley O'Connell is still keeping his boys busy. His heavyweight, who was stopped by George Godfrey, came back and flattened Gene Stanton at the Public hall.

Rosy Rosales knocked out Art Weygandt at Erie, Pa., in the seventh round. It was a red-hot battle. The Indian is going at least five times a month and in big demand. Chicago wants him for Larry Johnson.

Johnny Papke has his amateurs going every week. Jack Pallet, national amateur champion, has won five fights in the last five weeks.

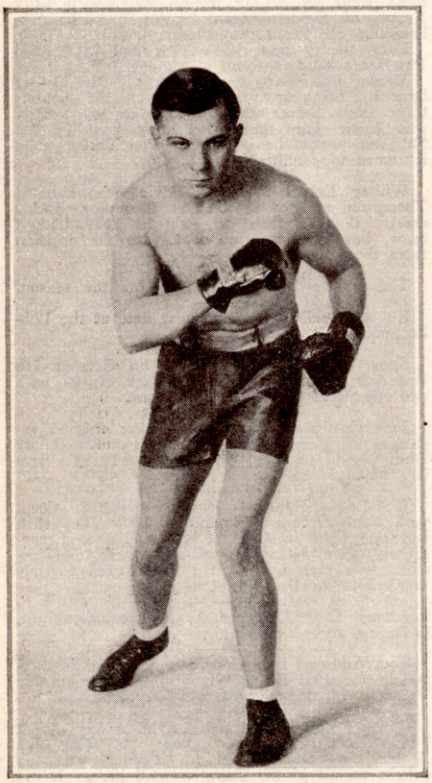
Jack Johnson, ex-heavyweight champion, refereed an amateur fight at the Negro Elks' between Pallat and Steve Young. Jack gave the duke to Young. He didn't remember that in the amateur rules, the judges had something to say. However, Jack declared he thought Young had won, but the Judges gave it to Pallat.

Gossip from European Rings

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

THE fall and winter season of boxing in Paris has opened at Jeff Dickson's Salle Wagram. In the initial card the feature bout was a featherweight contest between Guy Bonaugure, who is a brother to Kid Francis, and Bobby Tassin, the French featherweight champion, with Tassin winning. Tassin has now developed into a clever and hard hitting featherweight, and it is going to take a mighty good one to defeat him.

Kid Labrosse and W. Laigre, a pair of rattling good French bantamweights, went through eight hard-fought rounds with Labrosse gaining the point decision. After that bout, the new French heavyweight find, "Elephant" Bardos, was brought forth to make his first appearance in public. He had for an opponent Joe Thomas, who went four rounds with Primo Carnera. The bout ended in one punch, a left-hand hook from the "Elephant" which sent Thomas down and completely out. Bardos stands over 6 feet 2 inches and scales 230 pounds. He is a hairy specimen just like old Jim Jeffries was. He is quite green yet and will require lots of schooling before he is ready for any big stuff. Still, he knew more in his first appearance than Primo Carnera did when he made his maiden bow. Everything points for a banner boxing season in France.



Gaston Charles, French featherweight, still among the leaders

Andre Regis, the French bantamweight champion, successfully defended his title against Kid Perez, in Algiers.

Flyweight champion Popesco, the clever little Roumanian, who won the European title early in the year by defeating Kid Oliva, of France, defended his title successfully against the French boxer, Rene Challenge. The fight took place in Bucharest.

Eugene Drouhin, of France, stopped the English boxer, Rose, in seven rounds.

At Barcelona, the Italian champion, Oldani, defeated Billy Thomas, of England, on points over ten rounds, and Jimmy Terry, of England, defeated the Italian Jan Joup, over the same distance.

Georges Gardebois, the French champion heavyweight, has had a challenge out for some time to meet any English heavyweight battler, but they all appear to keep shy of the Frenchman.

Julian Verbest, of Belgium, defeated Nick Bensa, of France, at Leige. The weight was at the featherweight poundage.

Johnny Cuthbert, of Sheffield, the British featherweight champion, knocked out Roger Simende, of France, in the sixth round of a scheduled fifteen-round bout.

During the summer months several bouts were held at Aix-les-Bains, France, in the Casino des Flowers.

Francois le Puge, of France, had an easy job defeating the English battler, Billy Streets, in a fifteen-round bout, which went the limit. Streets was game and that let him out. As a boxer he was outclassed by the Frenchman.

Pierre Charles, of Belgium, the European heavyweight champion, successfully defended his title against Van der Veer, of Holland, in a bout held at Antwerp, winning by a knockout in the second round.

Ginger Jones, the Welsh flyweight, received a decision over the French flyweight, Julius, after fifteen rounds of good hard fighting.

Petit Biquet, the Belgium bantamweight champion, defeated Kid Socks, of England, on points over fifteen rounds, in a bout which which held at Liege. At the same entertainment, Julien Verbist, the Belgium champion featherweight, defeated Nicolas Bensa, of France, on points.

One of the recent surprises in French boxing circles was the defeat of Felix Sportiello, former holder of the French light heavyweight title, by the dusky French fighter, M. Alonzo. The fight took place in Cannes.

At Barcelona, Carlos Flix, the European champion bantamweight, defeated challenger Gonzalez on points. The decision did not meet with general approval.

At the same entertainment, Girones, featherweight champion of Europe and Spain, defeated on points Jim el Zaird. Boxing is attracting big attendances at Barcelona.

At the Central Sporting Club of Paris, featherweight Delsy and Frank Raymond went eight rounds to a draw, and featherweights Chapuis and Filhol went ten rounds to a draw. Welterweights Vigernon and Delhays went ten rounds to another draw; Castel defeated Litnichensho in a heavyweight bout, in the eighth of a scheduled ten-rounder.

At the same entertainment featherweight Legrand defeated Faugere in the seventh of a ten-rounder. The main attraction was a scheduled ten-round bout between lightweights Renaud and Carcagne, in which the latter was knocked out in the sixth session.

And in a scheduled ten-round event, Sandjack defeated Defer in the sixth round, and in another ten-rounder, Escargueil defeated on points, Feodorovitch.

Marcil Thil, middleweight champion of Europe, who for some months has been laid up with a fractured hand, made his ring re-appearance at the Gymnasium Huyghens of Paris, against the former fairly good scrapper, Romerio.

Jean Gavalda, who won the welterweight championship of France last year, at the same entertainment met the thirty-five-year-old Leo Darton, of Belgium, in a twelve-round bout. Gavalda was in good shape and he outpointed the Belgian in nine out of the twelve sessions.

Hamburg, in Germany, the home town of Max Schmeling, is now a fine fight town. In a recent bout between the German heavyweight champion, Schoenrath, and the French heavyweight, Maurice Griselle, 30,000 persons were in attendance. The bout of ten rounds was won on points by the German champion.

At the same entertainment the German lightweight title was contested for between holder Reppel, and challenger Hainisch. Reppel, after having received a bad beating, abandoned the fight in the thirteenth round. There was another title bout fought at the featherweight poundage between Schink and Gohies, which ended in a draw.

"Elephant" Bardos, the new French heavyweight find, is a fine physical specimen. He stands 6 feet 3½ inches and scales at about 240 pounds. He has had two fights so far in public, the first was against Joe Thomas, who went into a fourth round with Primo Carnera. Bardos knocked Thomas out with a left hand punch nine seconds after the bell started the bout. His next fight was against the Swiss battler, Ricky, who also went down and out with a left-hander which connected twenty-seven seconds after the bell of the first round.

Spider Pladner, the former world's champion flyweight, who is now boxing in the bantamweight class, between bouts, is doing considerable refereeing work in which he makes good.

Henri Bernstein, who is the best referee in France, is kept quite busy, travelling from place to place. Bernstein, who was quite a good boxer some years ago, is a close student of the game.

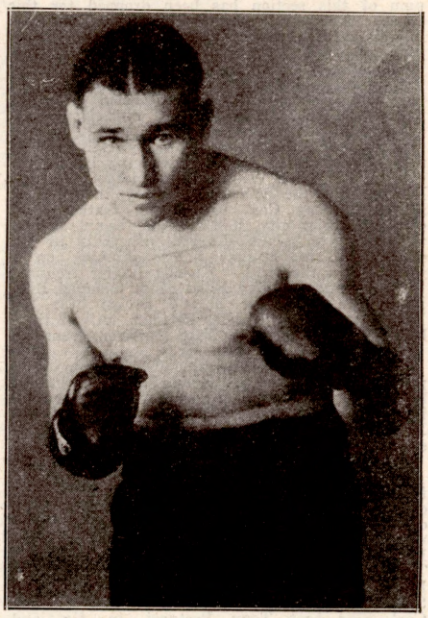
A team of French amateur boxers will probably visit the United States during the coming winter and contest against teams in Chicago, Boston and New York.

Bardos comes from the French border of Spain, not far from where Paolino came. He certainly appears to be a fine prospect. He will be taken along very slowly to give him confidence.

Benny Valgar lost to the French lightweight Henri Dewanker in a twelve-round bout held at the Salle Wagram arena.

At the same entertainment, flyweight Kid Jeffries defeated M. Sochet in the fifth, and light heavyweight Martinet defeated Godfrin on points in six sessions.

Many American visitors attend the Paris boxing bouts. Harry V. Daugherty, the well-known detective, who has been in France for a few weeks on business and pleasure, when in Paris attends all fights.



Pietro Corri

Jack McKeon, who is an intimate friend of Mayor Walker, is another fan who seldom misses witnessing a scrap. L. A. Cushman, who runs the string of bakeries, Frank Partridge, the horse expert, Edward St. John Taylor, Sidney Sternback and W. J. Alford are others who seldom miss a scrap.

Great pressure is being brought to bear on Max Schmeling by his home town folks in Hamburg, to have him decide to defend his next title fight in the Fatherland. A syndicate of sporting enthusiasts have stated that they will meet any offer that New York or Chicago clubs might make. Schmeling, I understand, is looking with favor upon the proposition.

The dirt-track grounds at Hamburg can accommodate 250,000, and it would be an ideal spot to hold a world's title. A recent small fight there drew about 40,000 persons.

Jeff Dickson intends to supply England and France with many first-class American gladiators in the near future. His trip to the U. S. A. resulted in the connection of managers of the top-notchers and we will derive the benefit of their appearances.

Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

ENGLISH boxing enthusiasts welcomed the return here of Jeff Dickson, the young American promoter who paid a flying visit to the United States, his first in ten years. Dickson has completely revolutionized boxing in England and has hurled into the sport a fiery, energetic spirit that was needed to bring boxing back into the good graces of the public. Jeff, aided by his competent English staff, is preparing a fine list of fall and winter attractions which should bring forth much good competition and a handsome profit to the promoter.

The arrival back in Europe of the American has caused considerable worry among his rivals for it was hoped by some of the leading figures that he would remain away a long time, as that would enable the British promoters to clean up while Jeff was gone. But such apparently is not the case for Jeff is here and expects to broaden his activities instead of curtailing them. Incidentally, while abroad, Dickson signed several stars to come to Europe and fight under Dickson's wings at both London and in Paris.

The British Board of Boxing Control, which is having considerable difficulty knocking into the heads of the fighters and managers that it is the supreme body in control of the sport here, recently hurled a bomb into the ranks of the "evil doers" by wholesale suspensions and fines. Whether this will help any is a question, as the arbitrary methods used in the past have not brought any too much good will towards the powers that be. There are still many fine boxers, good managers and healthy promoters who refuse to be licensed by the board, whose authority they refuse to recognize. In the interest of boxing, it would be a fine thing if all hands could get together and call a peace meeting. England needs a ruling government for boxing the same as other countries have, but such a body should be a legalized body, one whose authority would mean something and should be composed of men who would have no axes to grind.

For example, Dom Volante, who made such a hit in the States and is most popular here, was suspended for boxing an exhibition at a charity show. He protested vigorously, yet the hand of the board was felt and from all appearances, only because he is one of the boxers who has revolted against the Boxing Board of Control and is a member of the Northern Council of which he is a boxers' representative.

Jeff Dickson has started a search for a British heavyweight hope. If he finds one, or if one is located by any of his agents here, such fighter will be nursed along as was Carnera, and eventually will be given a chance at the leaders in Europe. It is Dickson's hope to be able to pit Carnera against a British heavyweight some time this winter in London.

Al Foreman, British lightweight king, is much in demand. Lionel Bettinson, of the National Sporting Club and several other promoters, are on his trail. There is no doubt that Foreman, who recently returned to England, is a classy fighter and a crowd pleaser. Efforts are being made by Jeff Dickson to get Jackie Kid Berg and Foreman together for a championship fight in London. If such a battle materializes, the gate will be the biggest in years over here. Both are extremely popular and with a tremendous Jewish following, they will pack 'em in wherever the bout is staged.

Len Harvey, holder of the championship in his division, is in training for a busy campaign. Len took things rather easy during the summer but found that it doesn't pay and with several lucrative assignments coming his way, he has decided to leave no loophole for a successful defense of his crown. When Len battles as he can, he is a good, pleasing scrapper.

Nel Tarlton, clever English featherweight, who was sent overseas by Ted Broadribb to join the stable of Jack Berg, has returned home for the purpose of forcing Johnny Cuthbert into a match. The report of Nel's great stand against Jimmy Slavin on the Singer-McLarnin card, brought him a heap of praise upon his arrival home. According to reports, Nel showed courage and gameness seldom seen in New York, when after repeated fouls by Slavin, he got up, continued the scrap and gained a draw. Tarleton will be the third battler of the Broadribb stable to try his luck in a championship fight with Cuthbert.

Jack Hood is receiving a flock of challenges these days. Hood, holder of the welter crown, is bound to have a steady stream of fights if he consents to accept the challenges. His most persistent callers are Archie Sexton and Johnny Mason. Sexton has received a call to Australia, but he and his manager, Johnny Sharpe, prefer to remain in England where they hope they will induce Hood to battle Archie.

Mason, who has beaten the Australian crack, Jack Haynes, feels he is Hood's master, though close students of the game here think otherwise.

Johnny Peters has challenged Ernie Jarvis and if these two can get together, a real, lively fight is assured as there is considerable rivalry between them.

At The Ring, Caveman Spess, who hails from South Africa, stopped Jack Greenland. The bout was a rough and tumble affair, with many admonitions from the referee and was finallly halted in the eighth with the Caveman the winner.

It is probable that we may see Harry Corbett and Al Foreman paired up in the very near future. If the pair do clash the K. O. specialist will require a good-sized horseshoe in each glove to persuade the Bethnal Green boxer to remain on the floor until the 6th part of a minute has been "ticked off."

Jack Forster, of Norwich, promises to cause a flutter in the dove-cotes of the welters this coming season. Jeff Dickson gave the London "fans" the opportunity to see this lad at his Albert Hall show on September 29.

Jack Fifeford, the 17-year-old Portsmouth boy who beat Mick Hill on the Scott-Stribling night, still pursues his "winning ways."

The Ring management and Yours Truly are now smoking the pipe of peace, and it is possible that in the near future some important fixtures may be arranged for the old historic building. The regulars at the Blackfriars establishment do know what they want and boys like Nel Tarleton, Dom Volante, Dick and Harry Corbett, Johnny Peters and Bob Carvill are capable of bringing back prosperity to this once popular rendezvous.

The long expected has happened at last and the scene of the happening was Newcastle-on-Tyne, for it was here a few days ago that Teddy Baldock met his "Waterloo." Benny Sharkey had been chosen as an "easy" for Baldock but the latter received the shock of his life and there could be no doubt about the verdict which went to the lesser known Sharkey. Teddy now is blaming his long lay-off for the defeat so apparently he is waking up to the fact that to keep in condition one must not remain on the sidelines.

The public is anxious to see Teddy defend his title against either of England's best challengers, Dick Corbett or Johnny Peters, or else have Baldock give up the title and leave the crown to those who would consider it an honor to defend.

Harry Mason and Ernie Rice met in what had been termed a red-hot "needle" match and while it is true that The Ring was packed to the doors, the alleged fight, which lasted less than a minute, was an absolute fizzle and those who paid for admission not only burned their fingers but pricked them badly with this muchly overboosted "needle." A short rally opened the proceedings and Mason slipped to the floor, whereupon the veteran Rice struck Mason a few blows while he was on the floor, with the consequence that he was stopped by the referee.

Pertinent questions are being asked in certain places where the boxing fraternity do meet. I have been asked whether it was true that Woolworths' had acquired a controlling interest in certain of our boxing halls, the reason being I presume that the admission prices to some of them are identical with the prices charged by the famous Store Kings'. I think that it is due to Messrs. Woolworths' to say that one does get value at their establishments.

A sly old "cauliflower merchant" said to me the other day, "Don't be surprised, Ted, if some enterprising promoter starts the 'admission by jam-jar' fashion, then we will have real side-stake matches again and the bills will read something like this: For 25 jars a side and the promoter's purse of 50 of 'em." Then with a chuckle, he added, "I can see the newspaper office people hustling when the scrappers roll up to deposit their side-stakes because every piece will have to be sounded to detect any cracks in the "bullion."

The popular Fred Austin, of Paddington, has commenced a promoting season at Kilburn. He has retained the services of clever Jack King as match-maker. Patrons at this establishment will be served many "tasty dishes" with such an accomplished "chef" in charge of the catering department.

It is a jolly good job that we have a Doctor Dickson in our midst, for it is upon him that we shall have to rely to keep the good old game alive, in London at any rate. And yet it is only a few short months ago that our wonderful B. B. B. C. informed the world that Jeff would not be permitted to promote boxing in John Bull's free country, because we were in the happy position of having sufficient promoters among our own countrymen. It has been well for the boxing game that Mr. Dickson did not take the Board seriously.

Before closing these notes I regret to have to record the passing of another old-timer. Jacob Hyams, who had passed the 70-year mark, died in a London hospital the other day. Jake in his day was one of the top-branches of the lightweight tree. Jem Carney was an old opponent of his, and Hyams was also seen in action in America where he fought Jack McAuliffe.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By TED GRESS

ROSEY STOY, Lancaster featherweight, knocked out Benny Nabors, New York, in one round.

Wally Sears, promising coal region middleweight, upset the dope by getting the nod over Johnny Peppe, of Philadelphia. Many fans thought that Peppe earned at least a draw due to his aggressiveness.

Peppe looked good in stopping Matt Rice, of Gilbertson, in four rounds.

Jack Kid Wolfe, of Hazelton, got back in the winning column with a pleasing point victory over Al Swilp, of Tamaqua.

Pete Latzo, of Scranton, former world's champion, gave Jimmy Herman, of Hazelton, a bad beating in ten rounds at Lakewood Park. Although out of condition Latzo handled Herman with ease and slapped him around plenty.

Art Feeser, Lebanon lightweight, never looked better when he soundly thrashed Art Nadeo, of Philadelphia, in eight rounds, winning every round. Feeser also licked Tony Loftus, Philadelphia.

Dick Rudgeair, promising Lebanon welterweight, stopped Frankie Deering, Cornwall colored flash, in two rounds, to grab the county title.

Johnny Ballent, Mt. Carmel's boy manager and promoter, is all smiles again. The reason is Tiger Al Bowman has settled down to business and right now is in the best shape of his career.

Williamsport, with genial Jack Leisenring at the helm, opened on October 6th, with Eddie Leroy, Williamsport feather, and Joey Williams, colored ace, in the main go.

Pat Igo, Shenandoah's threat in the lightweight ranks, continues to step in fast company. His most recent effort was a ten-rounder with Gaston LaCarde at Reading.

Art Feeser, who shapes up as one of the best bets in this part of the state, renewed his feud with Gene Baldoni, of Wilkes-Barre, when they clashed at Lebanon on October 7th.

Joe Hanrahan, Lancaster referee, is one of the most popular fellows in the game. Joe's a great scout in the ring or out.

Jack Green, Manheim plow-boy, has turned pro and looks good. He won two tough fights when he shaded Joe Ficco and Joe Jenoco.

Duke Warner, promising Hershey heavyweight, is back in action.

Here's how they finished here last month: Billy Coleman beat Ray McGuire, Hal Murray trimmed Walter Wassluk; Tony Mingaro outpointed Danny Dern, and Dern in turn stopped K. O. Brown; Len Whalen scored a technical over Kak Kandry; Johnny Labarba outslugged Mickey Dunn; Sailor Matty knocked out Sergeant Mason; Frankie Hauser beat Frankie Damian; Giffie Kenvin made it his fourth straight one-round kayo by hitting Jackie Palmer on the chin; Young Sharkey stopped K. O. Brown; Tony Allen scored a technical over Pete Klept, and Snitz Mason whipped Harry Stoudt.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS
By SAM HART

JOHNNY PETERS, of England, outpointed Young Gildo, Manila, in two slashing 15 round bouts.

Young Gildo, Manila, K.O.'ed Tommy Doble in seven rounds.

Jack Haines, middleweight champion, knocked out Johnny Shields in two rounds.

Jack Haines outpointed Larry Brignolia in 15 rounds.

Jack Haines, boxing like the great fighter he is, K.O.'ed Larry Brignolia, America, in five rounds. Haines never gave Brignolia a chance.

Fred Young outpointed George Thompson, heavyweight champion, in a non-titular bout.

Jack O'Mally K.O.'ed Ted Pickrang in four rounds. Heavyweight O'Mally may shortly leave for America. He is a good puncher.

Reg Wall K.O.'ed Bert Horne in two rounds. They are heavyweights.

Jack Roberts K.O.ed Russ Critcher in two rounds.

Young Gildo, Manila, K.O.'ed Bill Tyson in seven rounds. They are bantams.

Norky Jowler outpointed Jimmy Allen in 15 rounds.

Jack Carrol beat Wally Hancock in a thrilling 15-round bout.

Young Halliday K.O.'ed Sid North in five rounds.

Bobby Blay K.O.'ed Young Halliday in 14 rounds. Blay is a fine featherweight.

In a bout for the middleweight title, Jack Haines, champion, K.O.'ed Frank Van in 11 rounds.

Haines is the greatest fighter since Les Darcy and I would give him an even money chance of winning the middleweight championship of the world.

Pat Redmond, Australia's Carnera, sailed last week for America. He is going to Tom O'Rourke.

Young Gildo K.O.'ed Bobby Fraser in three rounds. Gildo is the most improved boy in Australia and next to Jack Haines, he is the best draw.

Teddy Green regained his flyweight title when he K.O.'ed Vic White in two rounds.

The most promising boys here are Fred Lyod, lightweight; Al Singleton, bantam; Johnny Riley, bantam; Billy McAnally, bantam; Tommy Elgey, lightweight, and Johnny Shepherd, welter.

Any good boys desiring to make a trip to Australia for a series of bouts under contract, should write to me at No. 340 Pitt, Sydney, Australia, or to Leichardt Stadium, also send clippings and pictures.

IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
By J. A. ADEA

IN a fight for the featherweight championship of the Orient, Varias Miling outfought Max Tarley of Cebu in eight of the twelve rounds.

Young Uzcudun, Spanish local heavyweight, stopped Terrible Max in the second round.

Young Tommy of Iloilo and Little Moro of Cebu engaged in a return twelve round match in Manila which ended in a good draw. Tommy won the bantamweight title from Moro when the pair first met in the Visayan Islands.

Kid Johnson, former feather and lightweight champion of the Orient, lost on a foul to Eddie Law, Pacific Coast featherweight.

In a hectic battle of twelve rounds, Young Tommy, bantamweight champion of the Orient, won a clean-cut decision over Young Firpo, his old time rival.

Young Uzcudun again scored in the semi-final event by handing a K. O. potion to Fat Emilio Alfonso in the second round.

Varias Miling put a finish to Kid Johnson's fighting career when he stopped the former "Iloilo Typhoon" in the last canto of a twelve round contest.

Pablo Dano, ranked as one of the best flyweights, is finding difficulty in getting a suitable opponent. Everyone ducks him.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

BIGGER and better than ever is the boxing game in Havana, Cuba. The writer predicts that 1930 will wind up as the greatest year on record for sports in Cuba.

Commandante Enrique Recio, president of the B. C., does everything in his power to enforce regulations, and that, plus the referee's good work and the judges' fair decisions, has made Cuba one of the outstanding countries in the boxing world.

Ignacio Ara, of Spain, and Sammy Baker, of New York, put up a whirlwind battle before a $10,000 house. Both boys staged a sensational tilt. Although Baker was the aggressor throughout, the youthful Spaniard would not be denied and his speedy footwork and punching won for him the decision. Baker and Ara received a big ovation.

Martinez Fort, Spanish junior lightweight, handed out a neat lacing to Luis Ramos of Chile.

Martinez Oroz, sensational welterweight from Spain, displayed plenty of class in whipping Pablo Canales of Cuba. Oroz is a likeable chap and popular with the fans.

Antonio Herrera, local lightweight, returned to the wars after a two-year lay off. Herrera won a six-round decision over the tuff Panther of Casa Blanca.

Ignacio Ara surprised by defeating Marzo Fernandez. The bout was full of pep.

Miramar Garden results for the month follow: Alberto Fonticelli, Argentine flyweight, defeated Conrado Molaguero, of Cuba. Fontecilli is a good performer and looks promising. Roberto Vigo kayoed Augusto Lage in two. Avelino Vallina knocked out Ramon Delaney in two. Eugene Galvez of the Amy, knocked out Carlos Munoz in four, and Ramon Martinez outpointed Kid Jaboncillo in six.

Rafael Valdez, Cuba's 100-pound champion, easily won over Petit Uzcudun, of Rancho Boyero. Valdes is lightning fast and a classy performer. Jose Del Alamo kayoed Vicente Alonso in four. Bill Dempsey outpointed Raul Ochendia in six. Joaquin Jorge whipped Santos Ofarrill in six.

Jose Diaz Canseco, Vedado flyweight, drew with Ezequiel Alvarez in six rounds. Felix Vega won over Armando Berriere in six. Arturo Granja, of Palatino, drew with Ramon Martinez, who really desereved the decision.

Arena Polar results for the month follow: Divino Rueda scored a four-round knockout over Benny Rodriguez. Rueda is managed by Aramis del Pino and looks promising. Angel Izquierdo banged away for six rounds on Antonio Hevia, flooring Hevia for a nine count in the last canto. Cesar Perez kayoed Miro Pestana in the fourth, while Fausto Falcon whipped Avelino Barrera.

Fernando Llamas scored a three-round kayo over Adolfo Vazquez of Spain. Llamas is a sturdy southpaw and improves with every start.

Conrado Conde, sterling flyweight, is now in New York seeking fame and fortune. The little Cuban mite is a classy performer and should make a hit with New Yorkers. Buena suerte, Conguito.

Tony Cuervo still maintains attractive shows weekly at the Arena Polar. The following are the results: Rafael Garcia beat Kid Braulio; Rosendo Aneiros kayoed Jeronimo Pruna; Kid Solino beat Paulino Dieguez; and Roberto Bonar Monos whipped Rogelio Valdes easily.

Young Madrazo outpointed Kid Harry Wills. Oscar Mendez beat Juan Villazan; Cuban Primero Carnera was counted out in two rounds by Juan Morales. Rogelio Ulivarri disposed of San Joaquin Panther in two rounds.

Angel Macias, "El Espanolito," won over Jose Garcia in the third, the referee halting the bout. Anacleto Ilizardy beat Joe Sotolongo. Felix Enriquez, known as the "Cuban Al Brown," kayoed Felix Vega in four. Eddy Cardenas won over Andres Soriano.

Joaquin Jorge, featherweight from Cerro, outpointed Joe Sarabia in the main go of six rounds. It was a hectic battle and might have been called a draw. Jose Diaz Canseco outpointed Luis Dauval. Rafael Valdes won over Robert Vigo. Luis Bardales kayoed Mario Toledo. Amador Garcia came from behind to score a knockout over Emilio Diaz. What a fight it was.

Valentin Pedroso, of "Los Pinos," kayoed Billy Rayo of Mariano in two rounds. Frank Ortiz won by a T. K. O. in the fifth over Rufino Perdomo. Angel Macias defeated Benedicto de Armas in six. Armas proved a game youngster and won the plaudits of the crowd.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

DICK DANIELS, Minnesota's heavyweight champion, scored a clean-cut victory over K. O. Christner, Akron rubber man, in ten rounds at the Minneapolis Auditorium.

Charley Retzlaff pounded a six-round win out over Leon Chevalier, California Negro, in Duluth. The Duluth heavyweight, with a little more experience, will be trading leather with the best of them.

Wayne Short won over Walter Beasy and Mel Coleman put the skids under Billy Nelson, Chicago. Coleman is a promising youngster. He hails from Duluth.

Jimmy Gibbons, St. Paul, won the duke over Jack Roper, Los Angeles, in a tame six-round affair.

Spud Murphy, Moorehead junior lightweight, won a fast bout over Pop 'em Paul Wangley, Minnesota feather champ. Action and knockdowns were plentiful.

Jackie Sharkey returned to the wars and in a tough tilt, beat Eddie Smith, a colored lad hailing from Chicago. Smith substituted for Babe Herman, who failed to pass the physical examinations.

Britt Gorman stopped Bobby Lasalle, of Los Angeles, in the first round.

Charley Retzlaff came through with another impressive win when he put Pedro Lopez on the resin in two heats on the Petrolle-Canzoneri card.

A sad case in local fistic ranks is that of Babe Herman, two-fisted Moorehead featherweight, who looked like one of the most promising youngsters Minnesota had turned out in some time. The Babe was fast, clever, and a popular fighter when he crashed into local fistic circles. But after Herman began to draw the public appeal, his management started feeding him fighters out of his class and now the Moorehead flash is a burned-out pugilist.

Duluth has contributed its share to the fistic fraternity in the last year. Among the outstanding men developed from the ranks of fistiania in the "Iron City" are Angelo Puglisi, Charley Retzlaff and a splendid prospect, Mel Coleman.

Fight interest is mounting in Duluth and the fans take great pride in their fighters. To hear a Duluthan talk of Puglisi, Coleman or Retzlaff, there would be little doubt as to who could knock Schmeling, Walker and Freeman off their respective thrones.

Duluth is a great little fight center and the scribe predicts things for it fistically.

OKLAHOMA TOPICS
By HARRY BELL

GEORGE COURTNEY, of Tulsa, has been campaigning in his home State the past few weeks. In his fight with Joe Packo at Oklahoma City, he surprised by hanging a K. O. on the tough Pole in a few rounds. At Tulsa, against Cowboy Jack Willis, Courtney won all the way. He had Willis down for a count several times and referee Sid Young stopped the fight in the seventh round.

The Metropolitan A. C. at Oklahoma City, with Charles J. Brill at the helm, is giving that city some big shots. The inaugural card was the Courtney-Packo battle. The second card was the Johnny Risko-Babe Hunt fracas which set a new attendance record for the State, 12,018, with a gross of $20,389. Babe Hunt, the Big Gusher of Ponca City and the Pride of the Southwest, easily outpointed Johnny Risko.

Billy Murray, a great little bantam of a few years back is returning to the boxing game after an absence of five years. He will assist the writer in the management and training of a stable of fighters known as The High Hats of Fistiania. Transportation of this stable will be by air whenever possible, in a ship owned jointly by this gang of leather pushers.

The writer who contributed to this column three years ago, would like to hear from his old friends, and make new ones, in the boxing game. Write to 616 N. Broadway, Oklahoma City.

George Trenkle, of Edmond, is making a strong bid for recognition in the light heavy ranks. The highly touted Baxter Calmas lasted less than a round with George at Tulsa. Calmas shared the spotlight with Jack Dillon as the leading light heavyweights of the southwest until he ran into the mighty right hand of Trenkle's.

CONNECTICUT NOTES
By STEVE KELLY

THE Stamford Sporting Club wound up its open air season and started the indoor season at Columbus Hall, with the usual high class talent.

Tommy Brown, Norwalk feather needs a rest and if he doesn't take it, he will suffer a breakdown. Brown is a good boxer but is being worked too hard.

Kayo Morgan, Connecticut bantam champion, is at home after a tour of the southwest, where he knocked out Homer LeBlanc in four rounds; Babe Kellar in seven and beat Happy Atherton, Pee Wee Wilson, Carl Cavelli and Joey Rychell. He lost to Al Brown, world's bantam champion.

Al Gainer, lightheavy and heavyweight champ of Connecticut, still holds both titles after his sensational scrap with Jack Kelly, Waterbury Lithuanian, at White City Stadium, at Savin Rock.

After being down four times, Kelly looked helpless in the fourth, when Gainer rushing in to put him away, was met with a terrific right hander to the jaw, which drove him across the ring and into the press seats. Gainer climbed back and was sent down twice more for eight and nine counts and the bell rang just as Kelly was measuring Gainer. Gainer was given the decision by the point score of 44 to 41.

Bat Battalino, world's feather champ and Louis Kid Kaplan, former title holder, crossed gloves at 131¼ lbs., no title at stake, at Hartford.

Al Weill, New Haven Arena promoter, has left his post and with Dick Gray will open shop in New London, Conn. Lew Brown and Al Caroly have taken over the Arena, and will produce real scraps for the patrons.

We take our hats off to Frankie Traynor, the Dublin fighter, who plays all the Irish tunes on the bagpipes for an hour before his fight and then takes the crowd with his pleasing style in the ring. Jack Punch is Frankie's pilot and a good one. Traynor weighs 125 lbs.

Bob Mele, New Haven's popular promoter, will promote fights in Norwalk Armory this winter and the fans will be given plenty of action.

Lew Anger, of Walnut Beach fame, is saying nothing, but sawing wood. Methinks Lew will pop up promoting bouts some place in the state.

At Stamford, Leo Larivee, Waterbury middleweight, won over Rudy Marshall in eight rounds.

Joe Emmons, Waterbury welter, won an eight-round decision over Tommy Hamby of Holyoke, Mass.

Billy Bridges, New Canaan lightweight, won over Kid Hersey of Waterbury.

Tommy Dunn, of Philadelphia, won over Charles "Buddy" Howard of Stamford in six.

Frankie Smith, Norwalk's pleasing feather, took the nod over Billy Summa of Portchester in the opening four.

At Waterbury Frankie O'Brien, Hartford, 157½ kayoed Paulie Sykes, Jersey City, 157, in five rounds.

Mike Toronto, Bridgeport, 164, knocked out the "Walloping Wop," from Waterbury, 161, in the fourth round.

Johnny La Bua, Waterbury, 130, whipped Nick Christy, Bristol, 128, in a six. Baby Doll, Waterbury lightweight, took the nod from Johnny Andrews, New Haven.

At Pawcatuck, where they put on banner action cards, Phil Johnson, Bridgeport 177, knocked out Big Boy Burlap, Westerly, 217, in five rounds.

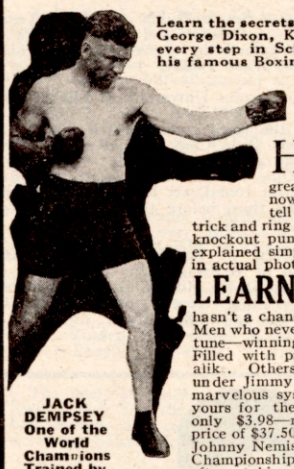
Ero Peterson, Worcester lightweight, won from Vic Dorr, Norwich, in six. Rudy Marshall, Stamford, won over Alex Tourrane in a close six-rounder.

Hookey Jackson, Westerly middle, registered over Sailor Tom Hortley of Norwich, in four.

Bridgeport Newfield Park—Al Brown, world's bantam champion, knocked out Johnny Vacca, Boston, in two rounds.

Al Matthews, Atlantic City's best little colored boxer, 124, whipped Ernie Palmer, Bridgeport, 123½, in a six spot.

Jimmy DeForest Reveals BOXING SECRETS of Champions



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Jackie O'Day, Bridgeport, beat Long Sing Que, N. Y., in six rounds. This makes 38 losses in a row.

Young Carnera, Bridgeport heavy, beat Sammy Johnson, Pittsburgh, in four rounds. At Walnut Beach, Pat McGrath won over Georgie Day in ten rounds.

Willie Lewis, Stamford, 141, whipped Georgie Gioia, 140, in eight rounds.

Johnny "Red" Allen, Bridgeport, welter, stopped Al Martell, Holyoke, in the second. Billy Coe, New Haven, 139, stopped Tim O'Brien, Bridgeport, 141, in 2 rounds.

Frankie Smith, Norwalk, 126, defeated Armand Massey, Holyoke, in four rounds.

At Stamford, Georgie Day, New York Tornado, stopped Walter Salmon of Long Island in the second round of an eight-round star bout.

Panama Jimmy Brown, 167, stopped Karl Fenerty, of Waterbury, 170, in three rounds of a scheduled eight-rounder. Tommy Dunn and Joe Emmons fought another eight with Dunn winning. Frankie Sinque, White Plains, stopped Tommy Brown, Norwalk, in the third. Tommy Aloba, Phillipine Islands, won from Johnny Mellantoni, in a four spot.

At New Haven Arena, Tony Leto whipped Jimmy Watts, New Haven feather, in ten rounds. Jules Sornbathy injured his hand in the third round and was forced to quit to Eddie Cerda, of White Plains.

K. O. Phil Johnson and Mickey Fedore of Canton, Ohio, were stopped by referee Newt Palmer, and the bout called "no contest" in the third round.

Frankie Smith, Norwalk feather, lost to Romeo Du Bois, New Haven, in four.

Bobby Heller succumbed to the hard punching of Jerry Emard, Holyoke lightweight, in the fourth round.

Norwalk, at the Armory, has little Bobby Hele doing the honors.

Al Manley, Stamford flyweight, and Solly Angelo, Stamford lightheavy, who are both fighting amateurs, have earned great honors in the amateur ranks. Al has won twenty-one of his twenty-three fights. Solly just emerged the victor in a two-day tournament in Madison Square Garden.

Timmy Eagan, popular Stamford sportsman, is trying hard to land a promoter's license in Stamford. The writer sees no reason why the State Boxing Commission will not grant Tim one. He has always been a credit to the game.

Bridgeport opened the indoor season at Red Men's Hall with Billy Prince at the helm.

Stamford has already opened in Columbus Hall with Joe Chimbole and Dave Rose in charge.

New Haven Arena, with Lew Brown and Al Caroly as the masters of ceremonies, has also opened.

Lou Bogash, former middleweight contender, who is now a state referee is turning in some wonderful cards all over the state. He is very popular with the fans.

Dan Morgan, well known manager of fighters, was at the New Haven Arena, and his many acquaintances formed a big line to shake hands with this old timer.

At New London, Bobby Mays, lightweight, beat Phil Richards, of England, in ten.

Al Gilette, New Bedford feather, trimmed Al Matthews of Atlantic City in eight.

Billy Euile, Westerly, whipped Jimmy Kerns, New London, in six rounds.

Young Liggio, Westerly bantam, kayoed Young Bedell, Woonsocket in the fourth. Jimmy Quinn, Norwich feather, beat Buster Ellis, New Bedford, in a four. At Waterbury, Jimmy Mendes, New Bedford, 176, beat Frankie Wine, Montana, 184, in ten rounds.

Albert Leon, Cuban lightweight, scored a technical knockout over Carmen Knapp of New Haven in the first round. Vic Carlson, Terryville, 180, whipped Charlie Rasmussen, Waterbury, 175, in six rounds.

Alex Hart, Ansonia welter, won over Joe Emmons in eight heats. Danny Murphy, Waterbury, 154, beat Freddie Freeman, Waterbury, 150, in four.

At Pawcatuck, Lew Brouillard of Worcester, 148, knocked out Tony Travers of New Haven in four rounds, which puts Brouillard on top of the list of state welters.

Young Lavigne beat Pat James in four. Young Rochette beat Al Rodman. Al Brouillard whipped Billy Eule in four.

Al Beauregard of Toftville lays claim to the New England bantam title by virtue of a win over Johnny Vacca of Boston. Beauregard will have to defeat Kayo Morgan, Connecticut champion at 118 lbs. first.

Lets hear from you boys from the northern part of the state. No news is good news, but it don't help you or the column any. Let your neighbors know how good you are. Address the writer at his new address Steve Kelly, 42 Cedar Street, Stamford, Conn.

The Ring in Philadelphia

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

JUST before taking his beating from Joe Sekyra, Matt Adgie, West Philadelphia "iceman," looked down at the press row and said to the scribes:

"Say, you fellows have got my age all wrong. I'm only 24 and not 29, as some of you have written. But it don't make any difference; I don't expect to get married again."

Al Gordon, Philadelphia southpaw, upset the dope to win his second straight bout since returning from a California trip, by beating Jose Diaz, Cuban, in a six-round semi-final to the Adgie-Sekyra affair.

On the same bill Eddie Cool of Tacony was awarded the decision over Joe Leone of Italy in six rounds; Tom Donahue, West Philadelphia, pounded out a victory over Peter Shedrick of Atlantic City; Al Tendler won from Joe O'Neil and Benny Victor knocked out Carl Stanley in the opening round.

Tommy Loughran, former world light-heavyweight champion, has come to the front with a defi to Primo Carnera. Efforts were made to get Loughran and Adgie hooked up in what many Philadelphians have considered a long-standing "natural," but Tommy and his manager, Joe Smith, can't see the percentage and would rather take a fling with the Italian giant. Instead Loughran met Mickey Walker in a World Series show at the Phils' Park on October 1.

Nig Hayes is opening the 1930-'31 season with a stable that includes Joe Spatola, Manny Sharkey, Patsy Carlo, Jackie Kres, Johnny Ladao and Benny (Irish) Cohen.

Barney Maguire will promote indoor bouts at Convention Hall in Camden this season. He got started September 25, when Tony Falco clashed with Mickey Blair, a Camden favorite.

Maxie Goldberg of Phillie was put away by Lew Selzer of Vineland at the latter place in the second round of their eight-round windup. The bout that caught the fancy of the crowd was the six-round draw between Dave Siddons of Philadelphia and George Kelly of Camden.

Tiger Thomas, Chester colored middleweight fighter, and George Nichols of Buffalo, battled through ten rounds to a draw at the Leiperville open-air arena. Nichols was floored for a count of nine in the first minute of the bout but staged a game rally to earn the draw. Thomas came in the ring at 161 pounds and Nichols 160.

In the six-round semi-windup to the Thomas-Nichols brawl Lew Searles of Leiperville trounced Puggy Snyder of Vineland, N. J. Billy Ritchie of Chester also handed out a six-round beating to Jackie Herman of Philadelphia in the main preliminary.

Lew Tendler, former southpaw lightweight ace, has taken out a manager's license in Pennsylvania and will look after Benny Victor, whom Lew considers is a coming youngster.

Milt Jampole, a Chester lad who has been fighting in New York, handed Johnny Ketchel of Chester a surprise by holding him to a ten-round draw at Leiperville recently. Ketchell ruled a big favorite in the advance rating. El Kadir of Washington proved too sturdy for Leo Duncan of Leiperville and the referee stopped the bout, the claim also being made that Kadir was not trying to "hurt" his opponent.

Harry (Kid) Murphy, who has boxed Lew Massey on four occasions, has been signed for a two-year contract by Jimmy Briggs, who has landed several indoor bouts for him.

Two University of Pennsylvania star boxers are members of the 'varsity football squad—Frank Merrick, heavyweight, and Cy Newcomb, light heavyweight. Merrick was one of the best boxers in intercollegiate ranks last season, while Newcomb starred on the freshman team. Merrick, whose home is in Norfolk, is out for end, and Newcomb, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is trying for guard.

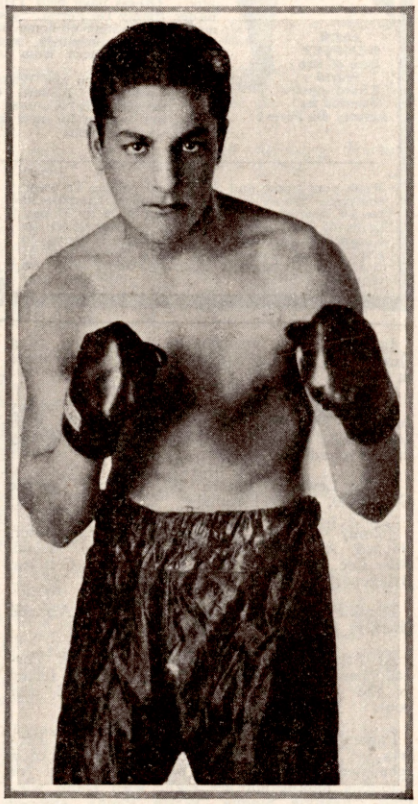
Peggy Sullivan, South Philadelphia, light-heavyweight, punched out a six-round decision over Young King Solomon, another South Phillie fighter, in the windup at the Sixty-ninth Street Arena.

Wild Bill Kent, a West Philadelphia favorite, defeated Theodore (Kid) Snowden, formerly of Lincoln University, in the semi-windup. The crowd figured Kent could put Snowden away but the latter gained his old-time courage as the rounds passed along and was still swapping punches at the final bell in the sixth.

Nick Verone of South Phillie outpointed Texas (Kid) Wallace of Camden and "Skid" Hicks of Willow Grove gained the six-round verdict over Ray Victor of West Phillie.

Jim Slimmer, former University of Illinois football lineman, stowed away Hack Langdon of Oklahoma in the third round of the windup at the Philadelphia Rifle Club outdoor show. Slimmer, born and raised in South Jersey and now representing Olney, dropped the westerner five times in the first round, six times in the second and two in the third before the referee counted Hack out.

Eddie Goldberg of South Philadelphia and Frankie Dutch of Kensington never finished in the semi-windup at the Rifle Club. The rain became so heavy the referee stopped it in the fourth round and called it a draw.



Al Rossi, New Jersey's fast rising lightweight

After two months at sea Al Monahan is back in Phillie. He lost no time getting in shape for a bout with his old rival, Al Markie. They clashed at the Cambria and have been socking each other for many years.

Al Lippe continues to get Al Friedman plenty of action. The former Boston light heavyweight, now making his headquarters in Philadelphia, took on Battling Redman in South Bend, Larry Dillon in Oklahoma City and Jim Maloney in Boston, all in a space of two weeks.

Al and Harry Little are stepping along at a fast clip in the Philadelphia flyweight ranks. Al has dropped but two decisions in nine starts, while Harry has won all his fights except one. Arthur Naedo, another boxer in Jimmy Briggs' stable, is doing nicely in the lightweight division.

Tough luck continued to follow Billy Jones, South Philadelphia light-heavyweight sensation. He had a bout with Yale Okun in Buffalo but it was called off owing to the poor advance sale. Then, after being signed to meet Lou Scozza in Wilkes-Barre, the latter twice injured his hand and asked for postponements. The third time he hurt his hand in training Jones gave up and called off the fight. Then Billy was matched with George Courtney at the Arena in Phillie, but Courney broke his hand. Later Jones had a bout with Tiger Thomas in Leiperville.

Vincent Forgione, in going the limit with Mickey Walker, world middleweight champion, recently at Newark, fought better than for some time. Sammy Hahn, who looks after Forgione on all his trips, says the two rivals may clash again in Los Angeles this fall.

Since lining up with Al Lippe, Al Friedman, the Boston heavyweight, is getting plenty of work out of the Phillie headquarters. Friedman knocked out Chief Redman in South Bend, Ind., and not long afterward met Jimmy Braddock in Boston and from there hopped a train for Oklahoma City, where he clashed with Perry Dillon.

"The One Who Would Be King."

Just another way of introducing to the dear old fight public one Billy Jones, "The Hard Luck Champion," as Philadelphia scribes have so ironically named him, and the greatest Negro fighter to battle out of Philadelphia.

If you still don't know who Billy is, suffice to say, pugilistically, he rates as one of the greatest light-heavyweights in the game today, if not the greatest.

A year ago Jones was one of thousands of preliminary boys. Just one of the many who showed "promise." Six months ago that "promise" developed into something tangible. Today that promise is keeping a good many of the so-called contenders out of the same ring with him.

Not that Jones has set the boxing world afire. Not by a long shot. But the same something that gave his unquestionable and decisive victories over Peter Latzo, James J. Braddock, Piet Brand and Jackie Silver, the last named a West Coast sensation, has had much to do in making Jones the most feared 175-pounder in the ring at present.

Frank J. Fowler, Jr., is Jones' manager and is eager to pit Billy against the best light-heavyweights in the game.

FROM WESTERN NEW YORK

By TERRY J. BATTLES

THE outdoor boxing season was rather dull in Western New York but a fine indoor season is predicted.

One of the biggest upsets of the outdoor season was the knockout of Ray Keller by the awkward John Olah.

Joe Trippe of Mount Morris upset the dope in Erie, Pa., when he knocked out Tug Phillips of Pittsburgh in seven rounds.

Steve Haliako, former amateur lightweight champion, drew with Sammie Dorfman of New York in Elmira.

George Nichols, Jack Singer's southpaw middleweight, boxed a ten-round draw with Tiger Thomas in Leiperville, Pa. A week later Nichols journeyed to Boston, where he beat Harry Allen of Brockton.

Johnny Sacco, Buffalo lightweight, dropped a six-round decision to Jack Purvis of Indianapolis in Toronto. Johnny Perrine of Buffalo was stopped by Tommy McBeigh, Vancouver bantam, in the fifth round.

Tommy Ryan, former bantamweight star, who now manages a string of boxers, has added Frankie Linhart, Buffalo welterweight, to his stable.

Boxing has gone big in Niagara Falls, Ontario. Harry Fuller, Niagara Falls middleweight, knocked out Swede Okesson of Jamestown in the third round. Benny Ross, Buffalo trial horse, came back to life by stopping One Punch Smith of Syracuse in the first round. Joe Scinta of Buffalo and Willie Powell of Niagara Falls fought six rounds to a draw. Matt Gifford of St. Catherines stopped Joe Allwood of Buffalo in three rounds. Gorilla Jones (not the Gorilla from Akron) knocked out Archie Cross from Niagara Falls in one round.

Red Carr's newest sensation is Sammy Spagnola. Spagnola is as fast as lightning and hits like a mule with either hand.

Keep an eye on Tony Sciolino, Tommy Timlin's featherweight. This kid is rapidly improving.

Harry Fuller, Niagara Falls middleweight, ran into a tartar in his home town in Indian Tiger West, who beat him.

Lou Scozza, Buffalo Italian lightheavyweight star, was forced to cancel a couple of good bouts due to an injured arm. An operation was necessary.

Jimmy Slattery, former light-heavyweight champion, has started a campaign which he hopes will lead to a return title bout with Champion Maxie Rosenbloom. Slats' first victim was Pedro Lopez of Chile, who was knocked out in two rounds. This bout took place in Schenectady.

Frankie Schoell, Buffalo veteran mitt slinger, has broken relations with his manager, Harry McCoy.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

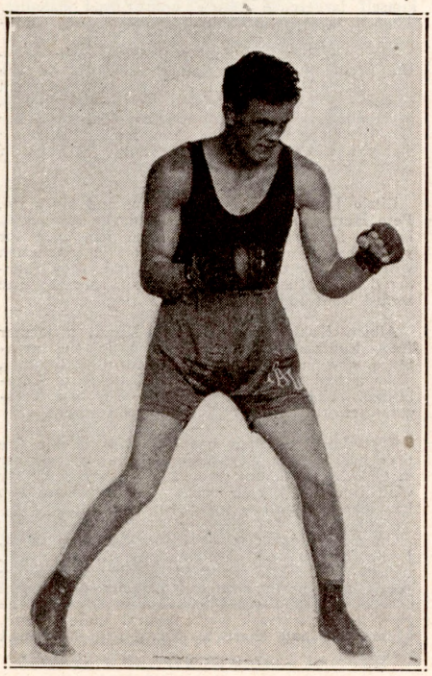
By PATSY DONOVAN

THE open air arena at Fort Washington, Md., about ten miles out of the District of Columbia, is drawing capacity houses on each show. Recently Sailor McKenna, of Washington, and Phil Raymond, of Baltimore, hooked up there in the feature eight and some 4,000 odd fans were on hand to see the show. Previous to this one, Reds Barry, of Washington, and Billy Schwartz, of Alexandria, Va., boxed to a similar house.

Boxing will be resumed at Alexandria, Va., before we go to press. Alexandria is practically a suburb of Washington, being within a ten-minute riding distance of the heart of the city. With two clubs running in the vicinity of Washington, there is talk of boxing being resumed at Fort Myer, Va., which is also a short distance out of the national capital.

Boxing has been resumed in Baltimore and two shows were held during the month. Joe Belmont bested Steve Smith in the first show, while Jack Gallagher, of Philadelphia, won over Lew Heywood in the second.

Fair crowds attended the matches.



Pal McDonald, seventeen-year-old prodigy from Miami.

Al Singer, Philadelphia featherweight, made a hit in Baltimore by getting off the floor to stop Clarence Sloat, hard-hitting lightweight. Sloat, much the heavier of the two, knocked Singer down several times in the first two rounds but Al stuck to his guns and made the Baltimorean lower his colors in round five. Singer and Benny Goldstein, of Baltimore, would help the game in Baltimore by getting together. What about it, Benny?

Eddie Buell, veteran bantam, made a comeback in the vicinity of Washington. To date he has won decisions over Frankie De Angelo and Earl Lavine. Buell, while not the fighter of previous years, can make most of the boys in the neighborhood step. His fights hereabouts have made him many friends.

Earl Lavine made a hit with the Washington fans by subbing against Eddie Buell at Fort Washington recently. Lavine took the match on a minute's notice and fought a great fight.

Gus Edwards and Speedie Myers, both of Baltimore, had quite a brawl up at Hagerstown, Md., recently. The fight became so hot that the seconds took a hand in the battle. Edwards was finally awarded the decision on the fact that one of Myers' seconds knocked him for a loop while he was not looking.

Sailor McKenna made a hit with the Washington fans by his game stand against Phil Raymond. The sailor received a terrible cut in his lower lip in round three but gamely did battle for the remaining five rounds. Up to the accident, the bout was on even terms but from then on Raymond held the upper hand.

Reds Barry and Billy Schwartz fought a fast draw at Fort Washington. Barry was by far the faster of the two but Schwartz excelled in strength. Some of the Washington papers gave Barry an edge but all agreed that the fight was a hummer.

Dick Welsh, of Philadelphia, reversed the tables on Frankie De Angelo at Virginia Beach recently. Welsh also beat Benny Goldstein there.

Country McKenna, protege of Freddie Barth, turned in wins over Billy Landis at Virginia Beach, and Al Martin at Ocean City, Md.

Phil Roselli, of Wilmington, Del., again demonstrated his powers over Danny Russell, of Salisbury, Md., by knocking him out at Ocean City, Md. Russell licks many fighters that in turn defeat Roselli, but Phil? Never.

The open air arena at Ocean City, Md., has been closed for the season and Promoter Lee has moved his activities over to his indoor arena at Salisbury, Md.

Toney Barbaria's open air arena at Virginia Beach is about ready to close a successful season. Recently Jack Dempsey refereed a show there and more than 5,000 fans attended.

BITS FROM GEORGIA

By J. F. BEL

THE Chatham Athletic Club has moved its arena from Brougton street to 213-215 Bay street, and the new place will seat over 1000 people. They have a number of high-class shows booked and look for a big season. Managers and fighters who wish to box in Savannah better get busy as the officials are booking their shows weeks in advance. They hold their shows every Friday night.

Dick Leonard, one of the best in the game in the South several years ago, is located in Augusta and he tells us he is going to turn out some good boys. Another ex-Savannah boxer, now a manager is singing the praises of Buster Newberry, middleweight. He is Lukie Tenner, now located in Charlotte, N. C.

Joe Knight of Cairo is a much improved boy. He held Bob Godwin to a draw in Waycross and Godwin has defeated Mike McTigue twice. Knight is a southpaw and fights around 175 pounds.

Savannah has four promising youngsters in Bulldog Downs, lightweight; Reddy Pitts, featherweight; Young Patsey Haley and Cracker Hewlette, bantams. Pitts is being handled by Bill Hall. The other boys can be secured through Ed Alexander.

Blondy Parker, welterweight, is going great and his manager, Ed Alexander, says he will be ready for a shot at Young Manuel this winter.

Young Stribling, Georgia's heavyweight, is after a shot at Max Schmeling for the heavyweight title. If they give this show, Georgia will have its first heavyweight champion. The Southern fans believe Stribling to be the best of the heavyweight crop.

Waycross staged a benefit fight for the widow of Sammy Buchanan and Stribling was the third man in the ring and did a good job of it. Bob Godwin and Joe Knight fought to a draw.

One of the best-looking boys we have seen in some time is Vernon Seeley of the Boynton stable in Waycross. He is a featherweight.

Savannah operates under a city Boxing Commission which has a working agreement with the New York Commission. Mr. B. O. Sprague is chairman and Tom Mannion is secretary. They make a fighter deliver the goods or else—

Ed Alexander is the leading boxing manager in the state and keeps his boys busy. Harry Tracy is looking for some new boys to handle. Both of these men are good trainers and can keep their boys busy.

Fighters wishing to get connected in Savannah can get in touch with the above men or the writer in care of the Chatham Athletic Club.

Blondy Parker, after breaking his hand on Louis Gonzales, knocked out Johnny Flynn at Ft. Benning with one hand. His stablemate, Bulldog Downs, is having a hard time finding opponents. His last opponent left the ring on him in Jacksonville when the going got too hot.

Billy Olliff is about to get back into action in his home town. He has won his last two fights by knockouts. He is a good boy when he wants to fight. His brother, Bob, looks like a real find.

Reddy Pitts had a setback at the hands of Dallas Ritts but he must expect that. He still looks good to the writer and will give any of the boys a great battle.

BIG SHOTS FROM LITTLE RHODE ISLAND

By ANTHONY PETRONELLA

TIVERTON, R. I., was once again the scene of the biggest fistic blowder in these plantations last month. It was featured by the appearance of that Portuguese Gargantuan, Jose Santa, and Pedro Lopez, of West Virginia. About 13,000 fans, mostly Santa's countrymen, jammed through the portals of Mark Stadium to see for themselves just how good Jose was in a pugilistic way. They didn't get much of a line on the giant as his opponent went to the mat in about 50 seconds.

The supporting card was the best offered during the summer season. In the semi-windup, Pancho Villa, New Bedford lightweight, won a close verdict over fighting Gaston Lacadre, champion of France, in six hot sessions. Werther Arcelli, of Italy, weighing 142, showed too much finesse for his opponent, Jack Britt, Fall River, and won a well-earned six-round verdict.

Nick Fusaro, of Fall River, and Jack Wolgast, of New Bedford, lightweights, put up a fast six-canto affair with the former showing up as the fair-handed boy. In the opener, Chick Dias, 136, Fall River, carried too many guns for Young Doherty, 137, East Providence.

Tommy King, youthful aspirant for New England lightweight honors, who hails from Fall River, won a pair of good bouts last month. At Woonsocket, he surprised when he eked out a decision over the good-going Eddie Holmes, of Providence, and then later in the month he won the palm over Harry Scott, Negro from the metropolitan district. King, thus far, remains undefeated in the pro ranks and bids fair to carve a name for himself in fistic circles.

Commissioner Edward C. Foster, of Rhode Island, a member-state of the National Boxing Association, threatens to quit the fold because of an absurd ruling decreed by the association at its last yearly confab at Omaha. A new rule, which goes into effect January 1, 1931, states that boxers and promoters enlisted under the jurisdiction of the N. B. A. are not supposed to cooperate with those from non-member states. Foster, quick to note the folly of this dictum, served an ultimatum to the association that in behalf of the better interests of boxing, he would withdraw if this rule goes into effect.

Pancho Villa defeated his rival, Frankie Hennesey, of Fall River, at the Fall River Casino in a torrid bout of eight frames. In a previous bout these gamecocks fought a thrilling draw.

A lad who shows plenty of promise is Werther Arcelli, Italian welterweight, who at present, fights out of Boston. Arcelli, a former amateur champion of his native land, is under the careful guidance of Phil Buccola, prominent Boston manager. Watch this kid.

Sam Price, boy-promoter, has established quite a reputation this season as matchmaker for the Tiverton Club. Each of his shows were great, both from a financial and pleasing angle. His Santa-Lopez show drew 13,000 fans; the Fuller-Callahan about 10,000; and the Fuller-Lynch, 8 000. Some record for a section that is long supposed to be pugilistically dead.

There is a mild rumor going round here that Price will take over the matchmaking post at the R. I. Auditorium. Manager Lou Pieri, of the Auditorium, has been on the hunt for Price's services.

Paris Apice, Providence 124-pounder, recently underwent a minor operation in New York, and afterwards spent several weeks at the well-known health farm of Anthony Kraus, at Narrowsburg, N. Y. Apice is ready to go to work again.

Timely Gossip and News from Greater Boston

By DOC ALMY

FRANCIS ALBERTINI of New York, who needs no introduction, has become a member of the Boston Garden staff. He has been appointed assistant general manager and publicity director and is sure to make good. His presence will be a decided advantage to the sport in Boston. The writers on all of the papers here are most friendly disposed toward him and will be with him to a man. Clean, square, industrious and likeable—Albertini will have no rows to hoe here in The Hub.

Francis is an ace in his line, none better in the field. For many years he was associate editor of THE RING. Francis also was editor of the New York Mail for a long time and later served with Nat Fleischer, RING editor, on the staff of the New York Telegram.

RING readers and Boston fight fans wish Francis Albertini the best of luck in his new venture. Nat Fleischer, in a letter to me, says: "Boston is to be congratulated on getting such a good fellow as Francis."

Henry Lamar and Marty Gallagher, heavyweights, temporarily residing here, were given a chance to show their wares in a main bout of 10 rounds staged by the Boston Garden at Braves Field. Both were willing and seemingly tried but in spots Gallagher acted decidedly dumb, while Lamar could not refrain from holding whenever he got the chance. Result—a very slow contest. The award went to Gallagher. The "house" was like the mill—poor.

After several brave attempts to keep going, to say nothing of plenty of expenditure, Charley Cardio has put his Cycle A. C. back into its wraps and given up all further idea of conducting boxing at the Revere bike track. For some reason it just cannot be "did."

Eli Bourdon, the veteran wrestler and promoter of that sport at Claremont, N. H., has brought to the front in New England a live wire boxing proposition in Bobby Suber of that place. Suber is colored and has come along very finely. He is New Hampshire welter champion. In his latest bout Suber defeated Dick Howell of Boston.

Sam Price, the Boston matchmaker and manager, who made such a success of open-air boxing at Tiverton, R. I., during the summer, carried 2,000 of his patrons indoors with him when he staged Billy Lynch of Providence and Phil Richards of London at the Casino A. C., Fall River. Lynch won the feature bout award.

Joe Monte of Brockton, Mass., for many years one of the lights of the ring in this section—a fairly recent competitor against Jimmy Braddock, an old rival, is reported as about ready to hang up the gloves, trunks and shoes and become a member of his home city's police force. Ordinarily this would leave "Admiral" Ray Cass, Monte's mentor for years, on the sidelines. Ray, however, has dug up a new one—an Irish boy known as Pat McLoughlin—a mere child of 6 feet, 6 inches and weighing 235 pounds. Cass plans to turn his "find" loose in the near future.

Peter V. Fernandez, a veteran follower of the sport, feels the call of the wild stirring to the extent of bringing to this city one Edward F. Rowley, a colored heavy of Granada, British West Indies.

"Tiger" Tom Dixon of Dover, N. H., the game heavy frequently mentioned by the writer, in a knockdown and drag out scrap with George Gemas of Philadelphia, finally whipped the Quaker in a 10-rounder staged at Franklin, N. H., Sept 1. Dixon now holds the Granite State heavy title.

Johnny Vacca, Al Delmont's fighting bantam, is in town nursing a badly cut eye, the injury received when he and Panama Al Brown bumped heads in their recent encounter at Bridgeport. The bout had to be stopped in the second.

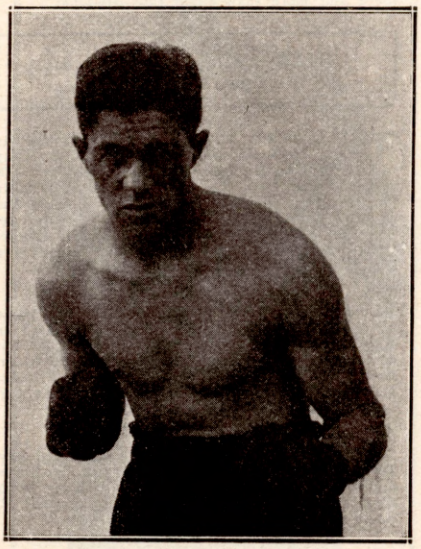
Johnny Buckley's good feather—Stanley Winneryk of Haverhill, continues in the winning column. At Portland, he went over a fast double six with Benny Kid Garter, who has returned East from Phoenix, Ariz., and won the popular decision.

Sammy Fuller of the North End, Boston, and Andy Callahan of Lawrence, after several postponements, finally got together at Tiverton, R. I., Sam Price of this city promoting the mill. They fought 10 red hot rounds and Fuller was declared the winner. The boys fought at weight —135 pounds—the bout was advertised as for the New England lightweight title, and Fuller now is regarded as the title-holder.

Andy Mitchell of the Pacific Coast, one of Jack Kearns' proteges, drew a soft assignment the same night in Jack Dudley of Worcester, the recently crowned New England heavyweight champion. The latter was both game and willing—has proved his mettle in other fights here but was not experienced enough for Mitchell. After taking a mauling, Dudley was relegated to the side lines as the result of a bad cut over the left eye.

On the same card appeared Ring Larsen of Quincy, Mass., former New England and National amateur star in the 160-pound class. Recently he turned "pro" and is more than making good. He was paired with Roy Bailey of Roxbury in a scheduled six. Larsen had the better of the contest and received the decision.

Speaking of Larsen, he is the chap who in the International amateur championships here last winter—Italy, Germany and America—won a close decision over Oddone Piazza of Italy, the best fighting man of the entire foreign flock. As the Italian has remained here and has since turned "pro," he has been seeking, or seemingly seeking, another engagement with Larsen, the idea being to wipe out the defeat sustained while both were "pures". They have been circling around each other—but without a meeting, or any real sign of one, to date.



Jack Strong, promising heavyweight of Tulsa, Okla.

A visit here of Primo Carnera, the giant, to show his wares against Jimmy Maloney in the ring of the Boston Garden, has gone blooey for the time being. It may never come about. On the recent occasion of Carnera's setup fight with Pat McCarthy in Jersey, Matchmaker MacLean was on the job and practically signed the big Italian to show here, but the deal failed to go through.

Curiously enough, Maloney has got it in his nut that he can whip Carnera—thinks that he has some inside stuff of the type "Dynamite" of Joe's Car cartoon fame tossed into the big Italian—and, continues redhot to meet him. Maloney was in training at the time of the Carnera negotiations and was badly disappointed when the business flivvered. Jamesy plans to continue in the hunt and sooner or later may succeed in getting into the ring with the giant—but, hardly in Boston.

Despite the falling through of the Carnera affair, Maloney will not have to wait long on the sidelines for a chance to fight—and fight a giant. Eddie Mack of the Argonne A. A., has practically tied up Jamesy with Jose Santa, the Portuguese man-mountain. Mack has secured a three-years' contract for the use of the Boston Arena, the next largest building in Boston to the Garden for sport purposes, and is going after a lot of big league matches. As the Arena seats about 14,000, the right attractions should draw plenty of money.

"Father Bill" is planning another big league international amateur tourney for the winter in which teams from Ireland, France, Sweden and the States will compete.

Santa, who has had four or five successful frays in and about New York, made his New England debut in the ring of the Salem A. A. in that city. His opponent was the veteran King Solomon of New York, Panama and elsewhere. It was figured by the writers that the "Kink" would last about two rounds or less, but, though he gave away 68½ pounds to Santa, a giant standing 6 feet, 8 inches, and weighing 265, Solomon went the entire distance of 10 chapters.

Thanks to a long and costly missionary campaign conducted by the Boston Garden, the first of the month saw the sport getting back onto its feet—the signs all were very good. Right in the midst of the rejoicing and display of red fire, Messrs. Babe Hunt of Oklahoma, and Ernie Schaaf of this city, gave the game a bad setback—a kick right in the shins. The pair were pitted against each other in the opening fall show of the Argonne A. A., a Fenway Park attraction. On paper form it shaped up as likely to be one great fight—the advance publicity dope was lovely. Unfortunately, the night was very hot—too warm for fighting, the ring was so heavily padded as to be very slow and Schaaf couldn't get going. Hunt confined himself largely to jolting, cuffing and slapping. The 12,000 spectators didn't enjoy the bout—and left the place very "sore." Hunt won.

The card under this bout was a fine one—the prelim boys all doing their best. In the semi-final, Harry Allen of Brockton, who had dropped a 10-round decision to George Nichols of Buffalo. In another of the bouts Leslie Baker of Watertown, chalked up his seventeenth straight win by defeating Frankie Stevens of New York.

Little Jack Dempsey of Boston, and his mate, Pete Herman of Roxbury, two of the ruggedest, hardest-fighting bantams Boston has seen for years, had their 'steenth encounter in connection with the foregoing card. As usual, they murdered each other for the entire six rounds. The award went to Herman.

Albion Holden of Attleboro, Mass., a former New England feather champion in the amateurs, now battling as a "pro" for Phil Buccola, drew a bad actor in Vincent Trescott of Cambridge. Holden won. Both Holden and Trescott are rated as very good performers.

The Boston Garden has the irons in the fire to bring to this city Leon "Bombo" Chevalier of Oakland, Cal., for a bout in the early winter with Jim Maloney or some other opponent who has class enough to give him a fight.

On the occasion of the Hunt-Schaaf contest, Eddie Mack, the Argonne A. A. promoter, turned loose his promised display of female youth and beauty in the persons of 50 girl ushers—a most decided innovation. Assisting the girls as supervisors were several male ushers, while here and there a strong-arm man was planted.

"Top-Sergeant Eddie," as Mack is known, though the legend under his name on his office door continues as "Private" likes publicity and gets it because he is always pulling something interesting. He has a real job coming, however, for he has the plan in mind to stop, if he can, smoking at his ringsides. Filling the air with tobacco smoke, choking the fighters with the fumes, hiding much of the action with billows of nicotine fog from those sitting within less than 15 rows of the ring, is a privilege Hub boxing followers have enjoyed for many, many years—in fact, ever since the game got going in this section of the country and now Eddie wants to stop it.

Jack Murphy, of Lynn, Mass., for years connected with a boxing club in that city, but now matchmaker for the Highland A. A. of Brockton, Mass., where he has achieved remarkable success, staged Larsen against Freddy McGrail of Brockton, a very good ringster, the understanding being that Piazza was to meet the winner. The fight was a tough one for both men and went the route of 10 rounds. Larsen was declared the victor. When Murphy sought to match Piazza with the winner, the latter declined, claiming a bad nose.

William H. Cuddy, known here as "Father Bill," who has done much toward keeping Boston on the map for fifteen years as regards amateur boxing, is back again at the helm of the St. Joseph T. A. Society of this city in the promotion of the sport here. "Father Bill" staged the opener for the season at the Mechanics' Building, 39 bouts, all fighting fights, being put into the ring. He will stage shows every Saturday night.

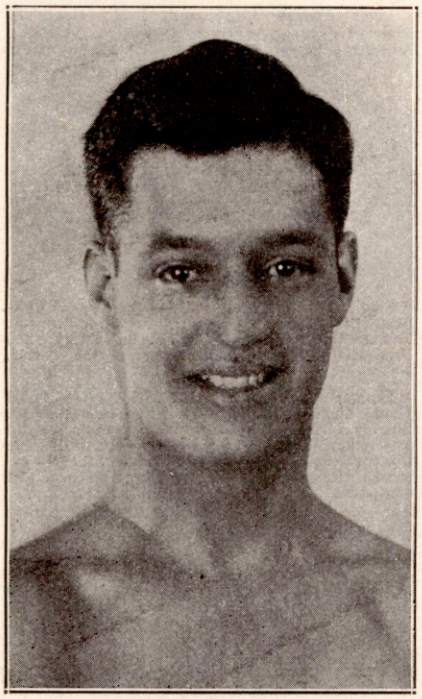
MAINE BOXING
By FRANKIE BREARD

JERRY DUPREE, Maine's best middleweight, has been sidestepped by practically every middleweight approached since his sensational victory over Johnny Nemis, champion of the Canadian Maritime Provinces. Dupree, a 21-year-old youth, has a record of 23 straight wins and numbered among his victims are Joe Gainor, Syracuse. N. Y.; Red Grange, Babe Caron, Irish Barney Grant and Eddie Desautel.

Con O'Kelly, heavyweight boss of Ireland, scored an eight-round knockout over Tiger Tom Dixon of Dover, N. H., at Portland. Jack Perry, 175, knocked out Black Jack Thompson, globe-trotting Negro.

In a rough and hard-fought battle K. O. Stan Ketchell outpointed Timmy Burns at Bangor.

Tex Austin of New York, who has been summering at Charlie Miller's Health Farm on Moosehead Lake, has returned home and rumor has it that he took two youthful Maine giants in tow.



Joey Fernandez, clever flyweight of Kansas City. He is a hard puncher

Al Thomas, Bangor's Hebrew, who stopped Kanada Lee in the second Tiger Brown in one, Kid Pantheo in two and Kentucky Ferguson in three rounds and won easily over Red Riley, is ready for bigger bouts.

Red Grange scored over Joe Bard of New Haven, Conn., and Al Golec of Burlington, Vt., during the month.

Johnny Colangalo, former New York amateur, is a very popular boy among local fans due to his victory over Eddie Briscoe and Louie Nemis at Bar Harbor.

The fighting Jackopson brothers—Rollo, 190; LeRoy, 175, and Bill, 135, are doing much to put Monson in the limelight. Rollo's latest victory was over Irish Barney Grant.

Jimmie Risko, youthful light heavyweight, beat Jumbo Currier and knocked out Eber Berry of Jacksonville, Fla.

Jim Nevins' open show at Indian Lake saw Kid Yuck, Bangor veteran, take a trouncing from Timmy Burns. Bert Goldberg, New York, kayoed John Moore, Bangor, in one and Peanut Dubey, Old Town, won over Grant Keasley of Bangor.

Jack Perry, Worcester, Mass., registered a win over Joe Traviere, another Bay State invader, in the top go at Portland. On the bill Johnny Cologalo, New York, kayoed Billy Wilson, Bangor, in two and Johnny Carlton, 175, kayoed Jack Boiseverth, Berlin, N. H., in one.

Bud Haskell, Canoe City middleweight, is out for state-wide honors. He recently conquered Johnny Ryan, Kid Spear, Young Chebbuck and drew with Izzy Baker.

Guilford is gradually being put back on the pugilistic map by Promoter Trafton. His first show was a "humdinger." Pancho Villa, Waterville, outclassed Mike Fourtier, Bangor; Speed Stone, Sangerville, drew with Young Stevens, Dexter; Young Sulo, Newport, lost on a foul to Mixer Schmelling, Waterville, and Young Audet, Waterville, bowed to Tony Brennan of Bangor.

Coast fans are singing the praises of Babe Kennedy of Lamoine. This youthful man-mountain holds a decision over Marine Russell, former state heavyweight champ.

At Lincoln, Jumbo Currier of Howland pinned a kayo on Frankie Gorner, Lincoln heavyweight, in three; Young Shumway, Old Town, kayoed Bat Chubbuck of Lincoln in one, and Bozo Dempsey, Howland whipped Young Bortell, Lincoln.

Wild Bill Fleming is keeping his junior welter, Cyclone Violette, busy. Cyclone won over Rocky Stone and Baby Jack Renault, took a trimming from Rory Cont and drew with Rocky Stone.

Dan Lucas, Portland heavyweight, invaded the Bay State to score a knockout over Sandy Jack Taylor of Boston.

Louie Nemis, welter king of Eastern Canada, knocked out Al Bergin of Biddeford in the fourth round at Bar Harbor. Pat Cormier, Old Town, kayoed Young Tibbetts, Biddeford.

Benny Kid Carter, Phoenix, Ariz., cowboy, carried too many guns for Stanley Winneryk of Haverhill, Mass., in their twelve-round go at Portland. Jimmy Kid Sullivan, Portland, beat Jimmy Smith of Wilmington, Del., and Jackie Ledger, Dover, N. H., lost to Jimmy Pearl, Portland.

Paul Junior of Lewiston, the state lightweight champion, disposed of his twenty-fifth victim this year when he kayoed Stan Burrowes of Dorchester, Mass., at Portland.

COPPER SCRAPS FROM UPPER MICHIGAN
By CLIFF SCHIEBERL

THE Upper Peninsula or Copper Country, which this part of Michigan is called, has a few fighters coming along that will be heard of some day in the metropolitan rings. The fans up here like the slam-bang style and any time a willing mixer gets in the ring he is roundly applauded.

The last fight held in Calumet, sponsored by the newly organized Calumet Laurium Boxing Club, of which George Allen and Cliff Schieberl are the promoters, went over with a bang in action and financially. The fans were on their toes from beginning to end as all fights were sure-fire satisfiers.

Sailor Van Heck got the referee's decision over Tax Takala in eight rounds. Paddy Jaaske beat the veteran Bob Reilly easily in another eight-round go. Carl Badge and Gordon Lampala fought a good six-round draw. John Hoskin beat Russ Adams in four, Keb Forsberg lost to Ed Laiti in a good four-rounder and Dinty Erkila and Ho Jest fought a great four-round opener.

Here are the results of the last Iron Mountain card: Pee Wee Jerrell got the decision over Hershie Wilson in ten rounds. Prince Saunders, a darky, got the referee's nod over Charlie Crocker in eight rounds. Young Laverne and Mickey Doto put up the best scrap of the night for four rounds. Kid Kolloff K. O.'d Terry Matt in the second. Kid Kie K.O.'d Battling Keppe in the first.

Paddy Jaaske, the best-looking fighter in the Copper Country, is in Chicago training at Barry's Gym with Barney Ross and Hershie Wilson. He is being looked after while there by Tom Ford, the well-known matchmaker and manager. Any of the boys from up here whom Cliff Schieberl thinks will make good will be sent for Ford to put them through the grind and if they can stand the gaff they will get ahead fast.

Irish Kennedy, who fights in Calumet, has met Pee Wee Jerrell three times, winning one, losing one and one bout ending in a draw. Sailor Van Heck met Jerrell three times and the results have been the same, so this looks like a natural.

There is work up here in the mines five days a week and everybody has a little money for the popular-price shows.

The best prospects in the state at this moment are: Roger Bernard, of Flint; Morrie Sherman, Carlo Mazzolo, Pee Wee Wilson, of Detroit. Bernard, in particular, is coming along wonderfully and should get some better matches as he goes along.

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KANSAS AND VICINITY

By L. R. FORD

INDEPENDENCE, KANS.—This city staged its first amateur boxing show and it proved a real success. A large crowd attended the contests. The championship winners follow: Heavyweight, Max Taylor knocked out Fred Bradley, first round; middleweight, Dick O'Connor, of Coffeyville, beat Joe DeFields in four rounds; welterweight, Bryden Sample, of Eureka, beat LeRoy France, of Coffeyville; junior-welterweight, Earl Chancey, of Neodesha, knocked out Johnny McCabe, of Sedan, first round; lightweight, Earl Bartholomew, of Chanute, beat Herbert Tipton, of Coffeyville; junior lightweight, Johnny Hemphill, of Chanute, beat Harry Lewis, of Eureka; featherweight, Lewis (Dick) Roles, of Chanute, beat Jack Clay, of Cherryvale; bantamweight,, Tiny Willhoff, of Coffeyville, beat Jimmy Slaybaugh, of Cherryvale; junior bantamweight, Lewis Laverty, of Neodesha, beat Orval Allison, of Chanute; flyweight, Red Gravel, of Cherryvale, beat Roy Newberry, of Neodesha.

Wichita, Kans.—Baxter Calmes and Mike Mandell fought ten hard rounds to a draw. Mandell had a weight advantage of more than ten pounds. Kenny Hill won from Hal McWilliams in six. Wildcat Monte knocked out Billy Jarvis in two. Bobby Calmes shaded Earl Bartholomew in six. Tiger Kelly knocked out Ora Showalter in two. Bryden Sample won from Joe Wells in the opening four round bout. Sid Young refereed all bouts.

Tulsa, Okla.—Ray Kiser knocked out Carlos Garcia in the tenth round. Speck Friend defeated Stinger Steel in ten rounds. Jimmy Hyde and Chink Piatt fought six rounds to a draw. Sid Young refereed all bouts.

Earl Bartholomew, Chanute featherweight, made good in his first professional bout when he gamely battled Bobby Calmes six rounds. Bobby is the best featherweight in the southwest. Bartholomew was shaded by Calmes and the sport writers say this little pair was the best on the entire card. Earl has won several Championship in A. A. U. tournaments and picked a tough one in his first professional bout. Another boy who made good in his first professional bout was Tiger Kelly, who knocked out Ora Showalter in two rounds, on the Wichita card. Another great amateur heavyweight, Kenneth Schaeffer, of Wichita, expects to turn professional this month. Schaeffer will go far in the professional game as he is a real fighter with a K. O. punch.

Enid, Okla.—Dude McCook repeated over Steve Salina in fifteen hard fought rounds.

Pittsburgh. Kans.—Walter Dunham knocked out Johnny Grosso, middleweight, of Des Moines, Iowa, in six rounds. Milt Schooley knocked out Babe Knapp in three. Frankie Smirl knocked out Johnny Brock in five. Roy Wilson and Willie Hampton fought six rounds to a draw. Claude Rentfro beat Loren Atkinson in six rounds.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Babe Hunt scored an impressive ten-round victory over the tough Johnny Risko. 12,000 fans paid over $21,000. Charles Brill promoted the show.

Independence, Kans.—Lawrence King knocked out Don (Firpo) Atkinson in three rounds. Jack Gibbs beat Walter Williams in ten. Harold Sines knocked out Art Hatcher in three. Harry Campbell beat George Cooper in the opening six-rounder.

Springfield, Mo.—Sherril James knocked out Bat Drummond in the fourth. Roy Stevens beat Rough Hauser in eight. Tommy Smirl beat Bob Stanfield in four. Bobby Carter beat Billy Hampton in six. Billy Blackwell won from Dale Richardson in four rounds.

Beloit, Kans.—Billy Proctor beat Ray Paynter in a vicious ten round battle. Manford Scraper and George Williamson fought six rounds to a draw. Russell Sanders and Mike Fronsek drew in six rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Mickey Cohen outpointed Joe Glick in ten rounds. Joe Rivers knocked out Harold Sines in eight. Jack Gibbs knocked out Vince Jellinek in two. George Dixon beat Chick Rogers in six rounds.

K. O. Castillo, a tough two-fisted double-geared Mexican lightweight from San Antonio, Texas, will invade this section in the next few weeks in quest of bouts, accompanied by his manager, Joe Stephens. This bronze sensation holds wins over Kid Pancho and Carlos Garcia and other good fighters of the southwest. Castillo is a fast and clever fighter with a real K. O. wallop.

Tulsa, Okla.—George Courtney and Jack Willis attempted to pan off a peaceful waltz on the Tulsa fans and Sid Young stopped the affair in the seventh round and gave them directions to their dressing rooms. Wildcat Monte knocked out Speck Friend in nine rounds. Earl Mason beat Ray Jones in eight. Speedy Culberson won from Rex Ripple in six. Ray Hunt beat Speck Gordon in four rounds. Sid Young refereed all bouts.

Vick Bickley, of Wichita, is heading to St. Paul and Minneapolis soon with Wildcat Monte, lightweight, and Duke Trammel, middleweight. Both boys are scrappers and will get plenty of work up north.

Springfield, Mo.—Kid Tarrapin knocked out Sherril James in nine rounds. Red Foster knocked out Roy Stevens in five rounds. Dee Layton knocked out Herschel Mills in one. LeRoy Gibson knocked out Andrew Wright in one. Herb Carpenter and Wayne Murphy fought a four round draw. Glen Qualls and Orville Sconce drew in the opening four-rounder.

Lawrence King, Don (Firpo) Atkinson and Jack Gibbs received a three months' suspension and their pay was forfeited by Leslie Edmonds, executive secretary of the Kansas Athletic Commission. The above named three failed to put forth their best efforts in bouts at Independence, Kansas.

Stillwater, Okla.—Kenny Hill and Clausine Vincent fought ten hard rounds to a drew. Milt Schooley and Young Ketchell slugged and battered each other for eight rounds with honors even.

Beloit, Kans.—Ray Paynter shaded Billy Proctor in ten slashing rounds. This is the second meeting between this pair, each being credited with a win. Russ Sanders won from Ed Boughan in eight. Tommy Saballos knocked out Harry Welker in two rounds.

Several Kansas towns are getting lined up for A. A. U. amateur tournaments that will be started soon. The fans take to the amateur fights here.

IN ALABAMA

By SAM CAPRI

BOXING interest has revived here with the reappearance of several of the leading boxers of this locality and the publicity afforded the sport through the arrival here of Jack Dempsey, Young Stribling and the popular Battling Bozo. From now on the game will drew well again.

Jay Thomas, matchmaker for the Birmingham Post No. 115, featured Jack Dempsey here as referee. Young Stribling was also on the card as referee for the semi-final bout. Dempsey refereed a bout between two of Georgia's welterweights. Spike Webb knocked Rufus Miles down several times in the first three rounds, but Miles finished the ten round bout in great style, although a loser on points.

Strib refereed the semi-final, in which Sergt. Wolfe, of Memphis, and Sailor Blalack, of Mobile, drew in eight rounds.

Tommy Martin beat Larry Broderick and Young Hambright drew with Bucky Carr on the same card.

Battling Bozo is matched with the world's champion light heavyweight, Maxie Rosenbloom, here in Birmingham. The bout will probably be held at Legion Field. The championship will not be at stake. Alabama is a no-decision state.

Emmett Rocco, Ellwood City, Pa., heavyweight, lost a ten round bout here to Battling Bozo. The Birmingham light heavyweight was too speedy for Rocco. The bout sponsored by the Post No. I. A. B. Powell made the match.

Pete Sarron, a young Birmingham featherweight who has won two or three titles in Australia and New Zealand, is on his way home.

Jack Tunney, a Birmingham young heavyweight, lost to Tony Marullo by a T. K. O. in eight rounds at New Orleans recently.

Jackie Osborne was winning on points from Horace Hooper in their eight round bout when Jackie's eye was cut in the sixth, and the referee stopped the bout.

Claude Wilson, Birmingham lightweight, and Al Donnelly put on a great scrap at New Orleans several weeks ago. The Birmingham boy is very popular there.

Huntsville, Ala.—Battling Bozo kayoed Brady O'Hara, of Atlanta, here, in the fourth.

Tommy Baker, local welterweight, stopped K. O. Troglen, of Chattanooga, in the fourth.

At Montgomery, Ala., Jack Dempsey was featured here as referee of the heavyweight bout between Young Moses, local boy, and Oliver St. Blanc, of New Orleans. The local boy got an even break.

Russell Duberg, local scrapper, stopped Young Battling Bozo, of Tampa, in the third.

IN AND AROUND MEMPHIS

By AL HAYES

WITH the winter season starting, things look brighter around the Tri-States. Eddie Frisco continues to win. He beat the veteran Billy Brown in eight rounds; gave Bobby Green, of Nashville, a licking in eight, then lost a close decision to Tarzen Legett at Jackson, Tenn.

Jimmy Griffen won a close decision over Luther Orr. Charley "Red" Beck lost to Scare Face Watkins in six rounds.

Louis Andrews drew with Bobby Green at Jackson, Tenn., in eight rounds. Joe Saia, Memphis slugger, dropper Soldier Byrne for a 10 count in the third round.

Jack Dempsey paid Memphis a visit in the role of referee and was greeted by a large gathering. James J. Russell stopped Jack Pivic in a slug feast. Pivic suffered a severe cut over his left eye. Soldier Enright, of Little Rock, K. O'ed Stanley McRay. Dave Knost, of St. Louis, lost on an unavoidable foul to Tommy Davenport, of Little Rock. Del Hawkins, of Mark Tree, Ark., and Pat Elmore, of Memphis, tore into each other for eight rounds of furious fighting, Elmore receiving the nod in the opener.

Soldier Enright was K.O.'ed by Sailor Coleman, of Greenwood, Miss., in three rounds. Tommy Davenport beat Tex Lavella in eight, and Fred Rivalto beat Eddie Stewart in the opener.

Dummy McKenney, the old trial horse, K.O.'ed Jimmy Cummings in three heats at Sardis, Miss. Stanley McRay stopped Howard LaBeria in two at Blytheville, Ark. Joe "Kid" Peck, the Little Rock veteran, gave Sailor Campbell, of Greenwood, Miss., a neat lacing in 10. Eddie Stewart dropped a decision to Dude Mullins in eight.

Tommy Davenport drew with James J. Russell at Greenville, Miss.

Soldier Coleman stopped Austin Applewhite in four rounds.

In corresponding with the writer, a self addressed envelope will insure an answer, as I have had several letters returned on account of improper address.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON

By GORDON M. CONNELLY

THE "fight of the month" was between Abie Israel, Portland flyweight sensation, and Jackie Evans, Kansas City flash, sponsored by George Moore.

The battle, which went six rounds to a decision for Israel, was fast and scientific. Little Abie, 17 years old, took every round.

On the same card, Mickey Dolan, Portland lightweight, and Sailor Willie Gordon, Anacortes, Wash., fought a hard draw in six. Ray Archer, Tacoma lightweight, decisioned Eddie Volk, Portland, in six. Johnnie Hansen, Portland welterweight, kayoed Johnny O'Brien, Tacoma, in three. Roy Jacks, Kansas City, defeated Gus Eaton, 171, colored, in six.

Under R. H. Gruman's auspices, Benny Pelz, Portland gamester, defeated Sailor Willie Gordon, lightweight, in ten. Ray Archer, Tacoma lightweight, and Eddie Edelman, Portland Eskimo, drew in ten. Tommy Fielding, slugging Vancouver lightweight, technically kayoed Johnny Garvey, Los Angeles Mexican, in four. Pat O'Day, Albina, chilled Bob Brady, Portland, in two.

Ritchie Davis, ex-professional, replaced Billy Mascott as boxing instructor of the Multnomah Athletic Club.

For Captain Hansen, Frankie Gracio, New York, technically kayoed Jackie Evans, flyweight, in five. Kenneth Kent, Hood River welterweight, scored over "Jiggs" Dossey, Portland. in six. Fred Gallas, Vancouver, Wash., defeated "Swede" Nelson, Vernonia light heavyweight, in six.

Eastern Canada and Montreal Topics

By LAWSON BAMPTON

DR. GASTON DEMERS, new chairman of the Montreal Athletic and Boxing Commission, has brought many timely changes during his short reign as head commissioner. The doctor has applied the same skill to the boxing game that has made him one of the leading medicos in Canada.

Alec Moore's last show was held at the Forum, featuring Primo Carnera, the push-over slicker from Italy, against three sparring mates, two rounds apiece. The house was disappointing with something like $8,000 petering into the coffers of the Canadian Hockey Club and $5,000 of that was to go to the Carnera troupe. Another "grand" went to the Forum for rental and the remainder, some $2,000, was left for the rest of the card and incidentals such as advertising, which was done on an expensive scale. 'Tis a tough racket for any enterprising promoter in Montreal.

Carnera did not show anything startling and certainly did not measure up to his extensive ballyhoo. Primo disappointed his admirers by merely toying with his "childish" opposition.

The "main event," scheduled for ten rounds between Joe Marciente, tough Jersey Italian, and Don Bernasconi, ended with the referee, Bert Schneider, throwing them out in the fourth heat and declaring the affair "No Contest." It must be admitted that this was no fault of Promoter Alec Moore's as this fight looked to be a wow on paper.

In the semi-final "eight," Bobby Leitham had an off night to the extent of dropping the duke to Lew Farber, rugged little New York bantam. Leitham is the smartest bantam in Canada but just couldn't seem to hit his speedy stride against the two-fisted Farber. Vernon Cormier, the "blond rapier" from Worcester, Mass., earned the nod in a hard-fought eight-rounder with Eddie Burl, a rough, tough featherweight from Florida, who seems to be a club fighter of the audience-pleasing type.

Peter Jackson, a smart little colored flyweight from Brooklyn, outfought Harry Hill but the clever little Englishman earned a draw by his amazing defensive ability. Frankie "Young" Lebrun, Sherbrooke's featherweight star, opened the program in auspicious fashion when he dumped Ed. Oullette for the count in the second frame. Lebrun is a colorful performer.

Al Foreman, lightweight champion of Great Britain, is due to get his big chance soon. By the time this is in print, Foreman will have defended his title, very likely successfully, against George Rose, his leading challenger, in a match for the Lonsdale Belt at the famous National Sporting Club, London. Foreman is matched to meet Jack Kid Berg at the same place by the end of October and has already signed. Berg is likely to accept as he has been offered $25,000 and it would look rather awkward if he backed out of such an offer to clash with the dynamic punching Foreman. Before leaving Canada, Foreman marked up his sixty-eighth K.O. at the expense of Mickey Genaro of Chicago, whom he dynamited in three rounds at Halifax, N. S., shortly after trouncing Maurice Holtzer in ten rounds at Montreal.

Lawson Bampton, your eminent correspondent, was in New York at the time this was written, for the purpose of writing exclusive stories on the McLarnin-Singer and Sharkey-Campolo fights for the Montreal Standard. The Standard is Montreal's premier week-end paper, boasting the largest circulation of any newspaper in Canada and has for its sports editor the genial Irishman, Jimmy McDonagh.

From what the writer saw of Singer in his ill-fated clash with the knockout sensation from the Pacific Coast, he can safely say that Al Foreman has more than an even chance to knock him out as quickly as McLarnin did. The Montrealer is not as aggressive as McLarnin, but his short punch is just as deadly and effective as the Vancouver clouter's best weapon, the right cross.

Two Sherbrooke boys journeyed down to Littleton, N. H., to stack up against battlers from Lisbon, N. H. Freddie Appleton, Sherbrooke lightie, met disaster in his hectic bout scheduled for six rounds against Young Demers. Freddie was kayoed in the fifth heat. Billy James, Sherbrooke's flyweight star, was held to a draw by Jackie Lyndes and repeated in a return encounter.

Barney O'Connell is coming back to Montreal rings where he is quite a favorite.

Young Lebrun, Sherbrooke's featherweight ace, will likely head the opening show of the fall season in Sherbrooke against either Joe Marciente or Ralph McNaughton. Rene Loubier, lightweight; Gene Gagnon, featherweight; and Billy James, flyweight, are likely to be on that card as they are all capable performers and popular attractions. These boys are worthy of a shot in a Montreal ring like Young Lebrun who has made a big hit in the Canadian metropolis.

Leo Salvas, welter, from Berlin, N. H., scored a T.K.O. over Arthur Gagnon, Montreal, in the eighth of a scheduled ten-round main event at Coaticook, Que. In the semi-final, Gaston Menard, of Montreal, knocked out Jack Denault in two heats. Tiger Kelly was to have met Menard but ducked the match without giving any reason.

Rene Taillefer, young Montreal lightie, beat Freddie Appleton in a six-rounder after having Appleton on the floor in the first and fifth stanzas. Antonio Daigle, Coaticook, dynamited Kit Brydge, Newport, Vermont, in three heats, and Billy James kayoed "Bullet" Frisco in the second round after bouncing the bullet off the floor half a dozen times.

Montrealers might be interested to hear that the writer ran into Jack Rogers along Broadway. Rogers, who formerly assisted Alec Moore for the shows in Montreal, is doing well in Gotham as a pilot to ambitious boxers. Rogers seems to be well connected in the cauliflower racket in the big city.

Battling Sig Tracey is doing well down here in New York and is getting to be a prime favorite around the small club circuit. Tracey, better known to Montreal fans as Sig Hoiseth, is an ever aggressive fighter.

H. Rappaport, Sherbrooke's leading impresario, sends in the following dope about boxing in the eastern townships. The game has been idle in Sherbrooke of late but it is expected that things will soon start booming with the approach of the fall and winter season.

Art Giroux, Gene Brosseau's great little flyweight from Montreal, is still tumbling over obstacles in his march to a world's title match with the winner of the coming Midget Wolgast-Frankie Genaro title bout being staged in New York. Artie is a classy battler. Giroux recently clashed with the veteran Buffalo star, Johnny McCoy, and was held to a ten-round draw by the crafty ringster.

Jimmie McKimmie's stable continues to ring up win after win and the "old fox" is wearing a smile these days. Johnny Rousseau, the star of the troupe, is knocking 'em dead around Syracuse, northern New York, and Vermont. Rousseau is working right up to a Canadian light heavy title bout with Charlie Belanger, Winnipeg veteran, and will have plenty of backing to cop the crown.

FLASHES FROM OLD QUEBEC

By PEE AHE EMM

SUCCESS smiled once again on Promoter Nap. Cote. The main attraction, Ralph McNaughton, the Irish Flash, of Quebec, vs. Joe Marciente, of Montreal, went through ten furious rounds, with McNaughton winning. This victory was the greatest of Ralph McNaughton's career. He merited it, and it was most popular.

A hair-raising event followed. Levy Duquet, contender for Al Foreman's title, beat George Chabot, of Montreal. Both fighters kissed the canvas on different occasions. In the last round Duquet was out, but the bell saved him.

Kid Morin is a classy boxer but was given no time to show his wares in his contest with Harry Wills, a colored lad. With a series of left crosses, the Negro sent his opponent to the canvas in a neutral corner. Morin's seconds sent in the S.O.S., Wills winning the contest by a technical knockout.

Gerard Patry avenged himself on Henri Quellete in a titanic six-round struggle in which science was replaced by temper and rage. Quellete did not know himself after the contest, he was badly beaten.

Young Lamothe, under the capable hands of Luger Lamontagne, has a great surprise in store for the local fight fans. Saw him work out. Is he great? Young Lamothe is the most promising boy of his weight in Canada.

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Billy Green, Quebec's most popular fighter and biggest drawing card, is anxious to meet flyweights in both Canada and the United States. He is particularly interested in a battle with Joe Villeneuve, bantamweight champion of Canada.

A new boxing club, something ultra modern, has just been opened in this city under the direction of Messrs Jothgny and Rousseau. This club will be known as the Union Club, and has been organized with the aim of stimulating a taste for the manly art.

Young Leblanc, amateur flyweight champion of Quebec City and district, scored a rapid knockout over Teddy Wallis, of England, in the first round.

Levy Duquet, that dangerous southpaw, defeated Henri Quellete. Quellete was no match for Duquet.

Duke Henry, amateur lightweight, made his debut in Canada by knocking out Battling Levie in the fourth round.

The many friends of Frenchy Derosier, bantamweight, will be pleased to learn that he has resumed training at the local Y.M.C.A. As will be remembered, Frenchy had a close call, due to a fall from a horse.

Luger Lamontagne, Quebec's premier promoter, has arranged several fine cards.

Joe Villeneuve, bantamweight champion of Canada, will meet Benny Brostoff of New York in a ten-round engagement. The New Yorker will enter the ring a favorite over the Canadian champion.

Billy Green, Quebec's most popular fighter, will have his return match with Timmy Butts, of Montreal. Billy was promised by the promoter that should he defeat his opponent he would clash with Art. Giroux, the Montreal sensation. Hence Billy has been training diligently for the coming match. Best of luck, Billy.

IN CALIFORNIA
By THERON FISKE

BOXING in this little community is in a pitiful slump.

Everything that can possibly put the sport in a bad light has happened.

Ring deaths, fakes, fouls, frame-ups and grand jury investigations into the phases of gambling and racketeering have all heaped coals on the fire of discontent hereabouts.

One string of newspapers is already demanding, editorially, the repeal of the present boxing law. Time, however, is too short to prepare and present to the people at the November election any proposal to change the present boxing law, hence nothing can be done until the election in 1932, but a moral responsibility to the public exists and must be faced continuously by those most interested in the welfare of the sport.

Boxing is really hurt—bleeding inwardly—but it is not whimpering, only the coward whimpers.

Boxing, like a thoroughbred, will stand up and take it, while the racketeers and undesirables will hang themselves through their own miscues.

The Olympic Club is seeking Kid Francis, Italian bantamweight champion, for a bout with Fidel La Barba for the very near future. Francis was beaten by Earl Mastro in his last appearance here but he got a decision over La Barba in Paris last year.

Pete Sarmiento and Baby Jack Dempsey fought eight rounds to a draw at Pasadena. Sarmiento has been making a comeback and is doing fairly well.

Armand Emanuel thinks that Jim Jeffries is a great trainer and that his charge would defeat Max Baer if they fought. Armand wants to remain in the game for a few months longer and then will practise law.

Tommy McGough scored a two round kayo over Manuel De Leon at Ventura. McGough was brought to the Coast by Jerry Pelton and is keeping busy at all local clubs and Tommy looks like he has the goods. He is a good worker and hits with terrific force.

The defeat of Thompson by Tommy Freeman did not occasion much surprise here to those who saw Young Corbett paste Thompson around in a San Francisco ring. Young Jack is not the ring man he was a few years back and it was only a question of time before he would lose his title.

Max Baer and his manager are expected to make an eastern invasion shortly and get their status settled in the heavyweight division. This Baer is a hitter and should get over against any of the Eastern stars.

FRISCO LEFT HOOKS
By J. MALDONADO

MAX BAER, sensational Livermore heavyweight, has made some of the wise birds sit up and take notice. Baer succeeded in passing the acid test in his bout with Meyer K. O. Christner, who he knocked out in the second round. In less than five minutes of fighting Baer had put Christner to the floor six times; three in the first and three in the second. Christner didn't have a chance with the fast, hard punching Baer, whom critics point out as a better looking prospect than the old "Mannassa Mauler" was when he started out.

In the semi-windup Ted Jernigan, heavyweight, won over Kenneth Lee in four rounds. Walter Cleghorn won a four round decision over Young Aguinaldo, one of the largest Filipinos in captivity. Pat Cunningham gave Bob Stennett a trouncing in four. Walter Stone knocked out Bill Lawrence in the third after being on the floor for an eight count in the first round. K. O. Bob Minto knocked out Verne Rycart in the third round of the curtain raiser.

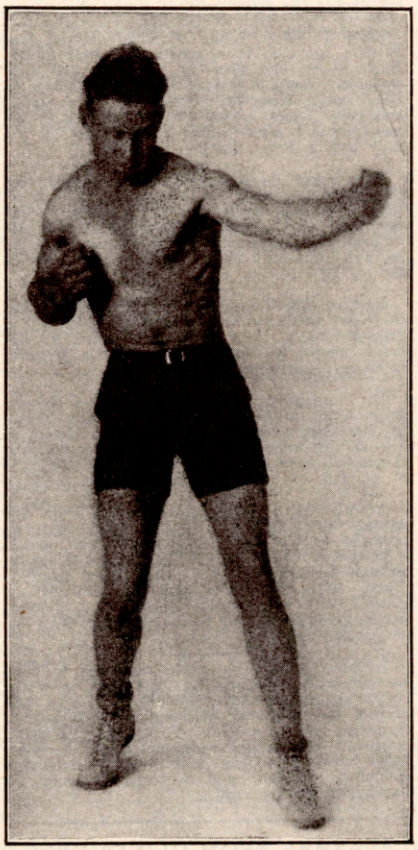
Legalized boxing in California was tottering and reeling and "out on its feet," following the successive deaths of Young Johnny Anderson, and Frankie Campbell, within a week. Anderson died from the effects of a beating at the hands of "Red" Keuhl at National Hall, while Campbell was hammered into a state of coma by the battering fists of Max Baer, "Livermore Larruper," and the reigning sensation of the Pacific Coast. It was a coma from which poor Frankie never revived. He died the next day in a local hospital from blood clots in the brain. "I am going in there to do or die," said Frankie to friends in his dressing room just before ring time.

Despite efforts of certain publishers to discredit boxing on this account, it should be borne in mind that the unfortunate deaths of these two lads are the only tragedies of their kind to occur in California during all these years that boxing, legalized or otherwise, has been in effect. Can this be said of football, soccer and other strenuous sports, where several deaths during a three-months season is not an uncommon occurence?

The Dix boys, Willard and Madison, are now in the East in search of new laurels. The former may meet Maxie Rosenbloom; while Madison has been tentatively matched with Jack "Kid" Berg.

Pat Cunningham nosed out a win over Al Marino, local southpaw middleweight. Pat was too strong and ring-wise for the youthful Italian, who might get somewhere with the proper handling. On the same bill, Augie Curtis decisioned Bobby Mars and Kid Capley had the edge on Leo Roberts in a nip and tuck affair.

Frankie Tucker, erstwhile amateur light heavy king, knocked out Red Williams with a series of fork-hand wallops in the first round of the main go at Oakland Auditorium. A poverty house saw the show in which Joe Bernal K.O.'d Johnny Costello, in the third. Johnny Jones got the decision over Paul Mann. Eddie Villa won from Bobby Mars, while George Sange licked Harry Wade.



James McCollum of Bozeman, Mont., a boy who is doing well

Chick Devlin put the quietus on Joe Cardoza in two semesters at the Mission St. Swatorium. A sweeping left hook spelled curtains for the Los Angeles tamale taster. On the same bill, Pat Cunningham K.O.'d Les Donati; Charley White "copped the duke" over Jack Regan in four. Teddy Miske showed a world of class in defeating Andy Kelleher, one tough hombre. A capacity house saw the boys biff each other around.

Charley Hernandez battered Don Burchard to the resin in five rounds at Dreamland Auditorium. Charley proved too strong and punched too hard for the game Los Angeleno. On the same menu Hal Roberts won from Ray McMullins in six; Charley Risko K.O.'d Sailor Crosby in two; Jack Commell decisioned Sailor Farrell; Tiger Johnny Cline beat Sailor Ewing, and Ray Butler beat Bobby Mars, all in four rounds.

Madison Dix continued his kayo streak at the expense of Joey Roberts, whom he K.O.'d in three rounds at National Hall. A heavy body attack proved Roberts' undoing. In the preliminaries Gilbert Attel knocked out Art Sullivan in two; Teddy Miske flashed brilliantly to stop Joe Eliane in two rounds, the first time Eliane has failed to go the limit; Al Manfredo stopped Bill Mitchell in two; and Leo Sanchez did the same to Jackie Mandell.

Prior to meeting Campbell, Max Baer crushed K. O. Christner, the Akron rubber puddler, into submission in three cantos. The venerable Ohioan "hit the deck" six times before the "soporific sock" was administered by the snarling Baer. Maxie looked impressive in defeating the experienced Christner.

Lester Valva, a local lad who is headed for greater things, got over with a bang when he stretched Tony Russo in half a minute at National Hall. Valva then went out to box a slashing draw with Benny Romero, and the following week he stiffened the tough Mexican in two heats in a sensational manner. Under the guiding hands of Johnny Norman and Walter Dellamore, Lester Valva will some day be more than just another name.

Madison Dix, Bellingham Biffer, erased Bobby Ray in two rounds, due to much class on the part of Dix, who savies what gloves are made for. In the National Hall preliminaries Hal Roberts outlasted Joe Adrianson in six rounds. Kid Capley, puncher par excellence, drilled holes in Johnny Costello to win in six rounds.

Al Robertson, sensational local flyweight, is now strutting his stuff on Broadway. Al has already signed for two fights in New York, and if he gets over will meet Midget Wolgast for the title. Good luck to you, Al.

BOXING IN SEATTLE, WASH.

SEATTLE, Wash., is one of the best, if not the best, boxing city in the entire west. For consistent gates the promoters at Seattle have established something of a record. In the last several months gate receipts have averaged from $8,000 to $14,000. And they box only six, and occasionally eight rounds at Seattle.

Reddy Gallagher, former boxer and now a writer of boxing on the Denver Post, printed the following story in his paper recently:

"I have received a very interesting telegram from my old friend, Biddy Bishop, well-known promoter of Seattle, in which he offers to stage a bout between Ham Jenkins and Mickey Walker. 'Here in the Pacific Northwest we regard Ham Jenkins as a great Negro middleweight,' says Bishop. 'Such a match would draw a gate of approximately $40,000. Please have Jenkins' manager notify me.'

"Offhand Mr. Bishop's estimate of the gate would seem to be high, but when one considers that Seattle is one of the best boxing towns in the country right now, the figures look reasonable. Eddie Mack and Tod Morgan, meeting for the fourth time, drew better than $12,000 in Seattle recently. Bishop promoted the bout."

Reddy Gallagher's estimate of Seattle is correct. The boxing game is well handled there and is kept clean. Two clubs operate and they work in complete harmony. Lonnie Austin and Bishop operate the Austin and Bishop Athletic Club and Nate Druxhan and Joe Waterman have the National Club. The two clubs alternate with their dates and help one another, although they are operated independently. In the summer they use the Ice Arena, which seats 10,000, and the Civic Stadium, which accommodates 40,000 persons. Shows are held every two weeks. In the fall, winter and spring weekly shows are held at the Crystal Pool.

SPOKANE AND NORTHERN IDAHO
By EDDIE MAYER, JR.

TWO human windmills, Don Fraser beat Al Gracio in a hair-raising tilt at the American Legion boxing show.

Frankie Holland of Spokane and Tommy Fielding of Victoria, B. C., fought a hectic six-round draw.

Lee Roberts, 142, won over Rudy Vastano, 142, in six rounds.

Mickey Trad, 142, was awarded the victory over Jimmy Beck, Tacoma Negro, on a foul.

Tommy Mack, 147, won a decision over Freddy O'Brien, 147. Will Maylon promoted the card.

The Veterans' Stadium, situated midway between Kellogg and Wallace, Idaho, was opened with a light heavy go in which Jack Latzo of Seattle beat Chief Abrams of Reno, Nev.

Johnny Casebeer, 138, Mullan, Idaho, won a technical knockout over Rudy Vastano, 142, Spokane.

Young Carmen, 150, won a decision over Kid Stanley, 166, in six rounds and Mickey McCoy of Kellogg knocked out Young Alexander of Mullan in the second.

FLORIDA WEST COAST
By "TINY" JOHN GASTHOFF, JR.

THE tourist season is almost here and as a result the boxing game is due to pick up. Already fighters from out of the state are beginning to come in and new faces are appearing in the arenas up and down the Coast.

Jacksonville—Raymond Perez, Tampa junior welter, lost the decision on a foul in the sixth round of his bout with Jose Estrada, of Mexico City.

In the semi-final Honey Boy Snipes, clever junior lightweight from Macon, Ga., easily outgalloped Pinky Phillips, Jacksonville, in ten rounds.

Cuban Club—Sam Crosby, Tampa welter, tried to do the Iron Man stunt by giving away twelve pounds to Antonio Dominguez, Cuban middle, but met with disaster and was forced to quit in the eighth round.

The semi-final provided thrills when Tony Monin, slugging Tampa feather, knocked out Frankie Till, St. Petersburg southpaw, in the third round.

Young Diamond, Tampa feather, socked Diego Pajon, Spain, to the floor three times in the first round to win on a technical K. O.

Orlando—Gordon Fortenberry, Orlando middle, plastered Piggy Groves, Tampa lightheavy, for a K. O. in the sixth round.

Jacksonville—By putting forth all his boxing skill Honey Boy Snipes, Macon, Ga., won a close ten-round decision over Ray Schneider, Jacksonville.

Benjamin Field—A big crowd turned out for the opening card of the fall season and were treated to some real battling. In the main event, Tommy White easily punched out a decision over Vincent Hambright in ten rounds.

In the semi-final, Chino Alvarez, Tampa feather, and Joe Temes, Palmetto Beach, battled to a draw.

Ed Flynn, clever Tampa welter, battered Young Embry, rough and tough Tampan, at will to take an eight-round decision.

Jacksonville—In their rubber match, Louis Gonzalez, Tampa welter, won on a technical knock-out in the third round over Blondy Parker, Savannah, when Parker broke his hand.

The semi-final proved to be an unusual affair in which Bull Dog Downs, Savannah welter, won on a technical K. O. over Jimmy Murphy, Atlanta, in the seventh round.

Orlando—In a return bout Tony Diaz, Tampa middle, turned the tables on Larry Leavitt, Orlando, by winning a ten-round decision from him.

Benjamin Field—The bouts of the second show of the season proved to be slam-bang affairs, although the decisions in the final and semi-final were disputed.

In the main go Young Russell, Palmetto Beach, put on a gruelling battle with Louis Gonzalez, Tampa welter, with the decision going to Russell, much to the displeasure of the fans who thought Gonzalez deserved the verdict by a wide margin.

Raymond Perez, Cuban welter, won a slow ten-round decision over Sam Crosby, Tampa.

Ed Flynn, rising Tampa welter, took it easy and polished off Charlie Reed, Columbus, Ga., in the third round with a neat but effective left hook.

Jacksonville—Jose Gonzalez, Mexico City lightweight, came out of his corner in the second round and slugged Jimmy Spivey, Birmingham, down for the full count.

Benjamin Field—Referee Luscien Byron performed an act of mercy when he halted the scheduled ten-round main go in the fifth round and threw Antonio Dominguez, Cuban middle, and Ernie Sagues, Chille, out of the ring and declared the bout "No Contest". Dominguez was paid his end of the gate for at least trying to fight, but Sagues was fined his entire purse and suspended.

Ben Spivey, brother of Jimmy Spivey, saved the family name by winning his bout by a knock-out in the third round over Buck Flowers, Jacksonville. They are welters.

Piggy Groves, Tampa lightheavy, won a six-round decision over Cracker Smith, Bradenton, but Smith made a hit with the fans with his clowning.

Young Manuel Quintero, Tampa's south-paw welter, seems unbeatable on the Pacific Coast as he piles up win after win. His latest victim was Eddie Murdock, Oklahoma City, whom Quintero defeated easily.

Gainesville—In the main event, Jimmy Murphy, Jacksonville welter, won a ten-round decision over Basco Forsyth, Starke.

John Gore, Jacksonville, and Alex. Monchan, Jacksonville, fought an eight-round draw in the semi-final.

Cuban Club—After postponing several shows for various reasons, the Club finally staged its bouts. In the main go, Ponce De Leon, ancient Cuban welter, sprang a surprise by stopping Jackie Moore, Chicago, in the sixth round.

Patsy Miller, Tampa bantam, won a six-round decision over Gilbert Rojas, Tough Cuban.

Mario Paula, Tampa welter, scored a technical K. O. over Joe Rodriguez, Tampa, in the fourth round. Paula had Rodriguez on the floor four times.

The writer is always glad to answer any questions on boxing conditions in Florida; address all mail to "Tiny" John Gasthoff, Jr., P. O. Box 3104, Tampa, Florida and enclose a stamped envelope.

GEORGIA GLEANINGS
By JIMMY GOLDSMYTHE

WELL, well, it looks as if Atlanta is due to get back in the pugilistic limelight again. Jay Jarvis, local well-known promoter, has leased the spacious Atlanta Theater, and equipped it into a modern boxing arena. Jarvis has already put on two shows with marked success. He has arranged to have weekly shows, and judging from his first two efforts, the fans of Atlanta are in for a very entertaining winter of fisticuffing.

Jarvis staged his first show featuring Ernesto Sagues, the Chilean schoolmaster, pitted against the rugged Chief Wilbur. After ten rounds of real scrapping, Referee "Cy" Young lifted Sagues' hand in token of victory.

Stiles Attaway, local speed merchant, fought to a gruelling draw with Jack Taylor, of Birmingham. Jarvis offered three splendid preliminaries and a goodly crowd was there.

In the second show, Jarvis offered as his star attraction, "Ted" Goodrich, opposite the war horse, "Ted" Smith. Boy! What a scrap! Goodrich floored Smith twice in the third round, before putting him down for keeps with a sizzling right to the head.

Jack Taylor played a return engagement with Johnny Flynn, the Chattanooga "Harp," dropping an eight-round decision. But there was plenty of action to this mill.

Promoter Jarvis is making elaborate arrangements for staging amateur tournaments this winter.

Lieutenant Mack, athletic officer at Fort McPherson, is putting on shows now, and the Atlanta fans are getting plenty of entertainment out there. He is using soldier boxers pitted against civilians.

The ever-popular Jack Dempsey has been visiting in these parts, and incidentally refereeing several bouts, assisted by Young Stribling.

If you think that Young Stribling is not sitting on top of the world now, why just look at any sporting sheet. It's all Strib now. His recent conquests have been very gratifying to his Georgia admirers.

Promoter Jarvis has had several conferences with Pa, relative to a big bout for Atlanta featuring the Georgia boy and some leading heavy.

The officials of the Atlanta baseball club are also figuring with the Striblings relative to an outdoor fight here in the ball park in November. So, again, keep your eyes on the Gate City of the South.

Max Abelson, whose name is synonymous with boxers and boxing, has been confined in a hospital for the past several weeks from an operation, but is improving rapidly.

By the time another issue comes out, your correspondent will have plenty good news for Ye boxing fan.

Boxers, pro and amateur, as well as their managers, will do well to get in touch with Promoter Jarvis pronto. He will be found doing business at 5½ Auburn Avenue, Atlanta, Ga.

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HUDSON COUNTY, N. J., AND VICINITY

By EDWARD ZANFRINI

IN a return engagement that was even more thrilling than the initial affair, Harry Carlton, of Jersey City, came from behind to earn an even break from Harry Blitman, of Philadelphia, before a capacity crowd of 6,500 fans, at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City.

Stanley Poreda, of Jersey City, got the decision over Vinko Yachacas in the eight-round semi-final. Stanley was all but knocked out in the first round when he ran into a right hand smash from Vinko, but gamely got up after a nine count to pummel his opponent.

Dodo Jackson, of Jersey City, scored a kayo over Patsy Mayo of Newark in the third heat, while Dave McNulty of Cliffside belted out Charley Wallace of Newark in three rounds.

Tony Lambert of Newark won a hair-line decision from Johnny Nelson of Silver Lake in the feature at the Englewood Sporting Club in Englewood.

Joie Biondi of Newark technically kayoed Jesse Jones, also of Newark, in the fifth round of a scheduled six-round bout. Joie scored three knockdowns before the referee halted the contest.

Primo Carnera, giant Italian heavyweight, notched his twenty-second kayo victory when he knocked out Pat McCarthy, of Boston, in the second round at the Newark Velodrome, which drew 15,000 fans. The Boston Irishman was no match for the Italian. Previously to the knock-out, Carnera felled McCarthy for a short count with a right hand uppercut to the jaw.

Cowboy Frank Willis, of Newark, knocked out Borack Cirolnick, of New York, in the fifth stanza with a hard right to the jaw at the same show, while in another eight, Al Walker, New York Negro heavyweight, finished George Smith, of Newark, in the second.

Vince Dundee, one of the leading contenders for the middleweight crown, scored an easy win over his old rival Abie Bain, of Newark, before a record-breaking crowd that stormed the Dreamland Park Arena in Newark. Twice before Dundee won only to have the decision called a draw. Bain was outclassed and was forced to take a terrific lacing.

Johnny Gaito of The Bronx scored over Andy Saviol, of Brooklyn, in ten fast rounds of milling at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City. Andy, who a few weeks ago thought he was robbed of the decision in his fight with Gaito, was clearly outpointed.

In another ten-rounder, Al Linzi, of Italy, got the verdict over Eddie Provoe, of New York, in a fight that was full of action.

After being dropped for a count in the second round, Lou Lombardi of Jersey City, came back strong enough to win over Buckey Keyes, also of Jersey City, in a six rounder, while Freddie Caruso, of Hoboken, halted Jimmy Serrio, of Jersey City, in the first heat.

Johnny Shupack, of Paterson, fought a slashing eight round draw with Jay Macedon, of Newark, in the main contest at the Englewood Sporting Club.

In the eight-round semi-final, Lou Vehling, of Newark, put the skids under Al Skala, of Union City, in the third round, and Frankie Orlando of Newark, won over Johnny Litt in a six rounder.

Jose Santa, new Portuguese heavyweight sensation, scored a technical knockout over Umberto Torriano, of Italy, in the fourth round of a scheduled ten-rounder at the Newark Velodrome in Newark.

In a bruising ten round semi-final, Alf Ross, of Spain, whipped Babe Marshall, of Newark, while Phillie Griffin shaded Moe Fisher, rival Newark lightweights, in an eight rounder.

Al Ridgeway, of Union City, returned to the fistic wars after a six months layoff, and scored a sensational knockout over Frankie LaFay, of Troy, in the fourth round at the Bayonne Arena. It didn't take Frankie long to find out that he was up against a deadly puncher. He found himself on the canvas in the initial round from a sharp left hook to the jaw.

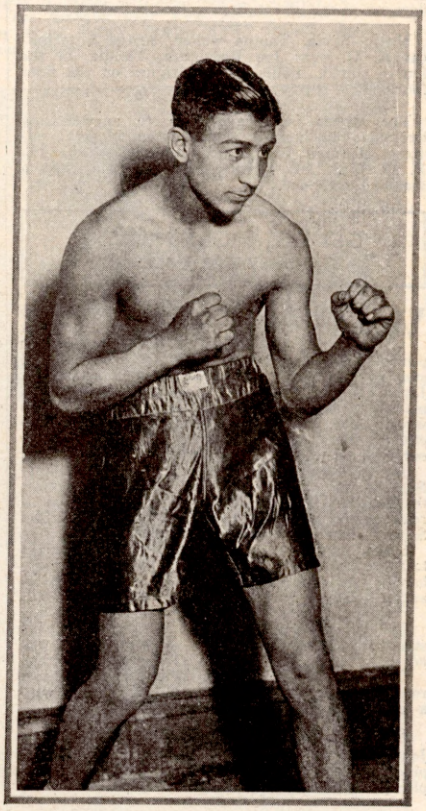
Carmen Roman, of Bayonne, won by a shade over Benny Brestoff, of New York, in a slashing eight-round slugging bee. Both boys stood toe to toe and slugged to the fans delight.

Jackie "Kid" Berg, of England, took the scalp of Buster Brown, of Baltimore, in the steller attraction of ten rounds at the Dreamland Park Arena in Newark. Berg, a human windmill, never stopped throwing punches.

Nel Tarleton, of England, scored an easy win over Mickey Greb, of Nutley, in the eight round semi-final.

Nel was too smart for the willing Greb.

Andy Teleymondi, of Newark, fought a six round draw with the veteran Petey Mack, of Jersey City, in the feature contest at the Adelphia A. A. in Elizabeth. Both boys scored knockdowns.



Ralph Lenny of Union City, a good New Jersey lightweight

In the six round semi-final Walter Chapman, of Newark, outpointed Jimmie McWilliams, of Elizabeth, only to have it called a draw, while Buckeye Keyes, of Jersey City, won over Willie Wright, of Elizabeth.

Stanley Poreda, of Jersey City, was given a present when he was awarded the decision over Andy Mitchell, of Kansas, in the main bout of ten rounds at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City. Andy went in for the final round with a slight edge over Stanley, and battered him from one side of the ring to the other only to see Poreda's hand raised as a token of victory.

Dick Ellian, of Union City, scored a knockout over Babe Carpenter, of Jersey City, in the second round of a bout that was full of thrills. Dick was dropped twice with rights to the jaw in the first but came back in the second to finish Babe with a hard left hook to the stomach.

Nickey Williams, of Jersey City, was held to a draw by Silvy Burns, of Elizabeth, at the Adelphia A. A. of Elizabeth.

FALL RIVER, MASS., NEWS

By TOM BRINDLEY

IN again and out again was the policy of Sam Price, young matchmaker for two local clubs during September. He closed his outdoor plant at St. Mark's Stadium with a banner house in attendance at the Sammy Fuller-Andy Callahan fight, in which the former took a 10-round decision to win the New England lightweight title.

The next week he opened the Casino with Frankie Hennessey of Fall River losing a close decision to Pancho Villa of New Bedford in eight of the fastest rounds ever seen in these parts. He staged indoors another week as Billy Lynch of Providence bested Phil Richards of London eight heats.

Then he went outdoors again to pair Jose Santa of Portugal, six feet nine inches in altitude, against Pedro Lepez from South Africa, at the stadium.

The outdoor season at Tiverton, which is just a stone's throw from Fall River, although in Rhode Island, was a success. Five big bouts were staged and all drew banner crowds, giving the arena the name of being the best ring spot in New England.

It was a great spot for Sammy Fuller, the Boston Italian, who belted his way to a 10-round win over Billy Lynch, Rhode Island lightweight champion; knockout Augie Pisano of New York in one round and scraped out a hard earned 10-round victory over Andy Callahan of Lawrence to win the New England lightweight title.

The Callahan-Fuller brawl was enlivined by a display of verbal fireworks between Johnny Buckley, manager of Callahan, and Edward C. Foster, chairman of Rhode Island's Boxing Commission. The former passed a few uncomplimentary remarks about Rhode Island's boxing officials after Callahan was beaten and Foster took issue with him. The air become blue with their exchange of compliments, and the following day Buckley was set down for life in Rhode Island.

The best prospect uncovered hereabouts in the summer was Tommy King, a Fall River lightweight. He has rung up a record of something like 20 consecutive wins. His most recent victim was Harry Scott of Atlantic City, a Negro lightweight. The same Scott dropped a close fight to Young Lefty of Fall River, also.

With the return of boxing to the Casino here last month, the fights were staged under Massachusetts rulings, with two judges and a referee calling the decisions. In Rhode Island, one man —the referee—has been giving 'em.

Eddie "Newsboy" Curley was the victim of a home town decision in New Bedford recently, when he lost a ten rounder to Roy Brooks. Newspapermen gave Curley eight of the ten heats.

Freddie Bender of Newport, who is now under the management of Mickey McMahon of Fall River, got back into the ring again in September and signalized his return by defeating Rudy Bauer of Jamaica Plain and Lanky Lewis of New York, the former in six rounds and the latter in two. Bender was the first boxer to be suspended under the Massachusetts Board's foul ruling made last March.

Bobby Mays of New London won over Al Winkler of Philadelphia on a foul in the fifth round of a scheduled ten at New Bedford.

ERIE AND VICINITY

By LEW KROHN

ABOUT 800 fans from Erie made the trip to Cleveland to witness the Thompson-Freeman championship match.

Erie boys fared rather nicely in the ring at Cleveland. Jimmy Hogan, Heavy Andrews and Tommy Freeman all received the referee's decision.

Jack Barry promoted his first show of the season featuring Georgie Day and Maxie Strub. Strub certainly came back with a bang, defeating Joey Kaufman and holding the classy Tony Herrera to a draw. Both these bouts were under the direction of Lew Krohn.

Patsy Seyero of Meadville, managed by Bob Sangster, is going great guns. This little 120 pound boy is surely going somewhere.

It was quite a feather in Lew Krohn's cap to have for his first show, Tommy Freeman the new welterweight champ. Krohn hopes to show Freeman again with a worthy opponent late in October.

Canada Lee of New York made another great hit in Erie and the fans are clamoring for his return. He gave Tommy Freeman one of the latters toughest fights of his career.

Johnny Toran, the colored flyweight from Chicago and now making Erie his home, came through with a three round K. O. over Jesse Reynolds of Cleveland. Here is a boy to watch as he certainly can hit for a flyweight.

Boxing has certainly come back in Erie. There were now shows during the month of July, but Lew Krohn put on four shows in August. The Tony Herrera-Maxie Strub bout drew close to $5000.00. The largest crowd to see a fight in Erie in seven years.

Two boys that have scored tremendous hits in Erie are Roy Miller, 165 pounder from Battle Creek, Mich., and Mickel Balabon of Buffalo, N. Y. A bout between these two boys is almost a certainty.

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